Vol. 194, No. 15. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by F nklin

OCTOBER 8, 1921

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

In This Number: **HAL G. EVARTS—KENNETT HARRIS—GEORGE WESTON JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE—RICHARD CONNELL—LOWELL OTUS REESE**

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

—AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

© B. K. & Co.

Prices one-third less than last year

Famous Users of Ingersolls

William J. Bryan
Statesman

© Moffett, Chic.

Luther Burbank
Scientist

© Hartsook, S. F.

Charles Chaplin
Actor

© Pach Bros., N. Y.

Charles M. Schwab
Steel Manufacturer

© Moffett, Chic.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson
Explorer

© U. & U., N. Y.

Scientists and Engineers

BION J. ARNOLD, electrical engineer, President, American Institute of Electrical Engineering.

LUTHER BURBANK, naturalist, originator of new fruits, flowers, etc.

THOMAS A. EDISON—"During the time of my work on the electric light, I always carried an Ingersoll watch in my pocket."

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, mining engineer, lecturer, writer.

CHARLES E. LUCKE, Head of Department of Mechanical Engineering at Columbia University—"Have used Ingersolls when making tests under conditions that would spoil a delicate watch."

WILLIAM YOUNG WESTERVELT, Vice-president of Mining and Metallurgical Society—"The Ingersoll is particularly useful for underground work."

Professional and Business Men

G. A. BADING, surgeon and formerly Mayor of Milwaukee—"Great value for little money."

W. WAYNE BABCOCK, surgeon.

CHARLES R. HOOK, Vice-president, The American Rolling Mill Company—"The public gets full value for its money."

GEORGE McKENZIE, surgeon, medical advisor to Governor of Nevada.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, steel manufacturer.

JAMES SPEYER, banker, New York.

CHARLES F. STEINWAY, piano manufacturer—"...in France I carried your watch and it gave perfect satisfaction."

JAMES WILLIAM WYLIE—"It has done pretty rough camping work."

Public Men

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN—"I use an Ingersoll to time myself when speaking."

L. A. COOLIDGE, ex-Assistant Secretary of Treasury.

JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor.

ALFRED FRANKLIN, Justice of Supreme Court, Arizona—"I carry an Ingersoll when travelling."

FRANK FRANTZ, formerly Governor of Oklahoma—"Entirely satisfactory."

DANIEL M. GARRISON, naval officer, Head of Department of Mathematics at Annapolis—"I have used them and have found them highly satisfactory."

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA, President of the Board of Aldermen, New York.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, formerly United States Senator from Illinois—"I use an Ingersoll on all speaking tours."

RAYMOND ROBINS—"The best low-priced watch ever made."

MAJOR GENERAL WM. L. SIBERT, Commander of First Division and later head of Chemical Warfare Service.

E. JACKSON WINSLETT, Vice-commander of the American Legion—"I carried an Ingersoll throughout the war."

Artists and Musicians

SOLON BORGLUM, sculptor—"I carried an Ingersoll all through the Great War."

ARTHUR CRISP, mural decorator—"More than my money's worth."

WALTER DAMROSCH, Director of New York Symphony Orchestra—"I have others, locked away in my drawer, but the Ingersoll is always with me for good reasons."

HENRY F. GILBERT, composer.

VICTOR HERBERT, composer.

ERNEST PEIXOTTO, illustrator.

ALBERT SPALDING, violinist and composer—"The Ingersoll is more than a convenience; it is a democratic institution."

Educators and Preachers

JOHN W. ABERCROMBIE, State Superintendent of Education, Alabama.

EDWARD SAMUEL CORWIN, Professor of Jurisprudence, Princeton—"The Ingersoll keeps your time and saves your money."

CLARENCE DICKINSON, Professor of Music at Union Theological Seminary—"It has never failed us yet."

JOHN CLINTON FUTRALL, President of University of Arkansas.

PERCY STICKNEY GRANT, Rector, The Church of the Ascension, New York.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, Minister of Community Church, New York.

ERNEST M. HOPKINS, President of Dartmouth College—"I have for a long time used an Ingersoll which I should not be willing to be without."

EDWARD LEE THORNDIKE, Professor at Teachers College (Columbia).

CHARLES F. THWING, President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College.

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS, former President of Pennsylvania State College—"Any necessity which makes for economy as well as efficiency should not fail of endorsement by all thinking people of America at this time. A watch is a necessity; an Ingersoll watch stands for economy and efficiency."

Actors and Playwrights

MACLYN ARBUCKLE—"It keeps timely time."

HOLBROOK BLINN—"I have just presented one to an employee to keep him up to time."

CHARLES CHAPLIN—"Very good."

OTIS SKINNER.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, author and playwright—"Have used them; the best watch for the price."

HOWARD THURSTON, magician—"It relieves me of care concerning loss, breakage or theft."

DAVID WARFIELD—"I am the possessor of one of the high priced Ingersolls."

BRYANT WASHBURN.

PERCIVAL WILDE, playwright—"Very dependable."

THOMAS A. WISE—"I own two Ingersolls; one for the theatre and the other at home."

Explorers and Travellers

DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF, traveller—"The Ingersoll has worked to perfection."

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, Arctic explorer—"Have used Ingersolls on all my Arctic expeditions. The Radiolite is especially useful during the midwinter absence of the sun—the so called 'Long Arctic Night.' Ingersolls take the hard knocks of actual hourly consultation."

Writers and Editors

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, short story writer, novelist—"It keeps time."

GEORGE ADE, magazine and newspaper writer, author of "Fables in Slang."

ALBERT W. ATWOOD—"I own an Ingersoll; in fact, I never use any other."

MARY AUSTIN—"Everybody knows and values the Ingersoll."

BERTON BRALEY, poet.

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, author and Ambassador to Italy.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, author—"Three years in France and still going strong."

DR. FRANK CRANE.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, author and diplomat—"I find the Ingersoll most satisfactory, especially at night. I hope that the time will come when every girl and boy in our country will have some friend wise enough to give her or him an Ingersoll Radiolite."

ARTHUR GLEASON, author, editor.

ZANE GREY, novelist—"My preference for all trips is an Ingersoll."

WILLIAM HARD, magazine writer.

EDWARD HUNGERFORD—"My Radiolite is bully in the car at night."

JOHN E. MILHOLLAND.

ALEXANDER P. MOORE, Editor, Pittsburgh Leader—"I would feel lost without it."

CHARLOTTE PORTER—"I used an Ingersoll several years."

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM—"I use one in the nursery."

HENRY WHARTON SHOEMAKER, author—"Yours is the only watch I have carried that has kept correct time consistently."

JULIAN STREET, author.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor of Nation—"I am never without an Ingersoll."

STANLEY WASHBURN, war correspondent—"....service without show."

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, Dramatic Critic of New York Times.

Athletes and Sportsmen

JOHN A. HEYDLER, President, New York National League Baseball Club.

TAD JONES, Football Coach, Yale University—"Have used them off and on for many years."

JOHN R. RICHARDS, Football Coach, The University of Wisconsin.

Their Families Use Ingersolls

ALVA ADAMS, formerly Governor of Colorado—"My grandson carries an Ingersoll."

LUTHER E. BIRDZELL, Justice of Supreme Court, North Dakota—"My sons own and use them."

JEREMIAH W. JENKS, Professor of Government, New York University—"Members of my family have used them for years."

OTTO H. KAHN, banker—His two sons, Gilbert and Roger, use Ingersolls.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON—"My boys are steady patrons; my wife has three in our summer house."

HENRY SEAGER, Professor, Columbia University—"Members of my family have found Ingersolls very satisfactory."

Ingersoll Yankee

Now $1.75 Was $2.50

The Ingersoll economy idea started with the Yankee. Everybody knows this famous watch.

Waterbury Radiolite

(JEWELED)

Now $5.75

A 12-size watch. Jeweled Balance, luminous dial. A quality watch at an economy price.

COMMUNITY PLATE

AIR
CASTLES

ADAM DESIGN

© 1921 O.C.L.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1921, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

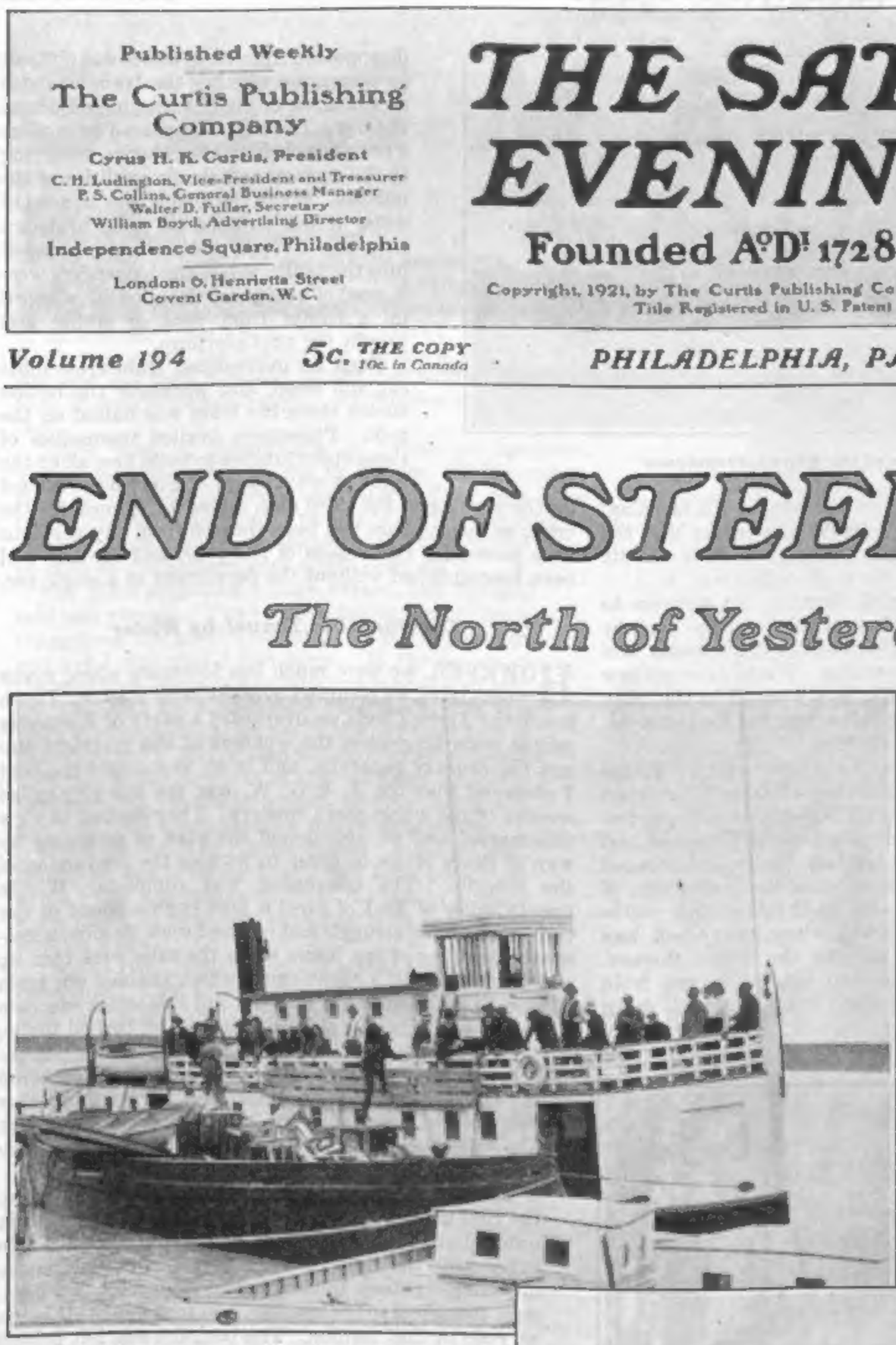
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., OCTOBER 8, 1921 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 15

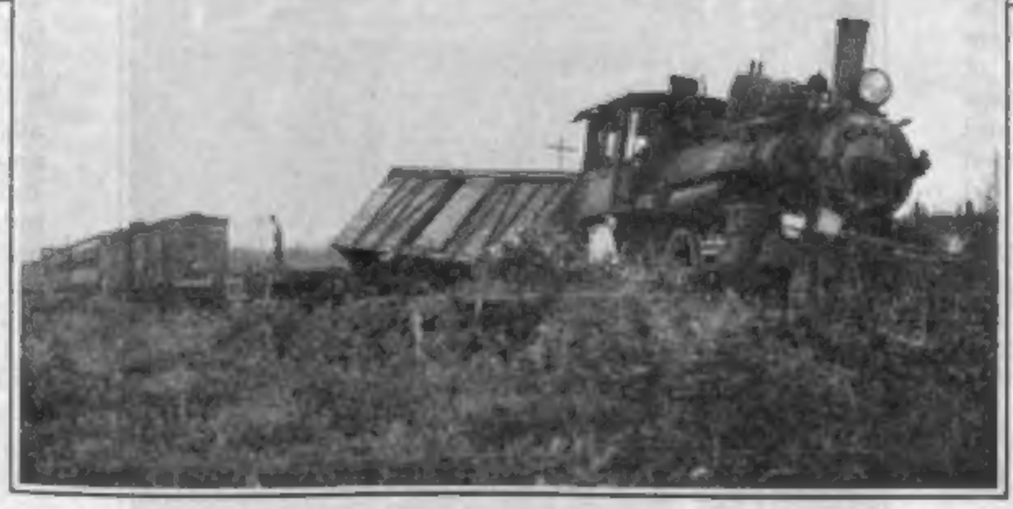
END OF STEEL—By Hal G. Evarts

The North of Yesterday and To-Morrow



The "Northern Trader," With Accommodations for 24 Passengers, Leaving Fort Smith With 60 Aboard

Farthest North Bank at Fort Smith, Near the Arctic Circle



Wreck on the Line

THERE is a land of the midnight sun where daylight never fails; where for a certain span of time there is even sunshine throughout the full twenty-four hours of each day, the sun swinging its complete circle without once dropping from sight beyond the far horizon. This is summer in the northland. But there is also the long winter, months of short days growing shorter till at last the light of day is snuffed out and twilight prevails for solid months.

Perhaps these two phases are typical, one of the north as it really is, the other of the north of popular conception, for the twilight period may well be compared to the veil that has screened the land of the midnight sun for centuries—the veil of romance and adventure, of mystery and misunderstanding. Starting now, this veil is lifting. Steadily and surely it will continue to lift till misunderstanding and mystery are gone and only the romance and adventure will remain. That is inevitable in the nature of things, for the vast expanse of Northern Canada is but inaccurately mapped and at least a third of it totally unexplored, a challenge to those who would seek adventure; and the north country is rich in legend and tradition, assurance that romance will travel hand in hand with adventure for centuries to come.

The million or more square miles of the Northwest Territories is a field of immense possibilities almost totally unexploited up to the present time, but Canada stands to-day on the threshold of an era of development that points to the north. The restlessness of the younger generation of Canadians, an aftermath of the war, is primarily responsible for this movement. The great Norman oil gusher is a contributing factor, the opening wedge. It is doubtful if in all the spectacular annals of the oil game there is another page fraught with quite the same significance as that which pertains to this well on the very edge of the Arctic. Even before it was brought in, the eyes of young Canada were turned toward the Northwest Territories. When the news of the great gusher on the lower Mackenzie reached the outside world it was freely predicted that an oil rush to the Arctic would start when the ice went out the following spring. It was reported that there was sufficient oil in the Mackenzie Basin to supply the world for five hundred years. Throughout the long months before the break-up there were persistent rumors to the effect that the old-timers of the north, men inured to hardship and winter travel in the bush, were making forced marches, mushing across thousands of miles of frozen wastes to stake rich claims before spring brought the mad rush to the new oil fields.

All these things were true to a certain extent. The oil was there; famous mushers were traveling in bitter temperatures, their trails converging on the Norman well; and there was a rush in the spring—for surely an influx of people sufficient to quadruple the white population of a territory in so short a space of time may truthfully be termed a rush. But there is this to consider: Last year's rough estimate accounted for 150 white people in the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories. There are some 575,000 square miles in the Mackenzie District, approximately 4000 square miles to every one white man, so it is evident that even with a quadrupled population anyone contemplating a move in that direction need not be deterred through fear that he will feel cramped for space.

There are many reasons why an oil rush to this particular field would differ from any preceding one in the history of the oil game; climatic conditions, for one. The question of what to do with the oil even if one should strike it is another, acting as a check upon the promoter and the speculator. The Mounted Police constitute still a third. There is no desire on the part of the authorities to see a duplication of the Klondike stampede of '98, when hundreds of men shoved gayly off on all the northern streams in rowboats and canoes, in flatboats, scows and rafts, headed for a gold field they knew not where, unequipped with the bare necessities of life and unaccompanied by guides who knew the streams, drifting aimlessly to the north till they starved or were picked up by Indians and brought into one of the little settlements that stood hundreds of miles apart, there to become a burden upon the population until they were shipped outside by the government the following spring. Inadequate transportation facilities act as still another obstacle to the swift development of the oil fields.

Nevertheless it was difficult to secure hotel accommodations in Edmonton, Alberta, during the first week in June, for oil boomers are bubbling enthusiasts by nature and not easily depressed in advance. Perhaps the new oil regulations constituted the one main deterrent. Eventually the majority of the oilmen turned back before the departure of the Alberta and Great Waterways train which would make connections with the Hudson's Bay Company's boat on the Athabasca River.

The two old-fashioned coaches that graced the mixed train were literally jammed with passengers whose tickets read "End of Steel." This somewhat vague destination was reputed to be some two hundred and eighty miles across a country that was mostly virgin bush and muskeg.

There had been no previous intimation of the fact that the A. & G. W. operated by the calendar and not by the clock, but near-by passengers remarked upon having spent from five to fourteen days covering this stretch on former trips. It was also stated that there was an average of seven derailments per journey to End of Steel. These observations of course bore all the earmarks of the usual shafts of witticism leveled at all branch roads in all parts of the world.

The country was heavily timbered and so liberally dotted with lakes that approximately a third of the landscape consisted of water. The train advanced with a series of disconcerting hitches, a style of locomotion due primarily to the muskeg underlying the roadbed. Muskeg is a sort of peat and is spread over much of the north to depths varying from six inches to six feet. A roadbed laid over it is insecure, for the muskeg expands and buckles with frost, swells with moisture and frequently oozes away under pressure, squeezed from beneath the ties as grease paint is squeezed from a tube. These peculiarities of the muskeg explained the bulges and dips in the rails.

It was rumored that off somewhere ahead, a hundred miles out of Edmonton, there stood a village named Lac La Biche, where the train frequently declared a halt for the night. The existence of Lac La Biche was verified about noon of the following day. After some ten hours of travel the train stopped and the engineer dismounted and headed off through the bush. Strolling passengers reported that the missing engineer had unearthed a canoe and was busily engaged in trolling the waters of an adjacent lake, all of which lent color to a current rumor to the effect that the train crew had trapped five hundred dollars' worth of fur on one round trip during the winter, a bit of gossip which we ascribed to the same source as the derailments and other such pleasantries. The engineer's judgment was vindicated when he returned with twenty pounds of fish. It transpired, however, that the train was not stalled merely to enable the engine driver to have his sport. A work car ahead was reported derailed, and passengers were advised to pitch camp for the night.

Mission of the Gray Nuns of the North—Providence

Railroading in the Arctic

IN TEN minutes a score of cook fires were blazing merrily along the right of way as the passengers brewed tea. Mosquitoes buzzed in hungry swarms and rendered head nets a necessity. Sleeping arrangements were varied. Many of those with equipment elected to bed down outside, and a dozen mosquito bars were rigged on willow-pole frames above as many bed rolls. Others squatted round smudge fires. The coaches were fantastically draped with every conceivable color of netting and the aisles were full. A family of six Indians spent a comfortable night wedged in a double seat, and one party slumbered behind the stove, his body warped to fit its contours. A flat car loaded with boats and canoes served as an excellent bed ground, and every craft had an occupant for the night. A generous fellow passenger volunteered the use of his mosquito-proof tent for Mrs. Evarts and two other ladies; so we cut tent poles in the timber and pitched the little silk tent near the train. One young man bunked in an abandoned dog sleigh back in the bush.

Comparative quiet settled down over the scene by degrees and silence reigned at last except for the maddening drone of a million mosquitoes. One of the crew toured through the coaches with a huge tin pail in which he had kindled a smudge fire of villainous odor, presumably for the purpose of asphyxiating the humming pests, and the interior of the cars was blurred with a dense white smoke. The mosquitoes remained unasphyxiated but the deadly quality of the smudge was demonstrated upon the passengers, and an epidemic of coughing raged through the coaches.

In the north all things seem to originate from rumors. Later it became apparent that rumor is more apt to be reliable than any official announcement of time or intention, for both boats and trains have an informal way of departing a few hours before or after the time officially scheduled. It had been officially announced that we should remain till morning, but at one o'clock there was circulated a rumor that the train would depart at once. Passengers made frantic packs and surged aboard as the train pulled out.

The young man in the sleigh slept on, but we were to see him again. After a comfortable night in the bush he walked to a grading camp, requisitioned a speeder and overhauled the train in the evening. Weeks later we saw him again as our boat passed a lonely island in the Mackenzie River twelve hundred miles from the End of Steel. There he will winter on his oil claim.

The train bulletin at Lac La Biche read: "Trains north arrive Monday—Wednesday—Friday," but even this tolerant and broad-minded schedule is all too frequently incorrect. The roadbed grew rapidly worse and the ancient wooden coaches lurched dizzily and groaned in every joint. One had but to view the contortions of the rails and marvel that wheels could follow their writhings. There were long stretches where thirty-foot logs had been laid for corduroy and the ties spiked thereon. The whole vicinity quivered and quaked as the train crawled slowly ahead. One could frequently look down between the cars and find that ties and rails had completely disappeared from view, and it was difficult to determine whether the train was still on the track or merely straying off across the bog. The rails reappeared once more a few yards behind the caboose, testifying to the springy and elastic qualities of the muskeg. When the engine was in need of water it was stopped on some bridge, a hose was dropped and the water pumped into the tank. When the passengers were in need of water they dropped off, scooped up a cupful from pool or spring and caught the next platform.

Even an overworked train crew must eat and sleep, and whenever the notion struck them the train was halted on the spot. Passengers availed themselves of these opportunities to build fires along the right of way. End of Steel was reached on the evening of the third day, a double triumph for the crew, as many hours had been sheared from any previous time record for this season of the year, and the trip had been accomplished without the derailment of a single car.

Water Front at Fort Smith With All Three River Boats In. Above—Trapper's Cache in the Mackenzie

Comfortable Travel by Water

HOWEVER, we were much less fortunate when, many weeks later, we returned over the same stretch. Down inside the Arctic Circle we overheard a party of Rochester people remarking upon the wonders of the midnight sun and the country generally, and in an unguarded moment I observed that the A. & G. W. was the one ring-tailed wonder of the whole north country. They desired to view this marvel and we abandoned the plan of returning by way of Peace River in order to witness the conversion of the skeptics. The conversion was complete. Within twenty miles of End of Steel a lone engine ahead of our train gave up the struggle and reclined upon its side, necessitating a delay of ten hours while the rails were torn up and put back with a slight curve which enabled our train to pass. Less than half a mile beyond this wreck our own engine listed far to one side and the tender turned turtle, taking with it a box car in which some twenty passengers were sleeping. They were churned up but weathered the spill without serious injuries. There was another delay of five hours, then a relay of passengers to a point five miles beyond. This relay was accomplished by speeders and it rained dismally during the transfer.

The engine of a work train was pressed into service, the coal unloaded from a tiny old-fashioned box car in order that it might serve as a passenger coach. The ladies rode the caboose while fifty-two male humans, including eighteen Indians accompanied by two dogs, were consigned to the coal car, and for twenty-six hours we rode in that fashion. The baggage was left behind to follow at some indefinite period. After the coal dust had been absorbed by wet clothing one could breathe without difficulty, but this feature also had its disadvantages, for with noses freed of coal dust there was no possibility of escaping the concentrated odor of wet Indians, wet dogs and dried fish. The congestion was indescribable and the twenty-six-hour jaunt of this monkey house on wheels had best be left for the imagination to picture.

The popular belief that a trip to the Arctic by way of the interior waterways is accompanied by hardships and perils after once leaving the end of the railroad is a fallacy, for the hardships are encountered on the branch roads themselves, and after once taking to the rivers one may travel in comparative luxury. This road was built originally for a logging road and operated in the winter when the muskeg was frozen and consequently solid. The government, as part of its policy of developing the north, has taken over the A. & G. W., and the amount of work accomplished in the last two months is truly remarkable. If the present rate of ballasting is continued it is conceivable that in a few more months the traveler can reach End of Steel in a single night's ride in a Pullman.

There are certain outstanding characteristics among those North Canadians; first a quiet sense of humor, and inclination to make a mild jest of every hardship and every deprivation. Just beneath this casual surface indication there is an undercurrent of more serious vein,

(Continued on Page 32)

SHAME ON YOU

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

I HAD ventured into Madison Square Garden in search of the sights and sounds of the world of horse. It was not the annual horse show to which I had come. The pomp and glitter of that affair had long since passed. Now, in the dreariest of all seasons, when winter had departed and spring had not yet appeared, the Garden had become a market. For the next few days it would be devoted to the Old Glory Sale of standard-bred horses. Its interior suggested the fact.

There were no decorations, no music, no applause. There was a sort of grimness in the air. Those present were in no sense carefree spectators. They had come from all parts of the country to buy or sell. In many cases comfort, even luxury, as against positive want, depended on the acumen with which they did so.

The place suggested a huge cavern, half lighted, cold and gloomy. The rows of staring, empty seats rising from the great oval added to the depression; and yet I was glad I had come. In the center of the oval were perhaps five hundred buyers and sellers, encircled by a miniature race track. On this track trotters and pacers would display their best in speed and gait. Mix human nature in deadly earnest with that most uncertain of all creatures—the light-harness horse—throw in a hard-working auctioneer, and you have a combination full of possibilities.

Much depended on the auctioneer. I chose a seat, hoping he would realize that I had left a good book and a warm apartment to sit at his feet in a mammoth tomb. I eyed him expectantly as he climbed into his stand.

"All-l-l right, gentlemen. Number One in your catalogues. Tom Logan, by Logan Boy. First dam Edith K, by Red Medium. Eight-year-old gelding. Mark of twelve and a quarter. Has worked miles in ten. You buy him just as he stands. All-l-l right, let's see him step!"

Just enough rasp to the voice to assure attention, but with a lilt which saved it from monotony. So far, so good. There was a comfortable thud-thud of hoofs as a long-necked, rawboned gray horse, hitched to a light cart, jogged briskly down the track. Owing to a decided lameness in his off foreleg, he bobbed his head at every stride.

"A smart hoss, gentlemen! He's sayin' how-de-do to everybody. All-l-l right, what do I hear?"

I settled back in my seat with a sigh of contentment. Yes, I was glad I had come.

For an hour I sat there while horse after horse appeared, sped around the track and was sold with a swiftness that was startling. Some went for less than a hundred dollars; others brought staggering figures. Where did they all come from, I wondered, these hot-eyed, restless stallions, placid brood mares, meek geldings, slim-legged colts and fillies? The auctioneer seemed to conjure them forth by the simple process of calling a number.

Making my way to the track gate, I solved the mystery. A stream of grooms and horses in single file flowed slowly but constantly to the gate. Following this stream to its source, I went down a broad cleated chute into an underground city of stalls. In each stall was a horse. Each horse had a number on his flank.

Wandering through the narrow alleyways which served as streets for the city, and peering at the munching, rustling inhabitants thereof, I became aware of a pleading voice raised in earnest appeal.

"Buy dis hoss. He ain' neveh had a chance since I turn him loose. Ef I git my han's on him agin they won't know which way he went."

The voice came from just around a corner at the intersection of two alleyways. As it continued it grew vaguely familiar.

"Dis hoss got no license to hop up like he does. He's a trottin' fool, an' look how he's bred! Banged up disaway, he won't bring nothin'. Jump on in an' buy him."

"I wouldn't give a lead nickel for him, Pood."

Pood! I dashed around the corner and came upon the one and only Pood of my acquaintance, in earnest discourse with his employer. They were staring through the open door of a box stall at a big sorrel gelding with the number 93 pasted on his hip.

I had known these two for several years. Pood Williams, the color of ancient walnut, slightly bent and minutely wrinkled by the unbelievable number of years in which he had groomed trotters and pacers. Richard Clarey, known on a hundred race tracks as Uncle Dick, still unbent, but also wrinkled. For half a century he had sold racing vehicles as a side issue to owning and driving a modest stable of speed horses.

"Well, durn my ornery time!"

Uncle Dick presented a calloused palm and locked my hand in gnarled and stumpy fingers. His greeting suggested relief. I failed to provide sufficient diversion.

"Do You Think I'd Start Buyin' Fur Coats With You Throwin' Two Hundred and Eighty-Five Dollars Away on That Counterfoit?"

"Howdy, suh, howdy," nodded Pood. And then, "Lead nickel! Ef you git him fo' five hundred it's the bes' money eveh you spent."

"What horse is he talking about?" I asked.

Uncle Dick poked a thumb at the big sorrel.

"This tramp in here." He turned suddenly on his persecutor. "If you don't quit pickin' on me," he threatened, "I'll ——"

"I knows his ways an' he knows mine," broke in the undismayed Pood. "My 'vice to you is—buy dis hoss."

I looked up 93 in the catalogue while the argument proceeded.

"Zebro by Zombro," I read. "First dam Lady May, 2:10¼, by Bingen."

Even to my inexperienced eye this was royal breeding. Furthermore, I learned that Zebro, now seven, had taken a mark of 2:06¼ as a three-year-old. Few colt trotters ever reach such dizzy heights of speed. I closed the catalogue and moved respectfully to the stall door.

Zebro was standing in a corner of his stall, with hanging head and half-closed eyes. The cause of his dejection became clear at a glance. Great patches of hair and hide had departed from his hind legs and barrel. A long, jagged gash extended from his near hip to the root of his tail. His near shoulder was also scraped into something of a red ruin. The wounds were distressing enough in themselves, but having been liberally smeared with some sort of blue salve, then dusted with a yellowish powder, the effect was appalling.

I asked the cause of the calamity.

"Had a car fit comin' on," Uncle Dick explained. "Took a notion to climb out the ventilator an' ride on the roof, I guess. He'll go up in the air right in a box car—dod burn him!"

"Is he badly hurt?"

"No, suh." Pood's reply was prompt. "Scratched up, tha's all. I kin git him to th' races by July."

"You kin git him there mebby," Uncle Dick admitted. "But what'll he do when he arrives?"

"Trot, an' keep on trottin'."

"Him?"

"Yes, him! Nobody knows dis hoss 'cept me. Jes buy him—tha's all I ask."

"I see he took a mark of six and a quarter as a three-year-old," I ventured. "He must be fast."

"Fast! Why, man, dis hoss kin ——"

A blunt forefinger became a level menace within an inch or so of Pood's nose.

"Lemme git a word in for a change," suggested his employer. "Listen, son," he went on impressively to me. "This hoss kin trot a quarter, when he's a mind to, in twenty-nine seconds; mebby twenty-eight—I dunno. He kin trot right around a field of hosses any place in the mile. Fast! Why, durn my ornery time!"

"Then what's wrong with him?"

Pood saw an opening.

"Ain' been handled right. Ain' been handled right—tha's all."

Uncle Dick snorted.

"I'd have took a fork handle to him." He turned resolutely to me. "By the way, mother's upstairs. Come on up an' say howdy."

It was a privilege to renew one's acquaintanceship with Matilda Clarey, but I wanted to get to the bottom of this matter of the sorrel gelding. I followed Uncle Dick with some reluctance. We left Pood standing at the stall door, gazing mournfully in at Zebro, son of Zombro.

"Mother's got on something she calls a hat," Uncle Dick told me as we made our way to the upper regions. "If you could speak kindly of it I'd be obliged. Her and the Finch gal got it up especial for this trip to New York. I never see it till we're ready to start for the train. Then guess what I done? No fool like an old fool. I took a look at the contraption an' let on to swoon away. That settles this trip. She ain't et a good meal since. If you'd kind-a mention th' durn thing favorable now ——"

I agreed to do what I could.

"You didn't finish telling me about that horse back there," I reminded him.

Uncle Dick halted as we reached the track to let a hobbled pacer swing by.

"That hoss owes more money to more people than any near-trotter that ever looked through a bridle," he said thoughtfully. "Elec Ransome bred him an' raised him an' trained him. He made his first start in the stallion stakes at Cleveland—four years ago. That night you couldn't hear nothing else talked about but Elec's colt. He win another futurity at Toledo, an' another at Detroit. A Peter-the-Great filly made him trot one heat in six an' a quarter. Right after the race Elec sells him for twenty-five thousan', an' he ain't trotted a honest mile from that day to this."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"Do! Ain't you never seen him? He's started a hundred times, I guess. He's got as much speed as ever he had—more mebbe—but some place in the mile he's due to make a break, an' when he does it he does it right. You've got to pull him to a walk. I've seen him in front at the head of the stretch an' then git the flag."

"How do you account for it?"

"Ain't no accountin' for it. If they'd come up behind him an' he'd jump I'd say he was overanxious. If you'd string him an' he'd make a tired break I'd say he had some hound in him. He's a Bingen on the dam side. Some of the Bingens need a fillin' station a little short of the wire. It ain't that with him. He'll chuck it up when they ain't nothin' in the race can make him half trot—th' son of a gun!"

"Then why does Pood want him?"

"Pood! You know how a swipe is when he's caretaker for a winner. Pood was workin' for Elec in the days when the colt was bein' trained. Elec happened to turn this one over to Pood. Well, when they git to th' races an' it looks like they've got a world-beater, you kin figger what it done to that ole nigger. He got so mysterious he'd pass the time of day in a whisper. When Elec sold the colt Pood quit him cold. That's how he happened to come to me."

"Pood seems to think he hasn't been handled properly," I suggested.

"Correct, to my notion," Uncle Dick agreed. "Fust time I see him hooked to a surrey I'll say he's bein' handled right. As it is, six or seven good men have wasted time on him. Elec sold him to a millionaire from Cleveland that Tommy Dodd trained for. If I couldn't drive one myself I'd just as soon have Tommy set behind him as anyone I know. Well, the colt made a standstill break an' got the flag his fust start for Tommy. Everybody thought it was an accident. It wan't. He's continued so to do ever since. Tommy wrastled around with him for a couple of months an' give up. Then Nate Sellars tried him an' give up too. After that come Sherm Ketridge an' Cal Gibbs an' I don't know who all, but he won't trot for nobody, an' that's why he's here. He ain't wuth hell-room. He ain't wuth the powder to blow him there. Mother's settin' over among them bikes. Don't fergit to speak about th' hat."

We found Mrs. Clarey with an exhibition of carts and sulkies as an immediate background. This was characteristic. So was the order book lying open in her lap. Uncle Dick gave little time to disposing of his wares. He simply bought, sold, trained and drove horses with or without profit, as fortune might elect. It was Matilda's ever-ready order book, plus a thrift amounting to a passion in her, which kept the house of Clarey and its stable on a solid foundation. She greeted me with some constraint. I attempted to put Uncle Dick's suggestion into effect. Tilting my head one side I gazed at her in a puzzled manner for a moment. She visibly shrank.

"What ails you?" she demanded uneasily.

"You look so much younger than when I saw you last," I explained. Continuing to stare at her, I allowed my gaze to focus on a sort of domed canopy of black satin wreathed in magenta roses which drooped about her head. "I know," I decided. "It's the hat. Nothing sets a woman off like a New York hat."

I flattered myself I had done it well. A stolen glance at Uncle Dick assured me that he was of this opinion also.

"Richard Clarey," said his wife, "you needn't bring any more tools and accomplices around here."

She shared a scornful glance between us and became stonily silent. At this somewhat embarrassing moment a persuasive voice smote our ears.

"I ax a sale man what time we reach Ninety-three. Aroun' nine o'clock dis evenin', he say."

It was Pood. For once at least Uncle Dick welcomed his inevitable suggestion.

"You still at it?" he inquired, not unpleasantly.

"Yes, suh," Pood admitted.

"How long you goin' to keep at me?"

"Right on," said Pood grimly, and proceeded to carry out his threat in an earnest whisper.

I attempted to engage the aloof Matilda in friendly discourse. Finding her unresponsive to questions about the past racing season, I shifted to general topics—moving pictures, the League of Nations, Bolshevism, hay fever, which smote her yearly. I drifted to a cold from which I was just recovering, and wondered how certain of her sex contrived to escape pneumonia.

"Fur coats above," I explained, "and nothing but silk stockings to the knees."

The lady ceased to stare moodily at the throng of buyers about the auctioneer's stand.

"Under seven dollars is what it cost," she announced suddenly, "includin' Ella Finch's time. Then he cuts his didos over it till a body can't draw a natural breath. I walked straight into the first store I come to the evenin' we got here. I'd made up my mind to it on the train. They was closin' up the store, but a chit of a yellow-haired clerk girl looked at me like I'm something the cat's brought in an' asks me what I want. I tell her I'd like to look at hats. 'About what price?' says she. 'How do your prices run?' says I. 'From thirty dollars up,' says she, and yawns. I walked out slow, bein' kind-a stunned, an' that clerk girl comes through the whirligig of a door right after me. She'd put on one of them fur coats you mentioned. 'Must be the proprietor's daughter,' thinks I to myself. That's how green I was. Now I know I'm the only livin' female in New York, old or young, without a fur coat." Matilda paused for breath.

The voice of Pood reached us:

"Ef he doan trot like I say, you doan hafta pay me nothin' this season—not nothin'."

Matilda pricked up her ears.

"Pood Williams!"

The Hanging Head of Zebro Drooped Lower. "Keep Your Feet, Mistuh! We Ain' Started Yet! You Trot Where You're Put, You Hear Me?"

"Yessum."

"What are you up to?"

Uncle Dick answered.

"Pood's bound I should buy that sorrel he took care of for Elec. You mind him, mother?"

Horror dawned in the lady's countenance.

"Not that Zebro!"

"Yessum," Pood acknowledged.

"Land of liberty!" She turned to Uncle Dick. "An' you're listenin' to him?"

The faintest of twinkles appeared in the small blue-gray eyes of her spouse. The network of wrinkles at their outer corners grew slightly deeper.

"Mebbe he ain't been handled just like he'd ought."

"Handled!" She was speechless for a moment. "Ain't you got eight head this minute?"

"Well, now, yes," drawled Uncle Dick; "but I got barn room for ten—an' we're sellin' two at this sale, don't fergit that."

"I ain't fergittin' it," she assured him promptly—"not when it took me all winter to persuade you into it. An' it ain't barn room I'm thinkin' about neither. I'm thinkin' of the rockin'-chairs on the front porch of the old people's home. We'd look real nice settin' there a-rockin' an' a-fannin' with the rest—real nice."

She stopped to let this picture sink in. Uncle Dick seemed unaffected by it.

"He might be hittin' hisself somewhere," he said dreamily. "Now if you put four-ounce toe weights on him an' bell boots he might ——"

A joyous light had dawned in the countenance of Pood.

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh!" he began, but was cut short.

"Richard Clarey, you can act a fool an' make me feel like one when I've wore myself out tryin' not to get robbed for somethin' to go on my head, but if you buy that no-account sorrel that ain't went a decent race since time out of mind, I'll—I'll"—she searched for an inspiration. It came—"I'll sell a Liberty Bond an' get me a fur coat the very day you do it."

"Fur coat!" repeated Uncle Dick slowly. He looked at his wife with sudden interest. "Have you been hankerin' for a fur coat, mother?"

"You buy that horse an' you'll find out," said she.

He gave her a searching look.

"Pshaw, now, you're only talkin'!"

"Just try it an' see!" she warned.

Uncle Dick regarded her thoughtfully for a minute, got to his feet and sauntered away.

Pood followed dismally after; but when I joined them a few moments later his expression was decidedly more cheerful.

"Not over three hundred," I heard Uncle Dick say. "I kin turn him for a buggy hoss at that figger."

"That ree-mains to be seen—that ree-mains to be seen," said Pood.

The sale of Number 93 that evening was the occasion of some hilarity.

"Now, gentlemen," rasped the auctioneer, "here was one of the great colt trotters of his day. He's comin' seven now—just in his prime, an' the man who gets him"—he hesitated slightly—"has bought somethin'." There was an appreciative roar from the crowd.

"You said it, Dave!" someone bellowed.

This started a fusillade of comments concerning the big sorrel's past record, present appearance and future prospects.

"If all you witty guys that own so many two-ten trotters is through," said the auctioneer at last, "I'll go ahead and sell this one." He proceeded, with his customary briskness, to do so. No disparaging remark about Number 93 passed his lips until his hammer fell. Then, "Sold to Uncle Dick Clarey for two hundred and eighty-five dollars," he intoned—"an' he ought to know better."

Even as the hammer fell a clawlike black hand closed on the halter strap of Zebro, son of Zombro.

"Come on, hoss," said Pood loudly. "You know me an I know you. Here's where you stop your triflin'." He led the sorrel down a lane of buyers, dazzled to silence by the ivory splendor of his smile. "Gangway, folks, an' leave us through. We'll see you in July."

"Plowin' in a cornfield, Pood?" someone ventured.

Pood did not pause or turn his head. Shuffling along beside the slow-stepping sorrel, he flung back a challenge to the world: "In the two-ten class is what I mean. Just start agin us!"

And now remained the breaking of the news to mother. His shadow would have separated itself from Uncle Dick sooner than I till this was done.

Mrs. Clarey had not honored the Old Glory sale with her presence that evening. We found her seated in a corner of the hotel lobby absorbed in a quarterly report of the Epworth League.

"The two head brought around eight hundred," Uncle Dick told her. "Th' filly fetched five hundred an' th' hoss three-thutty. Here's four hundred of it, mother." He heaved a roll of bills from his pocket and began to count them into her hand.

"You want for me to put this away?" she asked briskly.

"Well, no," Uncle Dick answered. "You see, I don't aim to have you sellin' no Liberty Bond."

"Don't tell me you bought that Zebro?"

"Give two-eighty-five for him," Uncle Dick confessed. "I guess you'll have to jog out in th' mornin' an' git your coat."

She opened a shiny black-silk bag and thrust the roll of bills deeply therein. Snapping the catch with an audible click, she faced her lord and master.

"Do you think I'd start buyin' fur coats with you throwin' two hundred and eighty-five dollars away on that counterfeit?"

Uncle Dick gulped.

"Ain't you goin' to buy it?" he inquired. "Not after what you said?"

"Not as long as I'm in my senses, I ain't."

She shut her lips with the same suggestion of finality as had accompanied the closing of her bag. Uncle Dick stroked his chin in thoughtful silence for a moment. At last his eyes sought mine.

"Well, durn my ornery time!" he said.

II

DESTINY, fate, chance—these are some of the efforts to name the nameless stream on which we drift to weal or woe. There are eddies and backwaters, to be sure, in which we swing aimlessly for a time; but a stroke or two of our own delivers us to the current once more and on we go. Are these strokes voluntary? They seem to be. And yet the slightest of them may guide us into an unescapable channel leading we know not where.

Such an inadvertent stroke was the purchase of Zebro, son of Zombro, for a song. Plotting to fulfill his thrifty Matilda's desire for a certain garment, Uncle Dick had found himself the sheepish owner of an utterly despised trotter. And now, four months later, he was riding high on an unexpected tide of envy and admiration.

What rare judgment, what marvelous insight had been shown that night at Madison Square Garden, said the light-harness world. In reality a fur coat had done it. Or was it Pood? His was the faith and the will. A day of

agonized pleading had been his initial contribution toward bringing a constant stream of half-skeptical, half-respectful horsemen to the stall of a certain sorrel gelding at the fair grounds of Akron, Ohio. For Zebro was trotting again—trotting, as Uncle Dick put it, like a house afire; trotting at a clip which had allowed him to jog home at Canton the week before with the demoralized field strung out behind him.

This fact I had learned from a letter. A night's train ride had allowed me to view the healed and shining sorrel, knee-deep in straw. I also shook hands with a black potentate who could be no less than the Sultan of Zanzibar, despite his astonishing likeness to Pood.

Next I perched myself on the track fence beside Uncle Dick, determined to probe at the miracle. Certain amenities must first be observed, however.

"Well, how have you been?"

"Fust-rate. Had a touch in my left shoulder a while back. Kind of thawed out when the sun got down to business."

"And mother?"

"She's to home. She's either blowin' her nose or wipin' her eyes right this minit, poor critter."

"Too bad. Hay fever's a distressing thing, isn't it?"

"It's hell," said Uncle Dick, speaking from the heart.

"And now," I said, "what have you been doing to this horse?"

The owner of Zebro stopped flicking at a clump of daisies which lifted their white-and-gold heads an enticing whip's length from the fence. "Nothin'," said he succinctly.

"Nothing?"

"No more than to git up there an' ride."

"No special shoes or boots?"

"Quarter boots and scalpers like he's always wore. Two-ounce toe weights in front and a small grab on all four shoes. Just balanced, that's all."

"Well, you got him ready to race," I insisted. "How did you do it?"

"Like I've got every hoss ready for forty years. Jogged him on the cinders, give him a lot of slow miles to leg him up, let him down a little every week, worked him in two-twelve and repeat, brung him to the races with th' rest. I got six head here."

He paused and twisted himself on the fence the better to see two trotters that were working out together. These swung into the back stretch and thundered past. I waited until the roar of hoofs and the musical "G'wan, hoss!" of one of the drivers had faded in the distance.

"But you must have an idea of some sort?"

Uncle Dick resumed his flicking at the daisies.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "But it ain't the sort of a idea that you tell around. Not," he added thoughtfully, "if you don't want to be took for an inmate of some place or other."

"I'll swear you're sane before a court," I promised. "Fire ahead!"

He hesitated a moment, then met my inquiring look fairly and squarely.

"I think it's Pood," he declared.

"Pood?"

"So far as I can see, Pood's talkin' done the business."

"Talking! What talking? Whom does he talk to?"

"To the hoss," said Uncle Dick without the flicker of an eyelash.

I searched his face for a trace of humor. I found none. Still, he must be joking!

"What does the horse say about it?" I inquired.

Uncle Dick shook his head despondently. The look he gave me was almost sad.

"There you go!" he said. "I might have knowed it. I oughtn't to blame you neither. You ain't heard what I've heard. You ain't saw what I've saw. Then again, you're young an' smart." He slumped down on the fence and added, "A lot smarter than you'll be when you're an old fool like I am that's come to think you don't know nothin'."

I hastened to assure him that I already distrusted my own opinion concerning many things. He was appeased at last, but consulted his watch and climbed stiffly from the fence.

"Time to warm up," he explained, for Zebro was a starter in the two-ten trot that day. "You watch him race this afternoon. To-night I'll tell you the whole thing." Not without sarcasm he added, "Mebbe you can find the answer in one of them books you've wrote."

With my curiosity fanned to a blaze by a hinted mystery, I ignored the insult.

"Do you think he'll win?" I asked.

"He might," said Uncle Dick noncommittally. "That thing of Ed Bailey's ain't a bad trotter. He's the one we've got to beat."

This prophecy was exactly fulfilled an hour or so later in the first heat of the two-ten trot. Early in the heat the Bailey stallion moved into the lead, with the rest of the field huddled together a length or so behind him. I looked for the green-and-white jacket of Uncle Dick but could not locate it until they passed the stand the first time around. Then I saw that he was in fifth or sixth position, well to the outside of the dust-flinging squadron which pounded on in pursuit of Bailey.

I lost the green and white once more as they went up the back stretch, nor did I see it again until Bailey was fairly into the stretch, with the field stringing out behind him around the turn. Then a sorrel appeared in the stretch, well away from the pole but coming very fast.

And how I could see why Zebro had brought twenty-five thousand dollars when a three-year-old. He had the indescribable look of a high-class horse; the even, piston-like rhythm of the perfect trotter. Without effort, so it seemed, he was abreast of Bailey's stallion. A whip rose and fell. Bailey might have spared a good horse this indignity. The result was the same as when a golfer presses his stroke. The too great effort which the whip summoned from the stallion shattered the smoothness of his gait. He seemed to falter. Uncle Dick, sitting like a statue, swept on to the wire in the wake of Zebro's immutable stride.

The timing board declared the heat to have been trotted in 2:09¼. Several unofficial timers showed watches which had stopped at two-eight flat.

Now this was on a half-mile track and early in the season. I hastily sought out the heat winner and his entourage.

Zebro was beneath a cooling shed, stripped of harness and bridle. At either flank was a groom busy with scrapers and sponges. Cupped across the bone of the sorrel's nose was a gently restraining black hand. Close to his head was a fiercely exultant, wizened black face. Pood was not laboring physically with his charge. Only his lips moved. These poured into a long, delicate equine ear a sort of ecstatic gibberish, into which was woven "Dat-a-hoss!" and "We sleep soun' to-night!"

"Congratulations," I said to Uncle Dick, who was observing his mount from a near-by horse trunk.

"He went a nice heat," he acknowledged calmly. "How fast was it?"

I told him what the watches in the grand stand had shown. He raised his eyebrows in surprise, got to his feet and went to Zebro's head.

"Wouldn't blow out a candle," he said, after watching the even flare and retraction of the sorrel's nostrils for a moment.

"He ain't been nowhere yet," Pood informed us.

But in the next heat of the two-ten trot Zebro went somewhere. He went, as Uncle Dick put it later, straight up. Trotting magnificently into the last turn, three lengths in front of Bailey's wabbling stallion, which led a tired field, the sorrel made a wild and disastrous break. Back he fell until the white-and-green jacket was fifty lengths behind the others. At last, when almost in a walk, he began to trot again.

An aëroplane could not have come from where he was and won. A plane could have escaped the distance flag no doubt, but Zebro was a horse. The flag fell like a sword when he was two lengths away, cutting him off from further efforts that day. The green-and-white jacket was out of it.

I went to the track gate to meet Uncle Dick. As I stood there waiting the voice of the starter floated to me as he announced the result of the heat. He named the horses and the order in which they had finished.

"Zebro," he informed the listening grand stand, "was distanced." The high wooden fence of the fair grounds echoed the word "distanced" mockingly. Close at hand I heard another voice, low to be sure, but filled with an indescribable reproach:

"Shame on you!"

I stepped aside as Pood led the sorrel through the gate and off the track. Zebro was still hitched to his bike. A gray blanket enveloped him to the ears. He was unchecked, and one of those flicking, nervous ears was on a perfect level to receive the full scorn of the words I had just heard. They were repeated:

"Shame on you!"

The ear twitched protestingly.

"Shame on you!"

The ear seemed to flinch.

"Shame on you!"

The ear flattened dismally against a dejected head.

I watched this pair—the plodding, bent old negro and the huge, hard-breathing horse—until they slowly rounded the end of a line of stalls and disappeared.

Uncle Dick came through the gate and joined me. His face and wind-blown gray whiskers were cream-colored with dust. So was his silk jacket and the lenses of his driving goggles pushed up on his sweating forehead.

"Well, durn my ornery time!" he exploded.

"Hard luck," I sympathized.

"Luck! If ever a driver got a hoss beat I just done it."

"You! How?" I inquired.

"I tried to take him back," he explained. "I seen Bailey was through, and there wa'n't no sense winnin' way off like that. If I'd let him alone he'd of come home to suit hisself. The minit I took holt of him he went straight up." His troubled eyes roamed up the stretch to the turn where the tragedy had occurred. "All my fault! All my fault!"

"Pood doesn't seem to think so," I said. His eyes came swiftly back to mine.

"Pood! I told Pood how it happened. What was he sayin' to him just now?"

"Shame on you!" I repeated, and was forced to smile.

There was no answering smile. I was astonished to see Uncle Dick's gloom-filled

(Continued on Page 38)

H. Weston Taylor

Without Effort, So It Seemed, He Was Abreast of Bailey's Stallion

MR. POTTLE AND CULTURE

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

OUT of the bathtub, rubicund and rotund, stepped Mr. Ambrose Pottle. He anointed his hair with sweet spirits of lilac and dusted his anatomy with crushed rosebud talcum. He donned a virgin union suit; a pair of socks, silk where it showed; ultra low shoes; white-flannel trousers, warm from the tailor's goose; a creamy silk shirt; an impeccable blue coat; a gala tie, perfect after five tyings; and then went forth into the spring-scented eventide to pay a call on Mrs. Blossom Gallup.

He approached her new-art bungalow as one might a shrine, with diffident steps and hesitant heart, but with delicious tinglings radiating from his spinal cord. Only the ballast of a three-pound box of Choc-O-late Nutties under his arm kept him on earth. He was in love.

To be in love for the first time at twenty is passably thrilling; but to be in love for the first time at thirty-five is exquisitely excruciating.

Mr. Pottle found Mrs. Gallup in her living room, a basket of undarned stockings on her lap. With a pretty show of confusion and many embarrassing murmurings she thrust them behind the piano, he protesting that this intimate domesticity delighted him.

She sank back with a little sigh into a gay-chintzed wicker chair, and the rosy light from a tall piano lamp fell gently on her high-piled golden hair, her surprised blue eyes, and the ripe, generous outlines of her figure. To Mr. Pottle she was a dream of loveliness, a poem, an idyl. He would have given worlds, solar systems to have been able to tell her so. But he couldn't. He couldn't find the words, for, like many another sterling character in the barbers' supply business, he was not eloquent; he did not speak with the fluent ease, the masterful flow that comes, one sees it often said, from twenty-one minutes a day of communion with the great minds of all time. His communings had been largely with boss barbers; with them he was cheery and chatty. Put Mrs. Gallup and her intellectual interests were a world removed from things tonsorial; in her presence he was tongue-tied as an oyster.

Mr. Pottle's worshiping eye roved from the lady to her library, and his good-hearted face showed tiny furrows of despair; an array of fat crisp books in shiny new bindings stared at him: Twenty-one Minutes' Daily Communion With the Master Minds; Capsule Chats on Poets, Philosophers, Painters, Novelists, Interior Decorators; Culture for the Busy Man, six volumes, half calf; How to Build Up a Background; Talk Tips; YOU, Too, Can Be Interesting; Sixty Square Feet of Self-Culture—and a score more. "Culture"—always that wretched word!

"Are you fond of reading, Mr. Pottle?" asked Mrs. Gallup, popping a Choc-O-late Nuttie into her demure mouth with a daintiness almost ethereal.

"Love it," he answered promptly.

"Who is your favorite poet?"

"S-Shakspere," he ventured desperately.

"He's mine too." Mr. Pottle breathed easier. "But," she added, "I think Longfellow is sweet, don't you?"

"Very sweet," agreed Mr. Pottle.

She smiled at him with a sad, shy confidence.

"He did not understand," she said.

She nodded her blond head toward an enlarged picture of the late Mr. Gallup, in the full regalia of Past Grand Master of the Beneficent Order of Beavers.

"Didn't he care for—er—literature?" asked Mr. Pottle.

"He despised it," she replied. "He was wrapped up in the hay-and-feed business. He began to talk about oats and chicken gravel on our honeymoon."

Mr. Pottle made a sympathetic noise.

"In our six years of married life," she went on, "he talked of nothing but duck fodder, carload lots, trade discounts, selling points, bran, turnover ——"

How futile, how inadequate seem mere words in some situations. Mr. Pottle said nothing; timidly he took her hand in his; she did not draw it away.

"And he only shaved on Saturday nights," she said.

Mr. Pottle's free hand went to his own face, smooth as steel and art could make it.

"Blossom," he began huskily, "have you ever thought of marrying again?"

"I have," she answered, blushing—his hand on hers tightened—"and I haven't," she finished.

"Oh, Blossom ——" he began once more.

"If I do marry again," she interrupted, "it will be a literary man."

"A literary man?" His tone was aghast. "A writing fella?"

"Oh, not necessarily a writer," she said. "They usually live in garrets, and I shouldn't like that. I mean a man who has read all sorts of books, and who can talk about all sorts of things."

He Heard in the Living Room a Familiar High Masculine Voice. It Was Saying, "Aristotle, the Greek Philosopher, Was Born at Stagira in 384 B. C. and ——"

"Blossom"—Mr. Pottle's voice was humble—"I'm not what you might call ——"

There was a sound of clumping feet on the porch outside. Mrs. Gallup started up.

"Oh, that must be him now!" she cried.

"Him? Who?"

"Why, Mr. Deeley."

"Who's he?" queried Mr. Pottle.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! He said he might call tonight. Such a nice man! I met him over in Xenia last week. Such a brilliant conversationalist. I know you'll like each other."

She hastened to answer the doorbell; Mr. Pottle sat moodily in his chair, not at all sure he'd like Mr. Deeley.

The brilliant conversationalist burst into the room breezily, confidently. He was slightly smaller than a load of hay in his belted suit of ecru pongee; he wore a satisfied air and a pleased mustache.

"Meet Mr. Pottle," said Mrs. Gallup.

"What name?" asked Mr. Deeley. His voice was high, sweet and loud; his handshake was a knuckle pulverizer.

"Pottle," said the owner of that name.

"I beg pardon?" said Mr. Deeley.

"Pottle," said Mr. Pottle more loudly.

"Sorry," said Mr. Deeley affably, "but it sounds just like 'Pottle' to me."

"That's what it is," said Mr. Pottle with dignity.

Mr. Deeley laughed a loud tittering laugh.

"Oh, well," he remarked genially, "you can't help that. We're born with our names, but"—he bestowed a dazzling smile on Mrs. Gallup—"we pick our own teeth."

"Oh, Mr. Deeley," she cried, "you do say the most ridiculously witty things!"

Mr. Pottle felt a concrete lump forming in his bosom.

Mr. Deeley addressed him tolerantly. "What line are you in, Mr. Bottle?" he asked.

"Barbers' supplies," admitted Mr. Pottle.

"Ah, yes. Barbers' supplies. How interesting," said Mr. Deeley. "Climbing the lather of success, eh?"

Mr. Pottle did not join in the merriment.

"What line are you in?" he asked. He prayed that Mr. Deeley would say "Shoes," for by a happy inspiration he was prepared to counter with, "Ah, starting at the bottom," and thus split honors with the Xenian.

But Mr. Deeley did not say "Shoes." He said "Literature." Mrs. Gallup beamed.

"Oh, are you, Mr. Deeley? How perfectly thrilling!" she said rapturously. "I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes indeed," said Mr. Deeley. He changed the subject by turning to Mr. Pottle. "By the way, Mr. Poodle, are you interested in Abyssinia?" he inquired.

"Why, no—that is, not particularly," confessed Mr. Pottle. He looked toward her who had quickened his pulse, but her eyes were fastened on Mr. Deeley.

"I'm surprised to hear you say that," said Mr. Deeley. "A most interesting place, Abyssinia—rather a specialty of mine."

He threw one plump leg over the other and leaned back comfortably.

"Abyssinia," he went on in his high voice, "is an inland country situated by the Red Sea between 5° and 15° north latitude, and 35° and 42° east longitude. Its area is 351,019 square miles. Its population is 4,501,477. It includes Shoa, Kaffa, Gallaland and Central Somaliland. Its towns include Adis-Ababa, Adowa, Adigrat, Aliu-Amber, Debra-Derhan and Bonger. It produces coffee, salt and gold. The inhabitants are morally very lax. Indeed, polygamy is a common practice, and ——"

"Polly Gammy?" cried Mrs. Gallup in imitation of Mr. Deeley's pronunciation. "Oh, what is that?"

Mr. Deeley smiled blandly.

"I think," he said, "that it is hardly the sort of thing I care to discuss in—er—mixed company."

He helped himself to three of the Choc-O-late Nutties.

"That reminds me," he said, "of abbreviations."

"Abbreviations?" Mrs. Gallup looked her interest.

"The world," observed Mr. Deeley, "is full of them. For example, Mr. Puttle, do you know what R. W. D. G. M. stands for?"

"No," answered Mr. Pottle glumly.

"It stands for Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master," informed Mr. Deeley. "Do you know what N. U. T. stands for?"

"I know what it spells," said Mr. Pottle pointedly.

"You ought to," said Mr. Deeley, letting off his laugh. "But we were discussing abbreviations. Since you don't seem very well informed on this point"—he shot a smile at Mrs. Gallup—"I'll tell you that N. U. T. stands for National Union of Teachers, just as M. F. H. stands for Master of Fox Hounds, and M. I. C. E. stands for Member of Institute of Civil Engineers, and A. O. H. stands for ——"

"Oh, Mr. Deeley, how perfectly thrilling!" Mrs. Gallup spoke; Mr. Pottle writhed; Mr. Deeley smiled complacently, and went on.

"I could go on indefinitely; abbreviations are rather a specialty of mine."

It developed that Mr. Deeley had many specialties.

"Are you aware," he asked, focusing his gaze on Mr. Pottle, "that there is acid in this cherry?" He held aloft a candied cherry which he had deftly exhumed from a Choc-O-late Nuttie.

"My goodness!" cried Mrs. Gallup. "Will it poison us? I've eaten six."

"My dear lady"—there was a world of tender reassurance in Mr. Deeley's tone—"only the uninformed regard all acids as poisonous. There are acids and acids. I've taken a rather special interest in them. Let's see—there are many kinds—acetic, benzoic, citric, gallic, lactic, malic, oxalic, palmitic, picric—but why go on?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pottle; "why?"

"Do not interrupt, Mr. Pottle, if you please," said Mrs. Gallup severely. "I'm sure what Mr. Deeley says interests me immensely. Go on, Mr. Deeley."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gallup; thank you," said the brilliant conversationalist. "But don't you think alligators are more interesting than acids?"

"You know about so many interesting things," she smiled. Mr. Pottle's very soul began to curdle.

"Alligators are rather a specialty of mine," remarked Mr. Deeley. "Fascinating little brutes, I think. You know alligators, Mrs. Gallup?"

"Stuffed," said the lady.

(Continued on Page 105)

THE SPIDERS

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"WELCOME TO REDBERRY!" Hamilton Crosbie glanced up at the inscription which greeted him at the entrance of the main boulevard of the rather remote citrus colony of Redberry. As he passed under the arch and rolled on up the boulevard he noted that though the thoroughfare was lined on each side by palm trees and roses, both palms and roses were sickly and untended. Outside the palm trees a constant procession of orange groves streamed by, with here and there a ranch house. But the orange trees were yellowish-green and the ground beneath them powder dry. The ranch houses needed paint and there were weeds in the yards.

"Something wrong with Redberry!" thought Hammie. "I wonder what it is."

For fully a mile the same dismal conditions prevailed. The young man chugged finally into the public square of Redberry and slowed to ten miles, looking about him. The place had been well planned. Palm trees, pepper trees and roses were everywhere; but all were perishing and untended.

"Sick town!" thought Hammie again.

On the north side of the square a big sign bawled to the world: Redberry Water Company.

Across the square, and dominating the whole place, a second sign spread itself flamboyantly, reading: Morris & Lipsey. Real Estate. Money to Loan.

"Wow!" mused Hammie. "Water company—and no water! Money to loan—and from the look of the place money is scarce as water!"

He halted in front of a modest little building where a young man sat tilted back against the wall, smoking a pipe.

"Say, brother," called Hammie cheerfully, "which way do I go to get over into the Wildwater country?"

The young Redberry man got up and came out to the car.

"Keep straight up the boulevard," he said, "through the company's orange ranch and on past Colonel Branch's home till you come to the reservoir. The road turns there and climbs across the bench to the divide. You can see right down into the Wildwater from the top of the divide. Going fishing?"

"Yes." Hammie was a man's man and a swift judge of men, at that. This young idler had sandy hair and sleepy eyes—but some way or another Hammie knew he was a livewire and liked him. "Come along!" he invited.

The other smiled wistfully. "I'd like to," he confessed, "but I got to stay on the job."

Hammie glanced at the sign above the door, which read "Chamber of Commerce" in faded letters. Below was the more modest sign: Al. J. Price.

"You Mr. Price?" inquired Hammie.

"Yes. Most people call me Al."

"My name's Crosbie. Most people call me Hammie."

They shook hands and Hammie prepared to go on. "What you doing, Price?" he inquired as he worked the self-starter.

"Not a darn thing!" replied Price promptly. "I'm staying here merely out of sentiment. A monument above the grave of a dead town!"

Hammie laughed, for he thought the man was joking. The flivver burst suddenly into a paroxysm of racking coughs and started bucking up the street.

"Good-by!" Hammie yelled above the uproar.

"Good-by!" yelled the stranger after him.

Hammie filled his gas tank at the garage, then rolled on out of the square, and immediately the street became a boulevard once more. But here it was a boulevard, indeed, running through a great orange grove, the leaves black-green with health, the ground beneath the trees showing evidence of abundant irrigation. The palms on each side of the drive were luxuriant, and from time to time, wired to the high fence along the way, appeared this laconic sign:

REDBERRY WATER COMPANY
KEEP OUT!

"Well," thought Hammie, "water company's trees get plenty of water, anyway! I wonder how that happens!"

For half a mile this condition continued, and then as abruptly as it began the company's property ended, and once more the boulevard became a depressing thing, the palms sickly and ill-kept. Here the cañon widened, forming a little valley, perhaps three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. All had once been planted to alfalfa, evidently, but the alfalfa was dead. Grasshoppers snapped their orange wings in the sun and settled in the dust. Halfway across the valley appeared an imposing house, set picturesquely in the midst of eucalyptus and orange trees. It resembled an old Southern homestead.

And exactly in front of the driveway—Bang! A tremendous backfire, then something went Pling! The wheels ceased to revolve, and with a tired sigh the little flivver died and there was no sound, beyond a gentle boiling somewhere.

"Love of Mike!" moaned Hammie in great disgust. "Over and under again!"

He climbed across the door and crawled beneath the car. He had been there a long time when back down the road over which he had just traveled arose the noisy clamor of another flivver. It came up and stopped. The girl driver leaned over and tried to see under the crippled machine. "Need any help?" she called.

There was a short scrambling struggle and Hammie Crosbie stuck his head out and looked up.

"I—I thunk it's busted!" he said and got to his feet.

His face was streaked with oil and perspiration and his hair matted with grease and dust. The girl climbed out of the car.

"Sure your gas is all right?" she asked.

"Sure," said Hammie. "I filled in Redberry."

Together they went over the patient, discussing symptoms and suggesting possible expedients. The girl was small and blue-eyed, and her capable little hands worked with the sure precision of a boy's hands. They were pretty well acquainted by the time they had exhausted their stock of motor-car knowledge, for there is nothing which makes the whole world kin like holding a post mortem over a dead flivver.

"Maybe if you'd kick it?" suggested the girl hopefully.

Hammie shook his head and grinned.

"I tried that two hours ago," he said; "and I only hurt my toe. I think I'll have to get a garage man."

"Come up to the house," the girl invited. "You can telephone and the man will be here in a few minutes."

"Say!" said Hammie, much mortified. "I didn't know this was your house! And the old wheelbarrow stopped right in your driveway!"

"That doesn't matter. We can shove it out of the way."

Together they got behind the little car and heaved. The flivver rolled sullenly out of the driveway. It was a commonplace affair, but Hammie was never to forget that brief moment when a boyish figure set a determined strong shoulder against the stubborn car and shoved, close to his own shoulder. A puff of hot wind swept up the valley and flicked a soft tendril of hair across his nose. Gosh!

The girl invited Hammie to a seat upon the veranda while she went in to telephone to the garage. A man came out and joined him presently; an elderly man with a goatee. Evidently he was of Southern stock, though something had taken the proud look from his eye and left an evident worry there.

"Most unfortunate, suh!" he commiserated. "I can sympathize with you, for I drive one myse'f. But every time it breaks down I am reminded that I, too, belong to an age which has sacrificed the horse upon an altar of steel and rubber. When we reject the greatest gift of God in favor of an unreliable invention of our own, we pay, suh—we pay!"

"And often on the installment plan!" laughed Hammie.

"He's busy now," said the girl, appearing at the door, "but he'll come as soon as he can."

"In the meantime," said the old gentleman courteously, "you shall honor us at lunch. Shall he not, Kennie?"

"We shall be delighted!" said the girl.

Hammie demurred, but he was up against a hospitality which had been handed down through many generations. He accepted at last.

"Daddy Thought So Much of His Native State That He Named Me Kentucky! Isn't That a Wild, Fierce Name for a Girl?"

"But I haven't introduced myself," he said. "I'm Hamilton Crosbie."

"My name is Branch, suh," returned his host. "Kennie, let me present Mr. Crosbie. My daughter, suh."

"We're from Kentucky," explained the girl, and smiled.

It was a delightful smile and it speared through Hammie's heart like a delicious swordthrust, and he knew, somehow, that he never would recover from it.

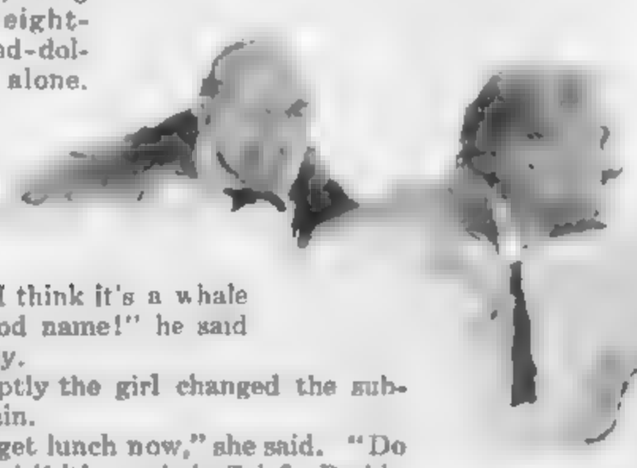
"My great-grandfather lived in Kentucky," he said. "He raised horses."

"The noblest of God's creatures!" said the colonel with enthusiasm. "When I came to this valley I entertained the hope that I would produce thoroughbred horses equal to any in Kentucky; but ——"

He paused abruptly. Deftly the girl shifted the burden. Hammie sensed that some way or another the colonel's observation had approached an unpleasant thing.

"Daddy thought so much of his native state," she smiled, "that he named me Kentucky! Isn't that a wild, fierce name for a girl?"

Hammie looked once more into the blue eyes and felt that never again would he be the same old Hammie Crosbie, riding in his eight-thousand-dollar car alone.



"I—I think it's a whale of a good name!" he said earnestly.

Abruptly the girl changed the subject again.

"I'll get lunch now," she said. "Do you mind if it's a salad affair? Daddy and I never fire up the old range at noon when the weather's like this."

Salad? Hammie would have eaten hay, and relished it too. For the spell of those blue eyes was upon him to a degree that —— Oh, well, men have always felt it, dating clear back to the time when Eve smiled, and forthwith Adam shinned up the tree and stole the apple for her.

They were finishing lunch when a loud clanking arose from the roadway.

"The garage man is at work," observed Colonel Branch.

"He'll charge you fearfully," warned Kennie. "He knows you're a stranger."

"You must speak to him, Kennie," decided the colonel. "We cannot allow him to overcharge our guest."

The lunch over, the colonel took a ceremonious leave of the young man at the door, but Kennie went on down to the gate with him to interview the mechanic.

"Do you work in an office, Mr. Crosbie?" she asked as they walked down across the lawn. "Please—you'll forgive me for the question?" she added anxiously.

A new confusion assailed Hammie. Could he tell these kindly people that he wasn't a poor jitney driver off on a vacation, but looked like one merely because he didn't want to take his big car over into the Wildwater country where the roads were fit to break the heart of a steam roller? Love of Pete, no! Clearly they were not in good circumstances themselves; moreover, he knew that if he told them he was worth ten or twelve millions it would be sure to erect a barrier between him and them. It's human nature for a poor man to feel a certain sort of diffidence in the presence of a rich one. Well, didn't he work in an office? His own office? Sure! So he told Kennie yes.

"Perhaps you might hear of a position for a girl?" she suggested. "For me. I've been studying stenography. I think I'm pretty good too. Quick, you know—and I'll be better after I get my hands limbered up."

Hammie stole a glance at the small hands. They were sunburned and the palms were calloused.

"But ——"

Hammie hesitated and involuntarily he glanced at the big house, with its evident ambition to become a permanent home of dignity and well-being. The girl noted the glance.

"I know!" she smiled, and Hammie was sure he detected behind the smile a gleam of wistful sadness. "But I doubt if we shall live here much longer. Perhaps no longer than next spring. We don't say much about it, but —— Oh, well, if it comes to the worst, why I won't sit down and cry. I'm just as good an American as anybody—and I'm not afraid to work."

"Aw, gee!" said Hammie boyishly, greatly distressed. "Aw, gee!"

The garage man had gone away, leaving the two young people alone. Hammie had no excuse for lingering longer. "You've been very kind," he said, and prepared to go.

"And you won't forget me if you hear of an opening?"

"Indeed I won't!" said Hammie earnestly.

"Thank you. Good-by. I hope you catch loads of fish!"

"If We Can't Put You in the Penitentiary, Why We're Going to Get Right on Your Necks and Ride You Till You've Lost the Last Dollar You Have!"

She held out her hand. Hammie climbed into the car, woke up the rejuvenated invalid and bumped on up the road. Half a mile above the colonel's house the valley pinched together and became a cañon again. Across this narrow place lay an immense reservoir.

"Might as well see it all," thought Hammie.

He got out of the car and climbed to the top of the structure, but there was little to see that was exciting. Half a dozen men sat about or pottered at insignificant tasks. The precious water sheeted across the bottom of the big basin, going out through the spillway into the creek bed and chuckling thence merrily away to the sea.

A man came up, eying him suspiciously. "Whaddye want?" he demanded.

"Nothing," grinned Hammie.

"Company property," said the man. "No trespassing allowed."

"All right—all right!"

Hammie went back and started his car up the steep incline. Twenty minutes later he stopped upon the narrow divide and looked down into a great green trough a mile across and half a mile deep. Up from the bottom of the trough came a long roar, where the Wildwater battled eternally with its rocks.

Hammie twisted in the seat and looked back. Far below him on that side lay the Colonel Branch homestead. The young man's eyes followed the gray thread of a road back to the yellowish-green blur which was the stricken town of Redberry. A long time he gazed, wondering what mysterious thing had brought this curse upon a community which was so full of evident promise.

"Oh, well," he philosophized, "the world's full of grief; and if I stop to feel sorry for this poor town I'll sure spoil my fishin' trip! Come on, Elizabeth—let's go!"

But Hammie found that he could not quit feeling sorry. On the contrary, he grew sorrier every minute. Sitting by his lone camp fire that evening he thought it over. And as he did this he found that his concern over the unfortunate colony seemed to crystallize about the misfortunes of the Branch family; more especially about the younger member of the Branch family.

Clearly they were about to lose everything. Vaguely he had gathered this—he did not know how. The colonel had doubtless staked everything upon his stock-raising plans. To have stock one must have hay and pasture. These required water—plenty of it. For some unknown reason there was no water.

"Oh, well ——" Hammie tried to think of something else. After a while he opened his hand and regarded it with a solemn, tender interest. He could still feel the friendly clasp of rough, boyish little fingers there.

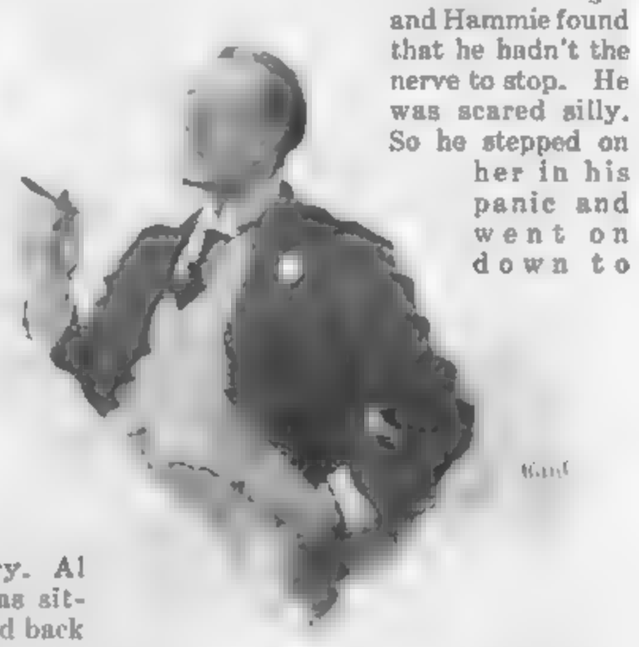
He was very tired, for a great part of the day had been spent underneath that dog-goned flivver. He spread his blankets close to the bank of the brawling Wildwater, pouring its bright water forever into the Pacific Ocean. But after he lay down he got sorrier and sorrier. The stars, shining into his drowsy eyes through a dark filigree of tree branches, reminded him of two honest blue eyes; brave young eyes, and he seemed to hear again, "I'm as good an American as anybody. I'm not afraid to work!"

"Aw, gee!" muttered Hammie unhappily, and slept.

II

HAMMIE CROSBIE had expected to spend three weeks on the Wildwater River. He stood it a week, and then he found that his peace of mind had been utterly slain during his brief passage through Redberry. He was unhappy; vaguely he was conscious of the fact, but not yet was he experienced enough to know that his unhappiness arose from a wistful yearning to find the blue eyes and look into them again. All he knew was that fishing was a piffling occupation and that he was tired of the Wildwater country. As he slid down the bench he caught at intervals short glimpses of the reservoir lying far below. Apparently the men were still idle. As he passed the lower turn and headed down the valley he saw that the water continued to go out through the spillway into the creek bed. But he did not consider the reservoir long, for he was now approaching the Branch homestead.

No one was in sight and Hammie found that he hadn't the nerve to stop. He was scared silly. So he stepped on her in his panic and went on down to Redberry. Al Price was sitting tilted back against the wall, smoking. Apparently he had not changed his position since a week ago.



"Hello, fisherman!" he called as Hammie drove up and stopped. "You look like a tramp!"

"It's a disguise I'm wearing," laughed Hammie. "I'm traveling incognito."

"I've heard a flivver called a lot of names," retorted Price, "but that's a new one!"

"Say," said Hammie, "let's go somewhere and get lunch. I want to talk to you."

The Redberry man regarded him with a pessimistic eye. "I don't believe you've got the price," he said, "but I'm a brave man and I'll take a chance."

They sat down near the door of a listless little restaurant and gave their order. The uninterested waiter served them and drifted away.

"Say, Price," said Hammie, "I want to hear what killed Redberry. All about it."

"Son," observed Price, "you've come to the only man in Redberry who would tell you! All the others are afraid. Listen here:

"There's a Spider crouching over this place, Crosbie; a big, bloated, hideous Spider—ready to spring. Every last citizen is afraid to open his mouth for fear the Spider will jump him. Me, I've been scared so long that now I don't care what happens.

"See that sign over yonder?" He pointed through the open window at the water company's building. "There's where it started. It was this way: We Redberry men were a bunch of weak sisters. All good fellows who couldn't believe anyone would come out here and try to ruin us. That was three years ago. We'd got our ranches set to two-year-old trees and they were doing bully. The water wasn't so tremendously abundant, but by using it judiciously we were getting along fine.

"You wouldn't believe it—judging by the town as it now is—but at that time we were as promising a citrus colony as there was in the state of California. We had a chamber of commerce and a cooperative association. I was president of both. I ran the Redberry Sentinel too. The press and everything's stored in the back room of this old shack of mine. The paper's dead, killed, same as the town.

"One day a fellow came along who represented a Chicago syndicate that wanted to invest in California utilities. Growing state, you know; good place to invest. He was a magnetic man. He got the chamber of commerce and the coop together and made a speech. We had a fine little water system, he admitted, but it was too small. In ten years Redberry would outgrow it. Now if we would turn our system over to his company, why they'd build a dam across Redberry Cañon, gather up the winter rainfall and give us a water system that would be a whale. He wanted a subsidy too.

"Now there's a queer thing in human psychology. Perhaps we would not have been so interested, but when he demanded a subsidy, why it seemed somehow to make his proposition more valuable. Anyway —— Aw, what's the use! He talked us into it. Suckers was our middle name. We turned our precious water over to the company—and gave them the subsidy too.

"But after that first fine burst of enthusiasm had worn off we found that we had bet too high on our hands. Our trees wouldn't start producing for two or three years and we needed improvements—buildings, you know; head ditches, and grub and clothing besides. But if we could only scratch through the next two or three years ——

"About that time Morris & Lipsey came to town. They were great mixers. Especially Lipsey. He can smile a woodpecker out of its hole. Morris & Lipsey addressed booster meetings, chummed with the chamber of commerce and helped out in our advertising campaigns. Nobody seemed to know where they came from—don't know yet; but they had plenty of money and they offered generous terms when they loaned it to us. In every instance, however, they took four-year mortgages, explaining that this was merely part of their business system and if the borrower wasn't in position to take up his obligation at the end of four years, why, of course, they'd extend it for him. Glad to, in fact. Why not? They were getting fine interest on gilt-edge property which was doubling in value every year or so. Besides, they had brought their families here and now they were Redberry folks themselves. Wanted to keep all their money in the home town. They were strong for Redberry—strong as an old sock! You bet! Come on in, boys—the water's fine!

"Well, Crosbie, we fell for that stuff too! Honest we did! They had such a good line of talk and we needed money so badly. You know, when a fellow gets to the stage where he lies awake till four o'clock in the morning wondering where he's going to raise the money to keep his ranch going and buy grub and pay taxes, why he doesn't examine things too closely when some kind, great-hearted money lender comes along and offers him a large gob of manna, straight from heaven! We all mortgaged to Morris & Lipsey. Ranches set to trees nearly ready to bear, reservoirs, head ditches, buildings—everything. There was that.

"We'd have pulled through all right, but about that time something went blooey with the company's fine new reservoir. I don't know what. Nobody knows. At any rate the water suddenly got scarce. It's kept getting scarcer, and now we're barely able to keep our orchards alive. But the company's orchard—you remember it? You rode through it as you went up toward the Colonel Branch place. Looks fine, doesn't it? Well, the company's orchard doesn't suffer. They pick up what water they need for themselves at the spillway and carry it down in a flume.

"That's the way it happened and that's the situation right now. Every man in Redberry has a life-and-death grievance, but he is licked. He doesn't dare open his mouth for fear the Spider will jump him. He knows in his heart it will happen in the spring, when the mortgages mature; but like a condemned man he keeps hoping. Hoping the water company will keep faith, after all; hoping that Morris & Lipsey will extend the mortgages. We've had hints. We know they won't—but we hope, just the same. There! I wouldn't have told you, but I wanted to tell somebody who didn't know! Besides, I wanted to pay for my lunch!"

"But what's the idea?" asked Hammie. "Why can't you compel the company to furnish you with water or show cause?"

"Weak sisters!" said Price in supreme disgust. "Haven't I told you we were the prize rubes of Hickville-on-the-Glebe? We were so excited and enthusiastic we overlooked the fact that no stipulation had been made as to the amount of water to be furnished each subscriber! We were suckers!"

Hammie thought a while. "What's the answer?" he asked.

Price leaned forward, lowering his voice.

"Collusion!" he said earnestly. "Of course we can't prove it, but it's there. It's a monstrous plot, Crosbie; a plot to sting this town into a paralysis, then take it over!

"Now get it: Here's a fine, young, prosperous orange colony, all equipped and planted, but needing the money to tide it across the three or four years till production begins. The water company gets our water away from us and proceeds to starve us weak. Morris & Lipsey miraculously appear and throw us a line. We seize it, never dreaming in our extremity that the other end of the line is in the Spider's hands.

"By next spring, when the most of the mortgages fall due, we'll be helpless. Then the Spider will jump. Morris & Lipsey will take over our ranches. Water will suddenly become abundant and the trees will spring into life and start producing. Then there'll be a secret meeting of Morris & Lipsey and the water-company syndicate—and the cutting of a fine melon!

"I know it sounds wild, Crosbie, but it's true! Though I can't prove it. But did you ever hear of anything like it? A whole community stolen bodily!"

"But hold on!" insisted Hammie. "Can't you bring suit ——"

"I knew you'd say that!" smiled Price bitterly. "How can we bring suit—when every man in the district has a hard time getting enough to eat! Besides, after the three years' licking we've taken no Redberry man has nerve enough left to start anything! We've tried. Lord, how we've tried! But you can't get people to lend money to a town that has a black eye. And after he's turned down a few times, a man finally lacks the moral courage to ask for help. He knows he won't get it, and that reacts against him."

Arose the peevish sneezing of a passing flivver and through the open door the young men saw a girl go tearing up the square and disappear along the boulevard toward the Branch valley.

"That was Kennie Branch," said Price. "Old Colonel Branch's daughter."

Hammie's heart was pounding and missing shots. "I know," he said. "I met her a week ago. Stopped to telephone when my car broke down. Splendid people, I thought."

"Best in the world!" Price stared after the settling dust cloud gloomily. "And there lies another tragedy, Crosbie. When the big fever was on us, why the company hinted that they'd like to have a tract of land for a park. That was to be part of the subsidy. They'd plant it to trees and make Redberry proud of it. The tract they favored was part of Colonel Branch's estate. He was game, that innocent, honest old boy; he never batted an eye. 'Take it, gentlemen,' he said. 'I would do much more than that for Redberry!'

"Well, what happened? Why, the company planted it to trees, all right. Orange trees, and hung a 'Keep Out!' sign all along the boulevard. Then to pay the colonel for his generosity they held out on his water supply until all his alfalfa died and he had to sell his stock. Still the company encouraged him to be patient; they'd have the water coming soon. Next year there'd be plenty—sure. So he mortgaged to Morris & Lipsey, and stuck, along with the rest of us. He was game.

"Next spring the Spider will gather the colonel's homestead into its web and the colonel will die of a broken heart and poor little Kennie Branch will get a job somewhere ——

"Aw, say," he broke off, rising from the table abruptly, "that ought to be plenty for you! Let's go down and smoke a pipe on my palatial veranda."

"Can't," replied Hammie. "I want to see a little more of Redberry." He consulted his watch. "I'll be in San Francisco at six o'clock."

"Say, but you speak rashly," grinned Price, "for a flivver driver."

Hammie did not hesitate, but drove back to the Branch homestead. Al Price's exposition of the Redberry tragedy had touched him and filled him with a great yearning to do something for his new friends. He went up and rang the bell. Kennie came to the door, her arms covered with flour. There was a lot of it on her nose too.

"Why," she said, "it's you! Did you catch any fish?"

"Slathers!" said Hammie. "I fell in the river too!"

The girl giggled delightedly. "You poor thing!" she said. "Did you want to see daddy? Come in."

Colonel Branch was overjoyed to see his young friend. It was apparent that he had taken a strong liking to Hammie Crosbie. Perhaps it was because Hammie's great-grandfather used to raise horses back in Kentucky. Kennie hurried away to her baking and Hammie plunged immediately into the business which had brought him back.

"Colonel," he said, "I was admiring your place and I—I —— Forgive me if I presume. But I wondered if you would care to sell part of it."

He was flushing painfully, for he knew he was practicing a certain deceit upon the old gentleman. An answering flush leaped to Colonel Branch's tired, worried face and a brief gleam of hope shot for an instant into his eyes. Both passed immediately.

"Not to you, my boy," he said with quiet dignity. "You have been our guest. Neither my daughter nor I would consider profiting at your expense. Without water the estate is valueless. I speak frankly."

"But," persisted Hammie eagerly, "if I am willing to take a chance ——"

Colonel Branch shook his gray head with an air of finality. "I could not entertain the idea for a moment," he said. "Nor could Kennie. You are young and impulsive. I do not doubt you have worked hard for what you possess. Keep it, my boy; and before you invest, think many, many times."

Something within Hammie

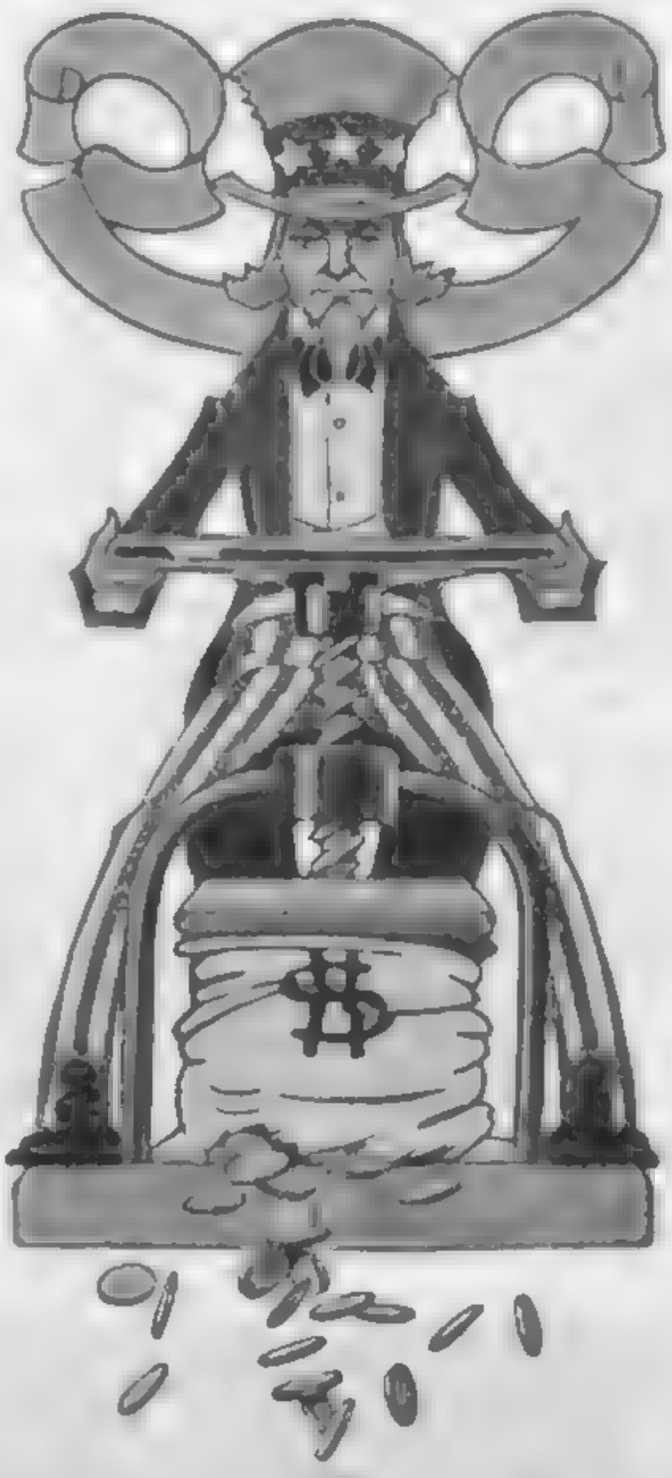
(Continued on Page 100)

"Aw, Shucks, Kennie!" said Hammie. "I Didn't Do It for Redberry! I Did It for Kentucky!"

CAPITAL ON STRIKE

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE purpose of this article is to describe as dispassionately and straightforwardly as possible the actual effects of a system of Federal taxation one of whose chief objects has been to soak the rich. No pet tax or pet theory of taxation is advanced. No prophecies or warnings are indulged in. The woods are full of tax experts willing to promise and predict. The peculiarity of this article is that it deals in results.

Now it must be admitted that theoretically and sentimentally there is something very appealing in the idea of taxing a man with an income of more than $1,000,000 nearly three-quarters of the whole amount. It touches a warm spot in almost every heart. The rate of 73 per cent is on incomes of above $1,000,000 only. Therefore, as the rates on various incomes are graduated and progressive, the total tax paid is a sum of many layers or levels of rates. Persons who reported incomes of $1,000,000 or over for the last reported year actually paid an average of 64.87 per cent in taxes. Taxes which other people pay are always popular, and the chap who pays a large supertax is almost sure to be someone else. There are more members of the United States Senate than there are taxpayers in the million-and-over class, and only a few thousand persons pay on incomes of $100,000 and more.

It has been said that to hear the suckers squeal is music in the gambler's ear. Most people have just about that same sort of tenderness for the poor fellow who has only $250,000 to $350,000 left to worry along with after making $1,000,000 a year. Why should I care how much they pay? I shall never see $1,000,000 in a whole lifetime. Gentlemen with million-dollar incomes never did anything for me, nor are they ever likely to, except that one who may have made $500,000 to $750,000 in a very prosperous year once took me out to lunch. Even that is closer than most people come to them.

This article then is not likely to be popular, for it will show that the policy of soaking large incomes has been disastrous in its effects. But unfortunately for popularity I have started out to set forth results rather than theories. If cold, hard and altogether bitter fact happens to run directly counter to widespread feelings and prejudices it may not prove entirely amiss to present the facts, disagreeable though they be.

Now the theory that the swollen fortunes of the Rockefellers, Morgans, Astors, Vanderbilts and their like should be made to bear a lion's share of the burdens of the Government through huge annual supertaxes on income was very beautiful. But unfortunately when these taxes were devised it did not seem to occur to those in political power that the persons who would really be hit would not be the owners of intrenched and more or less secure and periodic as well as enormous incomes, but rather the business men who happened to have an occasional good year or who sold in one year property which had been made valuable by years of work. In actual practice the great supertaxes have not been paid by the inheritors of amassed wealth, but by the active business and professional men, the workers and doers. Instead of hitting wealth the tax has fallen on trade, commerce, industry—on the almost everyday transactions of business.

Business Men Penalized

THE reason these taxes have worked contrary to expectation is so exceedingly simple that the only plausible explanation of why the framers of the law did not foresee the inevitable results is that they had never studied arithmetic. Consider a typical and in no sense extreme illustration. The annual tax on a $200,000 income is $93,270. The secure and conservative investment of $3,000,000 would produce just about $200,000. For five years the tax would be $466,350.

Now consider a man engaged in active business who makes the same amount, $1,000,000, over the same five-year period, losing $200,000 one year, making nothing one year, making $200,000 in another year, $400,000 in another and $600,000 in the fifth. Of course he pays no taxes for two years, but he pays $93,270 when he makes $200,000, and $232,270 and $375,270 respectively when he makes $400,000 and $600,000, or a total tax payment of $700,810.

Yet this active business man may and probably does have a much smaller fortune than the $3,000,000 man, although he pays a far larger total tax. He is probably taking the greater risk, and his capital may be invested largely in inventory subject to partial or total loss. In other words, the active, energetic enterpriser who is initiating or developing industry may easily be taxed more over a period of years on a smaller fortune which he has made than the society idler is taxed on substantially greater wealth which he has inherited.

Or consider an income of $400,000, on which the tax is 58 per cent. If that income is derived from a capital of say $7,000,000 invested in bonds or conservative preferred stocks to yield about 6 per cent the tax takes away less than 4 per cent of the principal. On the other hand if the income of $400,000 represents an exceptionally good year's profits from an active business which employs a capital of $1,500,000 the tax takes away about 15 per cent of the principal.

Whenever the Bureau of Internal Revenue publishes figures showing the number of persons who paid the higher supertaxes the newspapers proceed to guess at the identity of the payers. They always place John D. Rockefeller at the head of the list, and then run off the usual names—Morgan, Astor, Vanderbilt and the like. This is to laugh. The people who pay these vast taxes are not the owners of the old, intrenched, solid fortunes, but a lot of shifting, changing business men, most of whom are probably unknown to the public, but who happened in a given year to make exceptional profits or, what is even more likely, to have sold a property.

It is a fatuous and wholly ungrounded assumption that the supertax payers are the privileged few, the special interests or anything of that kind. There is excellent reason for believing that there is a great up-and-down fluctuation in the incomes of the individuals who at one time or another have paid on $300,000 or over. Indeed it is probable that the incomes of many of these persons have varied all the way from $10,000 up to $500,000 or over. It is said that one man who is not so very rich paid 12 per cent of all the supertaxes in one state in a single year. This was not because there were no richer men in the state. There were and are hundreds of them. But it happened that this one man was especially productive in that year.

A very large part of all the higher supertaxes paid have come not from incomes at all in any true sense of the word, but from sales or single transactions which may have taken years to bring about. Here is an actual case which shows how the policy of soaking the rich works out in practice: A large sugar-refining company which owns a majority interest in a Cuban producing concern wished to buy out the minority owner, who built up and managed the producing company. This man had spent his entire life developing the concern and had no particular desire to sell out. But he was getting old and wished to please the refining-company officials, and so without taking proper legal advice consented to exchange his own stock for stock in the refining company.

The old man's stock was worth about $3,000,000 when he made the deal, his entire fortune and his life's work. It cost him very little when as a young man he entered the business. So he has received a bill from the Treasury for a couple of million dollars of supertax. But the stock of the refining company which he took in exchange has since declined so far in the market that if he sold it all he would still owe the Government $500,000.

Lawful Profits Men Dare Not Take

OR TAKE an assumed yet entirely possible case, and one no more extreme than the actual one just cited. In active business a man might make $1,000,000 one year and lose $600,000 the next. As the law has stood he could not deduct the losses of the second year from profits of the first, and would thus be obliged to pay a total tax of $600,000 for the two years, leaving him with less than nothing But any scion of the idle rich on the same average annual income, before paying taxes, of $200,000 a year, would have to pay only $186,540 in taxes for the two years, leaving $213,460.

Or consider an inventor who sells in one year his life's work for $400,000 and pays taxes of 58 per cent, which may be something like half his entire capital, as compared with the inheritor of $7,000,000, who pays less than 4 per cent of his capital.

Amendments to the law permitting the spreading of gains and losses over more than one year, and which would substantially reduce the tax on so-called capital gains or profits from sales and like transactions, or would limit the amount of supertax to a reasonable percentage of a man's capital, would relieve business stagnation and unemployment of labor, no matter how unpopular they might prove to advocates of damn-the-rich policies.

The whole effect of trying to soak the rich has been to pound the fellow who worked actively with his money and gave employment, and to protect the chap who was sensible enough to lie low. A year ago when the lumber shortage was serious, suppose a man who many years before had invested $100,000 in a timber property had cut the timber and sold it for $500,000. He would have been supplying a great need and giving employment to labor, and yet the Government would have taken away half his income. But another man who had bought the same amount of timberland at the same price and decided not to cut and sell would have paid no tax at all and still have had his timber.

That is, where one man has been unwary enough to sell and pay through the nose a dozen have simply not made the sale or dealt at all. To the extent that this is true business has been killed and labor thrown out of employment. This much is certainly true: Every transaction that could be abandoned has been abandoned, for of course no law can compel a man to sell property unless he wants to. One corporation lawyer told me that in his office alone from ten to fifteen reorganizations had been killed by the supertax, and I know of many other lawyers and accountants who have advised the killing of deal after deal.

"Whenever we are called in to draw up a contract for the sale of property," said one corporation lawyer, "the first thing we must do is to figure out the tax from the seller's standpoint. I have seen deal after deal satisfactory to both sides and ready to go through in every detail except that the seller couldn't stand paying the tax. What sometimes happens is that the seller who would ordinarily

get $1,000,000, having to pay $600,000 in taxes, offers to bank up the price to $1,600,000 so that he may still get his $1,000,000 net."

Now it is perfectly true that if a man makes $1,000,000 a year and gives up three-quarters of it in taxes he still has enough to live on. But there is no fallacy more absurd, more complete and more dangerous than the idea that men make $1,000,000, $500,000 or any other large sum without risk, worry, hard work and often with previous and subsequent loss. Now and then of course large sums are made through a lucky gamble; but even where speculation enters in, the risk of loss is great.

But why should men sustain great risks if success simply means that the major part of the insurance against risk and compensation for past and future losses is taken by the Government? It is simply not in human nature to take great risks unless the rewards are great.

"An inventor came in here with a wonderful reclaiming process that had never been used in this country but which promised to recover valuable materials from many dump heaps," the president of a large bank told me. "It was not a project which the bank could properly go into, but one day when two of our very wealthy directors were here in my office I telephoned the inventor to come right down. He explained the project so successfully that both men agreed it was a splendid thing, but neither would touch it because they said they would have to give up practically all their winnings to the Government.

"One of these directors, as you know, is a man of tremendous drive, who is going ahead with many projects against every possible obstacle. Yet these taxes have taken the zest and punch out of even him."

Case after case can be cited of men worth all the way from $5,000,000 to $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 who have recently been approached by bankers and brokers to put capital into corporations, or actively to reorganize and rehabilitate them, and who have absolutely refused to go into any such operations. A highly amusing and ironical touch is added to the picture by the fact that several capitalists of great wealth, former incessant activity and only middle age have shut up their offices and have become the heads or members of various government committees, boards and corporations which have to do with financial and economic affairs.

Taxed Into Retirement

"I HAVE been a business man for thirty-seven years," said a New York banker who recently testified before a congressional committee, "and why I am still a business man I do not know. It does not prove my intelligence, because the United States is holding up to its citizens, to any man who has a competence, that to remain in business is a crime to his family."

Two of the leading Wall Street financiers told me that they knew any number of men around fifty, worth $5,000,000 to $25,000,000, who have retired because of taxes. A lawyer representing a bankers' association told a congressional committee recently that California is filled with business men from the Middle West and East who have retired for similar reasons, and stated that he knew there had been many such retirements in Detroit. In discussing the same subject, Otto H. Kahn, a member of one of the leading international banking firms, said:

"The great majority of people engaged in business have gone on as heretofore, partly because they considered tax conditions in this country abnormal and temporary and expected a change, and partly because I suppose it is the tendency of human nature to stick to your accustomed work and to continue in those things that you are interested in and in which your duty and ambition lie. But there comes a point where discouragement gains the upper hand, when a man says, 'Well, what is the use? I stick to the drudgery of business. I take all the risk. I fret and worry and work and plan and stake my health, and the bulk of what it all yields me is taken away by the Government—not during the war, when no one questions whatever may be asked of him, but in times of peace.'"

I asked a high official of a great rich New York bank, a man who represents several of the largest fortunes in the world in their negotiations, with no end of corporation promoters and executives, whether he thought the supertaxes were an unfair discrimination against the rich.

"Oh, you can explain how rich people feel in all sorts of psychological ways, but my answer is that they feel just the burden of it. The real old men keep right on and will keep on if taxes become 105 per cent, but not the younger men. It is all right to talk of patriotism and service, and they have their place. But with society organized as it is, to share so much with the Government is a steady drag, pull, burden. People talk about business success, and how anyone who is so successful ought not to mind the tax.

"But what is business success? You waited a very long time to see me and get my views on this subject. Do you know why you had to wait so long? Well, we were having a conference of a lot of people interested in a corporation which has got into difficulties. What happened? A lot of men were very angry. You saw a couple of them rushing out of the office a few minutes ago. We had to fire a lot of executives. It wasn't pleasant. It was just fight, struggle and anger. And that is what they call business success!"

I asked the same question of another man who manages the investments for one of the largest fortunes in the country. He is not a beneficiary of the estate, merely an employe, hired because of his financial ability, knowledge, experience and acumen. For it will not require much reflection to realize that individuals, families and estates of great wealth often have sense enough to employ engineers, accountants, bond experts and the like of the highest degree of competence:

"I don't talk much about this subject to my friends because they might think it was the squeal of an employe of the rich, but when you ask me the direct question of whether I think it is fair my reply is that it seems rather foolish to drive us out of business. There are lots of things we could go into now which might make or lose money for us. But whichever the result to us, there would be benefit to the country in these developments. But of course we don't go into them."

Without attempting to discuss all the motives which animate our successful men of affairs, it is generally agreed that a desire for and instinct of achievement is very strong among them. A man who builds up to greatness a small chemical company finds in the fortune which results not only the means of satisfying his wants but a symbol, a monument of accomplishment and usefulness. To turn over the greater portion of his income to the Government seems like sinking it into a bottomless pool or pit. Its identity and individuality are lost. One important symbol at least of his life work is gone.

Rich men use their money both poorly and well. Some squander it; others use it for the benefit of mankind. But the supertax takes from those who would endow a great library or scientific institute as well as from the gay boy who would throw his inheritance to the winds. Nor has the rich man even the cold altruistic comfort of knowing that the two-thirds of a million out of a million which he made last year is to be productively used by the Government.

The collector of internal revenue in one of the richest districts in the country, when I asked him why rich men object to paying supertaxes, replied without hesitation, "They regard it as a poor investment." Whether this be so or not, there is no doubt that the knowledge which much poorer people share with him that government funds are not used as productively as they might be leaves the rich man colder than ever at the idea of working chiefly for Uncle Sam.

"Why do I object to 73 per cent taxes?" replied a comparatively young man who is probably as active with his money as any of the more extremely wealthy capitalists of the country and to whom I had put the direct question. "If my money has to be wasted I prefer to do it myself. Don't you know that governments have squandered money from the beginning of time?

"You ask me if I see many chances of business picking up and of men making money in business now. I never saw so many chances in my life, but the men who could start things going are simply sitting still and doing nothing. You asked me a few minutes ago if I thought those taxes were unfair and unjust. The injustice to the few thousand who pay them is nothing. The real injustice is to the millions who are out of work.

"You know how it is. Only one man in a hundred will start a cheer in a crowd. Only one business man in 5000 will say to the others, 'Look here, fellows, here's a good chance to make some money and develop a good business. Let's go to it.' These men, the ones who start things, are hamstrung, and it makes the depression three times worse than it need be. In 1907 everything was down in the dumps; but men like Harriman, Morgan, Rogers, the elder Stillman and the like were crazy to get things going again in order to make some money, and they did. Now their successors sit still and do nothing."

Starve Capital, Starve Workers

THE average citizen did not care how high the supertaxes went or how hard the rich were hit as long as business was good and he had a job. But now that the blow at the rich has glanced off and struck us all he may gradually come to take a different view. If the stagnation of business can be shown to be due in any appreciable degree to the strike of capital against confiscation, then perhaps there is something wrong with confiscation. As Robert R. Reed, representing the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, and speaking also for the Investment Bankers' Association of America, recently said:

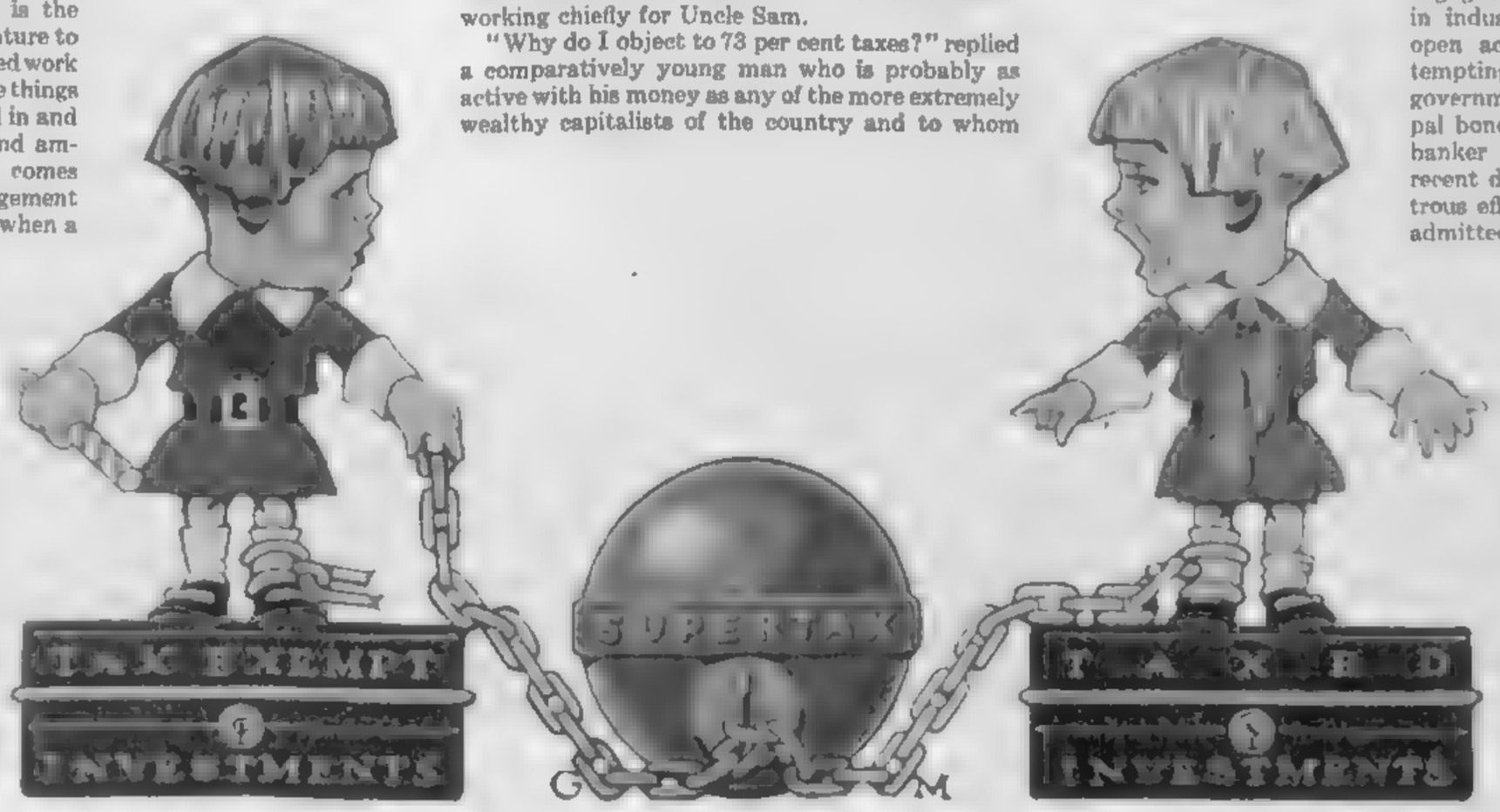
"Five million men, we are told, are out of employment. We do not pretend to represent these men, but we do represent the businesses which give them employment, many of which have had to suspend or reduce operations and which under improved conditions will be able to give these men employment. I do not say that taxes are the sole cause of these conditions. I say that they are one cause, and can be a much greater cause in relieving these conditions. In a very real sense, despite inequalities of fortune, the prosperity of business means the prosperity of all, of our whole United States. If you starve capital out of business you starve the people. The present taxes, because of their unavoidable arbitrary effects, have shut off the stream of capital into production and have taken from active business, not from idle wealth, the profits which should go into production. The effect is more serious on the workingman and on the small farmer simply because he has less reserve with which to meet it.

"Congress cannot fill the stomachs of men, women and children and strengthen the home market for our farm products by telling them that it has imposed the burden upon the rich. It cannot allay popular unrest by confessing that the rich man hasn't paid the tax or won't put his capital into production because of taxes. To restore normality and business freedom we must have normalcy in taxation. We have got to fit our scheme of taxation to the principles of economics and the powers of government."

But for still another reason the whole glittering scheme of soaking the rich has gone astray. While the supertax takes away up to three-quarters of the income of a man engaged in business or investing in industry, there is a wide-open access to the safe and tempting refuge of tax-exempt government, state and municipal bonds. Otto H. Kahn, a banker already quoted, in a recent discussion of the disastrous effects of the supertaxes admitted that he was not striking a popular chord, and that—being a very rich man himself—his motives might be misconstrued. But he went on to say that the real question was whether his arguments were sound, and that he could not be accused of squealing.

"Because there is nothing to squeal about if one joins the ranks of the idle rich. All such a rich man has to do,

(Continued on Page 28)



ONE CLEVER IDEA A DAY

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

"WELL, Tibbets," said Hedges, the butler, turning to the new footman in his stateliest manner, "and what do you think of Marleigh Towers, as far as you've seen it?"

"A rare old place," said Tibbets, who had just carried the silver into the butler's pantry. "I've often 'eard of it—especially lately."

He was a lank, lean man, this new footman, with something subtle about him, and if you had been watching him closely you might have seen a gleam come into his eye when he said "especially lately." He had arrived that morning from Warwickshire, and, although he didn't tell the butler so, one of the things that had tempted him to come was the smoldering gossip which had been blowing around from Marleigh Towers for the past few weeks and which might blaze up any day into one of those exquisite scandals which are the delight of nearly all upper-class servants, especially when they can say in later years, "Why, bless my life, wasn't I living there at the time? It would be a rum go if I didn't know something about it!"

"Often heard of the Towers, have you?" repeated Hedges with a certain stately satisfaction.

"Especially lately," repeated the other.

"And what—to come right down to it—what have you heard, Tibbets, to give you that opinion of its being a rare old place?"

"Eh—blessed if I know!" said the new footman, cautiously feeling his way. "There was the present hearl's father, for instance, running off with Lady Humford. Long before my time, of course, but they say it 'ad all England by the hears."

"Yes, yes," said Hedges with a gesture that had something gloomy and something proud about it, "go on, Tibbets. What else?"

"Now, let me see —— Oh, yes! There was that business about the donkey. As I 'eard the story, Lady Marleigh complained to the late hearl one day that 'e was acting like a donkey, and when her ladyship retired for the night she found a donkey tied to her bedpost, and"—he coughed behind his hand, with an apologetic look at the dignified Mr. Hedges—"and there was a sign, they say, on the donkey's back ——"

Again Mr. Hedges made a gesture that had something gloomy and something proud about it, but this time his gloominess wasn't quite so evident but had a wistful note as though he were harking back to the past and finding echoes that were not without engaging qualities.

"Anything else?" he asked with an attentive look at the new footman.

"Well, yes," said Tibbets, warming up to his subject. "Ever since I was a nipper I've 'eard about the time the Prince of Wales—'im as was the prince then—came calling 'ere at the Towers for luncheon when 'e was passing through the Midlands. And when 'e came 'e found the door locked and a sign 'ung on the 'andle. Very partial to signs the late hearl seemed to be. Convulsed the party with merriment, I've 'eard it said, and made the prince's hears turn red."

"Do you know what was on the sign?" asked Hedges, no longer gloomy but altogether proud.

"Not so lucky!"

"Ah, there's very few that is! Some day perhaps I'll tell you when you've been here longer than you have now. But leaving the old earl on one side," continued the butler, making a motion as though he were dropping that distinguished and sign-writing nobleman back into oblivion, "have you ever happened to hear anything about—well, let us say, about the present generation in the Towers?"

"I Happened to be Awake, and I Immediately Ran Out of My Room. But Quick as I Was, You Were as Quick"

Tibbets looked cautiously around.

"I've 'eard some rummish tales," said he.

"What about?"

"Well, about the present hearl, for one thing. Married an American lady, I've always been told—one of the kind that 'as a million dollars 'ung on every 'air of her 'ead. Nobody ever speaks against her. Dead and gone now many a year, poor thing. But they say that her father was a regular newker, a regular out-and-outer—made his fortune in mines in the Rocky Mountains, and when business was dull they say he used to put a mask on and go out and 'old up a coach. Why, bless my life, I've even 'eard he 'ad an alias—Stick-'Em-Up Joey—because if the passengers didn't have enough gold dust to suit 'im, I've 'eard it said that he wasn't above sticking 'em up through the juggler vein."

At this grim recital Hedges stared at Tibbets and Tibbets stared back at his chief, each with a sort of fearful fascination at the thoroughbred character of Mister Stick-'Em-Up Joey and his operations upon unsatisfactory passengers.

"A rough country, I'm told," said Tibbets, breathing hard at his own fancies and pulling up the window shade. "Makes a fellow feel fair creepy," he added, his hand involuntarily rising and soothing his neck below his ears.

"Anything else you've heard?" asked Hedges after a troubled pause—"about those who are living in the Towers now I mean?"

Again Tibbets looked cautiously around, and then dropped his voice to a lower pitch than before.

"I've 'eard some queerish tales about Her Young Ladyship," said he.

"Sh!" whispered Hedges as a footstep was heard passing through the next room.

They waited until a cautious examination proved that neither cowans nor eavesdroppers were at hand.

"Now," said Hedges, almost below his breath, "just what have you heard?"

"Well, to put it blunt," said the new footman, "I've 'eard that Lady Diane takes arfter her grandfather on both sides—the old hearl that they tell such tales about and Stick-'Em-Up Joey up in the Rocky Mountains."

"I was afraid it had got out," said Hedges with a heavy sigh. "Scandals about the young lords I'll say nothing about. They're in every family, especially a family as old as this. But this is the first time, as far as I know, that anything has ever been said against one of the Marleigh ladies."

"It's a rum un," said Tibbets with satisfaction. "Not that I've 'eard her name connected with donkeys yet, or anything like that; but when it comes to her other grandfather—Stick-'Em-Up Joey—it doesn't take more than 'arf an eye to see 'ow she takes arfter him!"

"You haven't seen her yet?"

"Not yet. She had breakfast in her room and was away at luncheon."

"Well, I thought I'd better speak to you about it," said Hedges, "so you can keep your eyes open, especially as we've got a houseful of company coming down on the 2:10 from London. They're due here almost any minute now, and what I've been leading up to, Tibbets, is this: Some of 'em, especially the ladies, will probably try to pump you."

"M'm'm!" said the new footman. "The people that have tried to pump me in my time!"

"I see you're no fool," said Hedges dryly. "But some may give you half a crown, and some may give you half a sovereign."

Tibbets was about to reply when, from the driveway outside, the sound of approaching cars was heard.

"Four," said Hedges, looking through the latticed window. "A houseful and no mistake. We'd better be getting to the door."

He led the way through the pantry, with its dark oak panelings, closets and shelves; through the dining room, lined with tapestries and paintings and sporting a lustral chandelier that Cellini himself might well have envied; through the great hall with its massive fireplaces and armored men; and there, catching a movement on the gallery of the stairs above, Tibbets looked up and saw a slight feminine figure which he knew must be Lady Diane—a figure which somehow reminded him of the new moon, peaches, cowslip wine and a watchful-waiting pair of eyes behind a mask on the Rocky Mountains. For one breathless moment Tibbets was no longer the footman but a spectator in one of those strange dramas which sometimes seem to be staged by the gods themselves for their own private entertainment.

"A rare old place!" he breathed to himself as he took his station by the door. "Something tells me I'm going to like it here."

II

THE first guest to enter was Lady Rondhurst, one of the old imperial school and a connection of the Marleighs by marriage. The second was an impecunious knight, Sir Willis Cuthbert, who had rented his estate in Salop to a family of profiteers. Then came young Captain Coutts-Allyn, slight, almost effeminate in appearance, but with a talent for bridge that had made him a favorite with the dowagers, who almost came to words at times for the honor of being his partner.

With the captain was the Honorable Nellie Watts, a pale-looking girl with a passion for fox hunting, whose idea of heaven was a high stone wall with a ditch beyond it and a long-legged horse that hadn't been out of the stable for a week. Then came a miscellaneous group, laughing and chatting, in twos and threes; and at the end, the last couple to get out of the last car, were two sedately dressed men, who watched the others with much the same interest as two learned entomologists might have been expected to bestow upon a strange swarm of bugs that they had never seen before.

Hedges was evidently on the lookout for this last pair.

"Mr. Boswell?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"I am Mr. Boswell," said the taller of the two.

"Then you are Mr. Wilmer?" asked Hedges, turning to the other.

"My name—yes," said the shorter, gravely bowing; and turning to Mr. Boswell they exchanged a look which seemed to say, "Genus *homo domi*, sometimes known as the butler bug; not a rare specimen, but a particularly good example of his species."

"His Lordship asked me to conduct you gentlemen to his study as soon as you arrived," said Hedges in his ponderously dignified manner; "so if you will kindly allow me to show you the way ——"

Still with their manner of grave attention they followed their guide along a corridor into one of the older parts of the house until they came to a leather-covered door with the Marleigh arms embossed in the upper panel. Here Hedges stopped and knocked, it might almost be said, with reverence.

"Come in," said a troubled voice on the other side.

Hedges pushed the door open and stood aside for the two visitors to pass in.

"Mr. Boswell and Mr. Wilmer, my lord," said he.

III

IT WAS a room well worth attention—this room in which the visitors found themselves. Bookshelves and cabinets covered nearly all the wall space; books of which the latest fiction was Disraeli's novels, and cabinets which held family relics that ranged from an iron sword that had been captured at Crécy to a silver cup that had been won at Epsom Downs. The windows were high—built in the days when people went outside if they wanted to see the view and if the height of the casement sills wasn't enough to prove antiquity you had only to turn to the fireplace high enough to walk in, wide enough to sleep in, and flanked on one side by the Marleigh shield and on the other by the Stuart quarterings—old chiselings nearly smoothed away by Time, who has an art to make a fool of sculpture not his own.

It wasn't the room, however, as much as it was the figure at the desk which drew the attention of the newcomers. The Earl of Marleigh, a study in pink and silver, but with the family nose, like the beak of a hawk, strengthening a face which might otherwise have been merely good-looking, had been staring at a column of figures that he had written, as a defaulter might stare when first he adds the items that will jail him. At the sound of Hedges' voice he had thrust the paper into a drawer; but the look of impending disaster had not been hidden so easily, nor the shoulders, bowed as though under a load which was growing too heavy for them, nor the hand which trembled slightly as it arranged the pen-and-ink stand on the desk.

"I'm glad to see you," he said, "though sorry enough for the reason which brings you here. Do you think that any of my other guests recognized you?"

"I think not, my lord," said the taller of the two.

"So much the better. If they knew that the two leading alienists of England were among them it would only create gossip and possibly defeat the purpose of your visit. So while you are here I wish you would kindly forget your titles of doctor and remain incognito, so to speak."

The visitors bowed together.

"And now perhaps I had better start at the beginning and tell you the reason I have asked you to come to the Towers. To put it in the fewest possible words, Lady Diane, my daughter, while visiting the Pembrokes last month—er—went into Lady Pembroke's room one night and carried away with her a number of jewels, including a diamond necklace valued at twenty thousand pounds."

"Did she have any reason for doing it?" asked Doctor Boswell with his head on one side, as though studying an interesting bug, if only on hearsay.

"Not the slightest, so far as I know. That's what makes it so extraordinary. Simply went in and helped herself, and all the jewels except the necklace were found in her dressing table the following morning."

"How does Lady Diane explain the occurrence?" asked Doctor Wilmer. "Denies it, I presume?"

"Denies it, yes; and at first, of course, I believed her. I went to Pembroke as soon as I heard of the affair, and I must confess that after hearing four witnesses who had seen her either going in or coming out of Lady Pembroke's room—four absolutely unimpeachable witnesses, including a K. C. who was staying there that week—I—well, frankly, I must confess that I was shaken."

The two doctors looked at each other and exchanged a pendulous nod, much as though they were classifying another bug and finding it a rather easy thing to do.

"And the next occurrence?" asked Doctor Wilmer, turning to the earl.

"The devil, yes!" exclaimed the latter. "That's the worst of it. If it had been confined to the Pembroke necklace I wouldn't have minded so much. One can easily find excuses for a thing that happens only once. But a fortnight later, while visiting the Wemysses in Gloucestershire, it was all to do over again, only this time it was a ruby pendant that was taken, and Lord and Lady Wemyss both tell me upon their words of honor that they not only saw my daughter coming out of their rooms but that one of Diane's handkerchiefs was found on the floor in front of the cabinet from which the jewelry was taken."

"And Lady Diane still denies it?"

"Denies it almost too emphatically, I should say," said the Earl of Marleigh, wiping his forehead. "She has always been a high-strung child, and I believe that if I had pressed the conversation she would have left the house."

"Of course," said Doctor Boswell, "one would naturally deny what one could not remember."

"Somnambulism, you think?"

His Hand Closed Around the Handle of His Flashlight, and Pointing It Toward the Direction From Which the Creak Had Come He Pulled the Trigger

"A possibility. Kleptomania, accompanied by intermittent amnesia, might also account for it, the temporary disorder apparently having the power to derange the ordinary functions of memory. Let me see: Weren't you my consultant in the case of a certain noble lady in the North Riding?"

"Murderous attacks upon her servants, with absolutely no recollection of the occurrences after the event? I remember it very well."

They nodded together with abstract satisfaction—these two students of human entomology—and Doctor Boswell turned again to the Earl of Marleigh.

"Pardon the digression, my lord," said he, "but I fear that we were carried away by the interest of the case. Have there been any further symptoms besides the two which you have just mentioned?"

"One other, and that the worst," replied the earl in his troubled voice. "This also happened at the Wemysses', about an hour after the pendant was taken. Lady Stourbridge was going to her room for the night when a hand was clasped over her eyes and a pearl necklace was torn from her neck.

"In the struggle Lady Stourbridge distinctly recognized my daughter as her assailant. The noise attracted other guests, who also recognized her before she made her escape; and, in short, it was with the greatest difficulty that I finally persuaded Her Ladyship to accept a cash settlement and to forgo criminal proceedings."

"And the other cases?"

"I have settled those as well. I must at least give my daughter the credit for being a good judge of jewelry," said the earl with a rueful grimace. "The Pembroke necklace was a twenty-thousand-pound affair. The Wemysses showed me their receipted bill for the pendant—nine thousand guineas. While as for the Stourbridge pearls, they had generally been regarded as priceless. I would rather not tell you what I had to pay for them. I will tell you this, however: I am not a Midas. The Marleigh estates are entailed, and I cannot raise money upon them. Briefly put, these horrible doings have already obliged me to overdraw my banking accounts, and in the event of another such occurrence I—well, I shall simply be helpless to avoid a scandal."

"We must do our best to prevent it then," said Doctor Boswell, rubbing his hands as though with invisible soap and water. "One thing more, my lord; one very important thing; perhaps the most important of all—the influence of heredity. Can you give us any light on that? You see," he added in a voice that reflected regret, "in these matters affecting a possible committal we are sometimes held to a strict accounting, and family history often plays no unimportant part in any decision that we may have to make."

"As to that," said the earl after a moment's pause, "you have probably heard of my father's—er—eccentricities."

"And on Lady Diane's mother's side?"

"There is a legend, I believe, obligingly brought to my attention by a number of friends, that Lady Diane's grandfather, who was an American, acquired the foundation of his fortune after the manner of Claude Duval; in the good old way—the simple plan—that he shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can." At that he tried to smile, but didn't make a good job of it. "Personally I have no knowledge of it," he hastened to add. "Probably apocryphal. Such stories generally are."

Again the two visitors exchanged glances.

"Very interesting, I'm sure," said Doctor Boswell soothingly. "So much for that. And now, as I understand it, you wish to have your daughter committed, my lord?"

"Nothing of the sort!" said the Earl of Marleigh shortly. "I want her studied—diagnosed, if you like—but above all I want her straightened out. That is the reason I have filled my house with company, so you could observe her without being noticed. Ultimately of course I also hope to get her to divulge the hiding place of the jewels which she has taken. Meanwhile you are to make a most careful observation, so that before you leave you will know what measures to recommend to effect a cure of what is, after all, I am sure, nothing but a very temporary, although a very distressing, indisposition."

"Very ably put, my lord," said Doctor Boswell with increasing respect.

"Often Heard of the Towers, Have You?" Repeated Hedges

"There is one other point," continued the earl. "At times I feel that I myself have been partly responsible. Among my daughter's friends was a young man of extremely good family who seemed to grow much attached to her—a sort of a fool in a way," he added, his face darkening a little behind the pink. "He—er—he has a knack for taking people off, as he calls it, and making other fools laugh at him. In fact one day I caught him here—er—taking me off, and I sent him packing and forbade my daughter to have anything more to do with him. To my surprise then, I discovered that this young fool had gained my daughter's affections. It has even occurred to me that in secret she may have brooded over the affair—as they sometimes will, I believe—so that to some slight extent it may just possibly have unbalanced her."

"It certainly adds another angle to the case," said Doctor Boswell thoughtfully. "Do you think it possible, for instance, that your daughter may be holding her conduct over you as a sort—of—er—er—er ——"

"A sort of a club?" frowned the other. "Absolutely nothing of the kind! In fact, I have gone so far as to tell her that if this young puppy is essential to her life's happiness I will try to bear him. Not only that, but in order that we may know that my daughter's mind is at rest on every subject that might have been distracting her I have invited her young admirer here for the week-end. He is coming up from Birmingham on the train which arrived shortly after yours, and is due here at any moment. And now," he concluded, "you have the whole affair before you, and the only thing left is ——"

A knock on the door interrupted him.

"The Honorable Frederic Blennerhasset," announced Hedges, entered at his master's command. "He would like to see your lordship for a few minutes."

"All right, bring him in," said the earl after a short hesitation, and in a hurried whisper to the others he added: "You had better wait a moment. This is the young fool I told you about just now."

IV

TALL and thin was the Honorable Freddy Blennerhasset, and the way in which his clothes fitted him was nothing short of a tailor's dream. It might have occurred to a utilitarian that legs could serve no better purpose than to wear trousers like Freddy's—faultless alike in length and color, delicately striped, and belled at the calves to perfection. One glance, too, and you could see that they were legs that were made for dancing and standing slightly bent in front of Beauty.

As with Freddy's trousers, so with his coat. The tailor must have cut it *con amore* and the journeyman have sewed it with a golden needle and the thimble of inspiration. His waistcoat, too, was perfect; his haberdashery of the kind that is bought only at little shops in Bond Street. But when you looked above the Honorable Freddy's collar you became vaguely aware that possibly something had been left out, or had even been slightly disturbed after it had been set aside to cool. His mouth was a little bit open, for instance, and showed a small triangle of teeth. His chin was inclined to be retiring, as though it needed a good long rest, and his eyes now and then had a certain pathetic vagueness of expression that had fooled more than one in his time.

"Come in! Come in!" said the earl, looking at him grimly enough as he stood on the threshold. "This is Mr. Boswell—and Mr. Wilmer—of London."

Freddy advanced with a disarming grin and opened his mouth as though to give birth to something tremendous, but the best he could achieve was "Aw—jolly!" Evidently not liking this he tried again. "Jolly!" said he.

The entomologists went through a form of greeting, but all the time they were watching Freddy with that almost breathless attention which they probably reserved for their rarest specimens, and when they went away at last, perceiving that the new arrival had some private business to do with their host, they went with reluctance, meanwhile exchanging that significant glance which says "Did you ever—in all your life ——"

Meanwhile in the study the Honorable Freddy was trying to get started on something which he evidently wished to say to the earl.

"What I mean is," he finally remarked, "it was beastly nice of you, after I'd been so rotten, to ask me here again. I'm beastly sorry I took you off. It was rotten, I know. Not sportin'—one's host, you know—not cricket. Best apologies, I'm sure. No idea how sorry I've been."

"Tosh!" said the earl, but even as a few minutes ago the doctors had looked at the master of Marleigh with a new respect, so now the latter looked at the Honorable Freddy. "Your mother well? Your aunt?" he asked.

"Beastly well, both of them, thank you."

"Glad to hear it. Run along now and play. But remember, damme, if I catch you at it again ——"

Freddy went, his faultless trousers moving with rhythm down the corridor, walking apparently with satisfaction, but inwardly in one of those seethes of discontent which had lately been his portion.

"Hang it!" he protested to himself. "Just like the others. You can almost hear them saying it—'Here comes a nut!' It's this cockeyed mouth of mine, I suppose, and the chin, and all that. Ordinary-lookin' fellows have no trouble at all. Everyone just takes them for granted. But me—hang it all, I've got to do something; something stupendous, something—something Napoleonic or whatever the bally word is, before people will stop thinkin' that I'm a simple half-wit and would take the penny instead of the sixpence because the penny's the biggest, and all that sort of bally rot!"

He walked along, more rhythmic than ever, and more discontented too.

"Hang it," he continued, "I'm beginnin' to think that you give to people whatever they expect from you! If everyone expects common sense from a man it makes him careful to give them common sense, and if everyone expects him to play the fool it isn't long before he's got them grinnin' their ears off. Wonder, really, what the old boy asked me down for. Likely enough to make a giddy ass of myself. Perhaps has somebody else here that Diane's gettin' fond of, and thinks the best way to cure her of me is to stick us all three together and let Di make her own comparisons. Heigh-ho, as the American Johnnies say, it's a great life if you don't weaken!"

He was still walking along in the depths of despair—a modern Pilgrim in a Bond Street waistcoat making his way through the Slough of Despond—when a slight feminine figure suddenly appeared before him and gave him a smile that somehow seemed to make him ripple, as the hunters' moon, emerging from a shelter of clouds, will cast a dancing light over a river that was making its darkened way to the sea just a few short moments before.

"Diane!" said he.

With a glance over her shoulder she placed her finger on her lip.

"Let's go into the garden," she whispered. "Somehow I feel that I'm being watched in here."

V

IT WAS a pretty garden. Indeed it was more than that. If, for instance, you had made a visit to the Marleigh churchyard in the village below you might have found the final resting places of half a score generations of gardeners—returned long ago to the mold which they had loved so well—who had given their lives, their thoughts and dreams so that the Earl of Marleigh might have a proper garden.

Sunken borders and flashing pools, box hedges and clipped yews, flagged walks with dwarf alyssum between the stones, rose arbors and tulip beds, vistas of loveliness suddenly seen and as suddenly lost again, a sundial and fountain, mignonette, gillyflowers, hollyhocks, peonies, phlox, pinks, heliotrope—something like a garden. And yet if you had been there when Lady Diane appeared with Freddy by her side it wouldn't have taken you long to see that she was worthy of the setting, and you would have had more eyes for her than for the scented beauties at her side.

She was quiet for a time—quiet and pale—her eyes fixed on the walk in front of her; and as though he divined her mood, Freddy was quiet too; though again, if you had been there you would have seen a new look on his face which certainly gave no reflection of asininity.

"I don't know why it is, Freddy," she said at last, trying to smile a little, "but I always feel nice and rested when I'm with you."

"I like you to say that," said he. "Times I'm afraid I'm a bit of a chump and not much good for anything."

"Oh, yes, you are," said she.

Again they walked in silence, both of them finding it hard to say the things that were on their minds.

"I began to think," she said, "that perhaps you weren't coming to the Towers any more."

"Trust me! I'd have been up before, you know, only your governor caught me at one of my silly tricks."

"No, I don't mean that. I meant that—that perhaps you'd be frightened ——"

"Frightened? Frightened at what?"

"At the stories you must have heard ——"

"Rot!" said he with a gesture of annoyance.

They had reached a bench, and when Diane sat down he saw that two large tears were coursing undecidedly down her cheeks.

"The queerest part of it is," she said, dabbing away with her handkerchief, "I'm beginning to believe it myself."

"Rot!" exclaimed the Honorable Freddy again. "If you're a female Raffles then I'm David Lloyd George. I'll swear to that any day in the week."

(Continued on Page 43)

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"I Haven't Much Time to Talk This Morning," Stephen Told Him Curtly. "Miss Blake Says That the Sample Ore You Gave Me Wasn't From Your Pet Mine"

II

THAT Mr. Augustus H. Burt was an eligible *parti* nobody could have doubted after a visit to the store of which he was the sole owner. It was, next to the company department store, the largest commercial establishment in Carbonate, and its tremendous stock embraced every hardware need of man. The company itself depended upon Burt's and had long since, by friendly arrangement, withdrawn from competition with him. Hardware, Burt said, was his middle name, and the assertion was verified by more than the initial H. A sandy-haired, long-nosed, wide-mouthed model of business efficiency was Gus; keen as any razor in his long showcase of cutlery.

Gus, coatless and with black calico sleevelets held by pink elastic arm garters, had just replaced a box of doorknobs on a shelf and was standing in all his hardware glory, with a heedful eye on his two busy clerks. Before him, behind him and to right and left of him sheaves of shovels, barrels of pick and ax handles, stands of grindstones, blocks of stoves, coils of Manila rope, kegs of nails—everything from the almost obsolete corkscrew to the latest electric washing machine or automatic pistol; a thousand things, on any one of which Gus could instantly have laid his hand and quoted its bed-rock price. A wonderful stock! And he kept it turning over briskly, with a nice little profit on every turn. An eligible *parti* indeed!

The door opened and a trimly elegant little figure came down the crowded aisle. Gus' wide mouth widened more extensively in a welcoming smile as he recognized Rose Blake, and he hastened to meet her with outstretched hand and the "Look who's here!" of undisguised pleasure.

"How do you do, Mr. Burt?" said Rose. "I'm shopping this morning, and I wondered if you had some nice bright shiny aluminum ware—kitchenware?"

"Have I?" said Gus. "Ask me! I've got it all, and a lot more that you never dreamed of. Step this way, lady; step this way. Say, this is something a little extra special in the way of a pleasure," he continued frankly. "To have you in here to brighten up the place and a chance to make an honest dollar at the same time. I never expected both pleasures at once."

He led the way to some shelves of gleaming household utensils and if during the next fifteen minutes he did not make several dollars it was because he told the strict and exact truth, and he was not an exact-truth addict in business hours. Rose made quite a number of purchases in fact. She bought a nest of saucepans, a teakettle, a long fork, a ladle, a cake turner, a skillet, a cake griddle and a coffeepot, all of nice bright shiny aluminum, and after that she selected a set of silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, and added an apple corer, a potato slicer—for Saratoga chips—some collapsible brass curtain rods and a newly patented egg beater that Gus recommended.

"And when is it to be?" asked Gus jocularly. "You know all this sort of truck looks mighty suspicious," he explained.

"Oh!" said Rose. "I see. Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Burt, but this isn't for me. It's for a friend of mine. It's a secret and I don't want you to tell anybody, so that's the reason that I shall not tell you. How much does it all come to?"

Gus hated to give her the bad news; but she didn't seem to be at all staggered by it, and paid the amount without a murmur.

"Don't send it up, please," she directed. "I'll have Luis call for it this afternoon. Oh, that reminds me; I'll want some little hooks to screw into wood to hang these up by."

"I'll throw them in, free gratus," said Gus generously. "There's nothing small about me but my feet."

That afternoon old Luis, Grierson's Mexican handy man, brought a couple of horses around to the back of the house. Rose mounted one and Luis hoisted himself painfully on the other, which was further burdened by two bulky sacks tied across the front of the saddle. Then the two set off at an easy trot toward the cañon through which ran the almost obliterated Pactola trail. Grierson and the young men, it happened, were then at the mine and Mrs. Grierson and Mrs. Blake had gone to the Methodist Church to attend a meeting of the ladies of the congregation, who were organizing a production of the highly popular pantomime success known as Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. Rose had scented opposition to this little journey of hers, so she had not mentioned her intention of making it. She had found by long experience that a judicious reticence saved much unnecessary and unpleasant discussion. The thing to do was to find out what you wanted to do, decide for yourself whether it was reasonable and proper and for the best interest of all concerned, and then do it. Objections were generally silly.

Old Luis, for instance, had objected, but she had not discussed the matter with him.

"I shall tell Mr. Grierson that I made you," she said. "And don't forget the parcel at the company's store, as well as the things at Burt's. You will find a pretty silver dollar waiting for you when you get back."

"And a smile for old Luis too?" the rascal asked.

"Yes, two smiles. This one now, and one when you come back with the horses."

They rode slowly, Luis setting the pace and Rose oblivious of the scenery and occupied with many thoughts, quite willing to let him take his time. Some of these thoughts were of Mr. Jennifer and she had a pleasant anticipation of the surprise in store for him. The dear kind old man! She wondered why Stephen didn't seem to appreciate him and why Grierson had frowned on the idea of her expedition when she had hinted at it the night before. She fingered the brooch that she wore. That would please the funny old dear too.

She was disappointed, to some extent, when she arrived, to find Jennifer's cabin deserted and no sign of life on the premises. For a moment or two she feared that her friend might be lying within, sick and helpless, as she had more than once pictured him—or something awful. Luis, who had been peering in at the window, reassured her.

"*No enfermo*," said he. "Not sick. He's gone away. Maybe he comes back pretty soon, maybe not."

Rose raised her voice in a musical halloo. It sounded rather startling, somehow, in that silent place. Like a shout breaking the stillness of the night in a slumbering city street. There was no response, however. Rose tried the door. To her astonishment it was unlocked.

"That's funny," she remarked. "I should think he would be afraid somebody would walk in and take something."

"Not from that *hombre*," said Luis. "I'm sorry for myself if I take anything from dees cabin. Bad eye, he's got!" He spoke soberly and nodded impressively, forking two fingers and thrusting them forward.

"How absurd!" exclaimed Rose. "You know Mr. Jennifer, do you, Luis?"

"I leeve here once, long time ago—work in that mine," answered Luis, pointing to the ruined mill on the hillside. "Yes, I know him, señorita."

"Well, get those sacks and bring them up here," Rose ordered. "I'm going in. I'm glad, after all, that he isn't here." She knocked once more, as a final precaution, and opened the door and entered. "Heavens!" she exclaimed.

The place was just as Jennifer had left it. He had evidently not been expecting company.

"I suppose that *he* would have a place something like this and in about the same condition," she soliloquized as she looked about her. "It might be worse still. No, it couldn't be. Well, we'll see, Mister Obstinate High-and-Mighty."

Luis came with the sacks, and setting them down shook his head disapprovingly. Rose had slipped out of her coat and was rolling up the sleeves of her blouse.

"Do you think that you could make a fire and heat some water?" she asked him.

Luis shrugged his shoulders. "If Joe comes back you tell him you made me do it," he said, and then set about it.

Rose, in the meantime, opened an inner door and looked into a bedroom. After a moment of inspection she shuddered and shut the door again.

She began unpacking the sacks. From one of them she took a parcel of muslin, prettily figured in gay colors, and a small bag containing needles, thread, thimble and scissors; next the brass rods, with one of which she took the measurement of the windows. Then she seated herself in the Boston rocker and began tearing off lengths from the muslin, while Luis, at her instruction, began to wash the windows. She was not an expert needlewoman, but she stitched very quickly and by the time Luis had a window done she was ready for him with a pair of curtains that were at least hemmed top and bottom and cut to the right length. These with Luis' help she hung and draped deftly. The effect was amazing.

"Hurry!" she said when she had contemplated her handiwork long enough. "The other window, Luis. And then put lots more water on. We'll try to get everything done before he gets back."

She worked rapidly, and Luis, urged to altogether unwonted activity, worked almost as rapidly, so that in the course of an hour their task was completed. The windows were now perfectly translucent, and the curtains—those curtains certainly did wonders to the room! The aluminum pots and pans hung, a shining battery, behind the kitchen stove, the old smoke-blackened utensils that they had displaced being concealed in the oven. The table was scrubbed and covered with the same red-checked tablecloth that Jennifer had spread for Rose and Stephen, and which had obviously not been used since. Rose had laid upon it a single service of some prettily decorated chinaware that she had bought at the company store, and the new plated silverware and a bowl of wild flowers that she had gathered on her way. The floor was scrubbed too. Luis had protested against this task, as carrying things to a foolish extreme, but Rose overcame his objection.

"There!" said Rose triumphantly, when they were finished. "What a transformation!"

"*Bueno!*" agreed Luis, rolling a cigarette. "*Muy bonito!* Fine, you bet! Mees Rose, you have not come to visit me and my woman at my bum cabin," he continued rather reproachfully. "Why not come, eh? I will get the floor scrubbed. To-morrow, maybe—yes?"

Rose laughed at him, and he laughed with her amiably, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we go back now?"

"We'll wait a little," said Rose.

She wanted to see how Jennifer would look when he saw the remarkable changes that had been wrought in his habitation. Then suddenly it occurred to her, with something of a shock, that he might not like them at all, that she had allowed the uplift spirit to carry her too far—into a snobbish reproof of his disorder and poverty. Of course she hadn't meant that at all.

A panic seized her and she jumped up from the rocking-chair and slipped into her coat.

"Yes, we'll go, Luis," she said. "Let's hurry! And, Luis, don't you ever breathe a word of what we've been doing. Not to anyone. Don't tell—*sabe?*"

"Sure," said Luis. "I tell no one. What you take me for?"

Rose herself had to tell, of course. Not the whole truth, but that she had taken a little ride to Pactola, to call on her friend Mr. Jennifer.

"He was out," she sighed. "Wasn't it too bad? And I had forgotten to take any cards along."

"He's probably got a deck or two somewhere around," said Dan Brant. "I wouldn't worry."

From the head of the table Grierson wagged his head at her.

"I'll have to talk to Luis," he said. "I'll have to talk to you, too, sister. Young ladies oughtn't to be riding around the country that way. No telling what might happen to them."

"That's what I told her," said Mrs. Blake severely.

Rose mangled Tom Moore. "No son of the West will do me harm," she said. "For though they love beauty and golden store —— What is it? They love honor and virtue more? Something to that effect. I thought all the Western men were so noble and chivalrous, and that a girl could go alone anywhere with rich and rare gems and without the least danger. You mustn't scold Luis, Uncle Rick. He didn't want to go at all, but I insisted and he had to."

"Well, if you insisted," said Grierson. "But you must bear in mind that there are scalawags everywhere. Even in the West."

"I'd have gone with you if you had insisted, Miss Blake," declared Addington. "I'd do anything if you insisted."

"Would you?" asked Rose. "That's nice of you." She looked over at Stephen, whose face and eyes were downcast. "Would you, Mr. Trainor?"

Stephen raised his eyes. "No," he answered with a grave smile. "I think not."

"You just think not," she told him boldly. "Wait until I come right out and ask you, and then you'll see."

And that little passage gave Stephen ample food for thought that night. Interpreting it as he did, he hoped that she would not uselessly put his virtue to such a test. Rose thought it over, too, and hoped that he would not put her to the necessity of coming right out. It was rather an alarming thing for a girl to contemplate. But in her heart of hearts she had no doubt of the outcome if such a thing should happen to happen.

Beyond the becoming reticence and modesty that sometimes impel a benevolent person to conceal his benefactions, there was no reason, after all, for Rose's secrecy concerning the purpose of her late visit to Pactola. Naturally, Luis had already babbled, and Gus Burt had not even been enjoined not to breathe a word of her purchases. In any case, Gus had a breath that was difficult to suppress in its relation to other people's business, and he was sure, sooner or later, to divulge the interesting incident to whomsoever it might interest.

Nor was there any occasion for uneasiness as to Mr. Jennifer's feelings. He set that matter at rest in person. Sally, the Griersons' hired girl, came into the living room, where Rose was sitting with Mrs. Grierson.

"Say, there is a man outside wants to see Miss Blake," she announced.

"To see me? Who is he, Sally?"

Sally giggled. "He's an old man with the worst squint you ever see," she replied. "He won't come in. I ast him, but he wouldn't. He's out on the porch."

"It's Mr. Jennifer!" cried Rose, starting up. "Aunty dear, if I bring him in here won't you please discreetly retire? Remember you were young once yourself."

"Saucebox!" said Mrs. Grierson. "You and your beaux! See if I don't tell your mother."

Rose laughed and went out on the porch, where she found Mr. Jennifer attired in a plaid suit that, though toned down several tones by age, was still extremely striking in color and pattern. A celluloid collar, ghastly white, encircled rather than embraced Mr. Jennifer's ropy brown neck, and he wore remarkably small and neat-fitting boots of fine calfskin that had been recently blacked. His hat was sober black, of a ministerial block, which harmonized with his boots but jarred sensibly with the mundane gayety of the plaid. At Rose's appearance he removed the hat and extended his hand, grinning amiably.

"I was in town this morning on business and I thought I'd come up and give my eyes a treat," he said. "They're getting it. How are you anyway?"

His unreliable eye seemed totally indifferent to the promised gratification, but the other one made up for it by its obvious appreciation. Rose wore a simple expensive morning dress of gingham, in whose pattern pink predominated; a contrast to the severity of the riding costume in which Jennifer had last seen her, and, to his mind, no unbecoming contrast. The pink went beautifully with her cheeks and her clean glossy hair; the graceful fullness of her white neck and the rounded symmetry of her bare forearms—these alone should have brought that errant optic of Mr. Jennifer's into what Stephen had called common purpose with its companion. Neither of them descended to her white-stockinged ankles or her trim white shoes, but these were deserving of more than a passing glance.

Her welcome was as warm as anybody could have desired—reasonably. She was—oddly enough, it might have appeared—genuinely glad to see him, and she made him feel it.

"I think you must be fishing for a compliment," she said. "I hardly knew you, you were so smart. Do come in."

"I reckon I'll stay out here, if you'd just as soon," said Jennifer. "Here's chairs, and what more do we want?"

He moved a chair for Rose and, at her invitation, seated himself in another.

"I've been intending to go to see you," said Rose. "Somehow I couldn't ——"

Mr. Jennifer shook a playful finger at her. "Now, now!" he warned her. "Take three long breaths while you think, before you say anything."

Rose inhaled and exhaled according to instructions, the last exhalation merging into laughter.

"Very well," she said; "I went to Taffy's house; Taffy wasn't at home. Taffy came to my house and stole —— I mean, he made me take three breaths."

"No, I don't believe I'd steal anything from you," said Jennifer. "If I was thirty years younger I might have tried to; but I guess not, even then. I had a considerable nerve them days, but I don't reckon it would have stretched that far.

"Of course I knew that it was you had been to the cabin," he continued. "It couldn't have been no one else. I ain't going to tell you what I thought when I came in and seen what you'd done. Maybe you know how I feel about it, but if you don't I can't tell you."

"I—I hope you didn't mind," Rose faltered, abashed by his earnestness. "I didn't mean to take a liberty—to be—you know, don't you? I wanted to do something that would please you, that's all."

"You'd have hard work doing anything else," Jennifer told her. Then, abruptly, "What's your given name?"

"Rose," she answered.

"They didn't miscall you," he said after a moment's reflection. "Did that young fellow who was with you—Mr. Trainor—did he help yesterday?"

"No," answered Rose. "I came alone. I mean I had Luis with me and I made him help me. Mr. Trainor is a neighbor," she added hurriedly. "That's where he lives." She pointed out a cottage. "He and another gentleman—Mr. Addington—are staying there together because Mrs. Grierson has run out of bedrooms. Mr. Addington is from England."

"One of these English dudes, ain't he?"

Rose laughed. "I don't think you could call him that. He's very nice."

"But, honest, between you and me, you don't really cotton to these blahsted Hinglishmen, do you? The dudes—the haw-me-good-man-don't-ye-know kind? Some of the Cousin Jacks are all right, but you wouldn't—for instance—you wouldn't marry one of the dudes? Supposing there was a good clean American boy—say a boy like Trainor, for instance—just putting the case—why, you'd pick him, wouldn't you?"

There was real anxiety in the man's tone.

"It would depend," said Rose noncommittally, struggling against her mirth.

"You take it with a young American boy, if he's poor it don't make no particular difference. If he's got a good headpiece on him and he's a hustler you don't need to worry about the money part. He'll make plenty of money, give him time. But you take one of these lah-de-dah Britishers, if he loses his money—and they're always liable to when they get to monkeying with mines in this country—if he loses his money, what have you got left? That's the point. You think that over, my dear. You don't mind an old man making free to call you 'my dear,' do you?"

"I love it," said Rose.

"I don't mean that you have any special need to think it over right now, but you can't never tell what may come up. It ain't unlikely that you'll pick some young fellow, sometime or another, and it don't do no harm to study on just what kind he'd better be, so's you won't get buffaloed when it comes sort of unexpected, like it's apt to. So that's where Trainor hangs out? Is he there right now?"

"He's down in the mine now," said Rose. "At least, I think he is," she added, a little embarrassed by Jennifer's knowing smile. She wondered, too, if she should tell him what Stephen had said about his ore. It was a shame to destroy his hopes.

As if he had read her thought he said, "I gave him the wrong sample of rock the other day. That I give him wasn't from the Gentle Jane at all. Good joke on me."

Rose clapped her hands. "Oh, good!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad—because Mr. Trainor tested it and he told me that it wasn't any good, and I was afraid that you would be disappointed."

"I seen he thought it wasn't no good when he looked at it," Jennifer said. "Just the same as I seen he thought I wasn't no good when he looked at me. Maybe he was right. Anyway, he knows rock, and unless I miss my guess he's straight and square, and that's saying a plenty for a rock sharp. Yes, I like that boy's eye. He'll do to tie to. Don't you think so?"

Under the penetration of his look Rose blushed as she replied with attempted indifference that she was sure Mr. Trainor must be quite trustworthy.

"And if you will bring him some of the Gentle Jane ore I know he will be glad to test it and give you his advice as to what to do with it," she continued. "You mustn't think that he dislikes you. He told me ——" She hesitated. On the whole she thought it would hardly do to quote Stephen, and she was constitutionally opposed to fibbing. "I won't tell you what he told me, but I'm positive that he will be glad to do anything that he can for you," she said.

"I reckon I won't trouble him," said Jennifer slowly. "Well, my dear, I must be moseying along. No, thank you, ma'am," he replied to Rose's proposal of tea. "I don't believe Dick Grierson'd be any too well pleased to have me. But you'll come and see me again sometime, won't you? I ain't often out."

"I will, indeed," Rose told him heartily. "But you're mistaken about Uncle Rick too. And—and if—if the Gentle Jane doesn't turn out to be—quite so rich as you think, and you would come into town where you would be among people—I know that he would give you something to do—not too hard—around the mine. I'll ask him if you'll let me. Please! And then we could see a great deal more of each other, you know."

She was so earnest and so kind in her pleading that Jennifer had to gulp before he answered her.

"Lord love ye!" he said fervently. "No, my dear, don't you do that. It ain't coming to that pass and I'm all right in Pactola, you bet. And I'll tell you: When I come home yesterday and seen them curtains and—well, I guess you know how I feel about it. So long!"

He turned away abruptly and left her. Rose watched him walking down the broken path that led to the street, and noticed old Luis approaching him. The two stopped when they met and seemed to converse for a minute or so. Then Jennifer walked on, but when he had gone a few steps he turned and beckoned imperatively to the old Mexican, who was standing, looking after him. Luis hesitated a moment longer and then obeyed the other's gesture and followed him down the street. They were together when they turned the corner.

"Poor, poor old man!" Rose murmured pityingly. "I suppose it's true that people don't like him. Stephen, and then Luis and Uncle Rick. I don't see why. Of course his eyes —— But how unjust! God might afflict any of us in that way."

Jennifer was a good deal in Rose's mind all that afternoon. Vague hints that he was an altogether improper old person had been dropped in her hearing, but she was inclined, on all accounts, to discredit them. She could not reconcile rascality with the tender care of a flower garden in memory of a dead wife, or with kindness, hospitality and gratitude. She liked the old man's optimistic belief in his own wealth. In short, she liked him, and none the less that she knew that he had a strong liking for her. She could

imagine him a good-looking man, almost, in his younger days. He had a fine forehead; his hands were not the hands of a laboring man and were surprisingly well kept, and his feet were slender and high arched. He was evidently vain about them, the old dear!

She was still out on the porch when Stephen and Addington came back from the mine and she waved to them, hoping that Stephen would come and speak to her before he went into the cottage. But he only waved his hand in response and passed on, and it was Addington who dragged himself up to the porch to greet her with his usual facetious impersonation of a wearied son of toil. She was angry enough with Stephen to receive the Englishman with marked kindness.

"My heart bleeds for you, poor fellow," she told him with exaggerated sympathy. "It must be frightful to have to work as you do."

"It is," gasped Addington, sagging limply to a step. "I feel like the good old village blacksmith, don't you know. You could hear my bellows roar when I was climbing up the hill here—what? Takes a man's breath, don't you know. Yes, my cruel taskmaster has been urging me on with blows and curses all day and I'm pretty well tuckered out, as you Yanks say. He just gave me half an hour to eat a bit of lunch and smoke a pipe, and you can't really enjoy eating when you're sitting under a roof of rock that keeps falling down on you—what? I give you my word that a piece of rock fell not ten feet from where I was sitting. If I had been ten feet nearer and it had been a large enough rock and had fallen with sufficient force it would have inevitably dashed out my brains—if I had had any. And Stephen laughed at me for jumping. Insensate brutality, I call it."

"So do I," Rose agreed. "I pity you deeply."

"That's good to begin with," said Addington with an ardent expression. "I'll tell you of some more dangers I have passed if you'll seriously incline."

"Not now," said Rose. "Run off and wash your face and hands, and tell me about it after supper."

"I suppose I'd better," he sighed, raising himself painfully. "*A bientôt!*" He placed one hand over his heart and kissed the other to her. "'And I loved her, that she did pity me,'" he declaimed, and then hobbled off to the cottage.

Rose still waited on the porch, but Stephen did not come out until supper was announced, and throughout the meal he rather avoided her look and spoke to her only when she directly addressed him. Later, after the company had reassembled in the living room, Stephen maintained his aloofness, and Rose at length left the room, flashing a disgusted look at him as she went. Thereupon, Fanny Brant maneuvered Addington into the bay window on a pretext of begonias. Stephen remained talking to Grierson long enough to smoke one cigar and then got up.

"I'll have to be pushing that report along," he said, and then, to the company, "Good night, all."

There was a general protest, for Stephen was popular in that circle; but he only shook his head and laughed as he made for the door.

"I'll be along presently, old chap," Addington called to him.

Stephen nodded and went out into the hall, from which a staircase ran to the upper rooms. He halted there for a moment, listening, and then passed to the outer door. On the porch he stopped again and relieved his overcharged bosom of a sigh, when, to his astonishment, an echo of the sigh—a faint feminine echo—sounded behind him. A low laugh succeeded and he wheeled quickly and saw a huddled white figure showing indistinctly against the white background of the house.

"I'm waiting for you, you see," said Rose's voice.

"You scared me," said Stephen. His voice certainly showed some emotion.

"You needn't be scared," Rose assured him. "I'm not going to insist on anything. I only came out here because I can't cling to your garments and implore you to listen to me when there are people looking on. I don't know why, but I can't. Perhaps it's my maidenly modesty. But don't be afraid of me."

"It's only myself I'm afraid of," said Stephen. "I think you know that."

"I might ask you to be more explicit, but that would seem like insisting," Rose answered. "But I thought you might be interested to know that I had an unexpected visit from one of my admirers early this afternoon. He was very much concerned about me, fearing that I might be persuaded to marry an English dude. He tried to be delicate about it, but he was really quite frank."

They Rode Slowly, Luis Setting the Pace and Rose Oblivious of the Scenery and Occupied With Many Thoughts

"Not Burt!" exclaimed Stephen sharply. "He would surely never have the ——"

"Oh, no, it wasn't Mr. Burt. How very absurd! You know that Mr. Burt is crazy about Fanny Brant. I hope Fanny won't be so silly as to take him. Between you and me, I don't think that she will. But about English dudes: In a general way, and not specifying any particular dude, do you think it would be so awful for me to marry one? Mother doesn't. I'm asking you as a friend, Mr. Trainor."

"I wish you wouldn't," said Stephen with a half groan. Her light mocking tone was torturing him. It didn't seem fair either. "If you mean—I should say, that there is one Englishman we all know, and he is a man I respect and like. I don't think any woman would make a mistake marrying him—if she cared for him. Will that satisfy you?"

"Thank you," said Rose with meek gratitude. "It puts my mind at rest."

"Good night," said Stephen.

"Are you going? Is this what I've been trembling in ambush for all this weary while?"

"Got a lot of work to do," Stephen mumbled. By this time he could see her face plainly, and her smile hurt him.

"But I haven't told you what else Mr. Jennifer had to say. There! I've let his name slip. Yes, he was my caller, and —— Oh, you know that ore that you tested? Well, it wasn't from his wonderful mine, after all. He showed us the wrong ore and he is as sure as ever that his mine is valuable. I told him that you would be glad to make a new test. I shouldn't have said that, I suppose. He is just as proud and silly as you are, and he didn't want me to ask you. I'm glad I'm not proud and silly, because I'm going to. I don't even care if you are bored and annoyed."

"Great heaven!" cried Stephen. "Is there anything on earth you could ask me to do that would bore or annoy me? Is there anything I wouldn't do for you with all my heart and soul, and at any cost—to myself? Oh, Rose, if I were not poor! If I only had money enough ——"

"Go on," said Rose gently.

"I can't," Stephen told her. "Good night," he said again after a pause of struggle, and with that he almost ran down the steps of the porch.

Rose had made no response. He stopped and came back a pace or two. "I'll be glad to look into your friend's mine," he said. "Good night!"

Still Rose made no response. Stephen stood irresolutely for a moment and then walked slowly on to the cottage, opened the door and went in. A little later Rose saw the fiery spurt of a match and the glow of a lit lamp in his room. She watched the window, and by the distorted shadow on the blind she concluded that Stephen was taking some healthful walking exercise.

"If I wasn't perfectly and absolutely sure, he could just go to France for me," she murmured. "Oh, if men aren't ——"

What they were was evidently, to her mind, unspeakable.

Her further meditation was checked by the opening of the door and the appearance of her mother.

"I thought I heard voices out here," said Mrs. Blake. "Is that you, Rose—alone?"

"As you see me, dear heart," replied Rose calmly. "Did you want me, motherest?"

"I supposed you had gone up to your room. Yes, I want you to come in. What are you doing out here? I'm sure I heard a man speaking. Wasn't it Mr. Trainor?"

"I see that it is perfectly useless to attempt to deceive you, darling," said Rose. "I confess that it was Mr. Trainor. He has just rudely torn himself from my embrace and gone to his den, in spite of my entreaties. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not blue prints and estimates more,' were his words, I think. Did you understand him to say that?"

"You put me out of patience, talking so!" snapped Mrs. Blake. "I didn't hear what he said, thank you for the insinuation. At all events, this nonsense about Mr. Trainor has got to stop. You can't dream of seriously engaging yourself to a pauper, and if it isn't serious it's immoral. Yes, immoral. And there's that Miss Brant, as usual, doing her best to fascinate Mr. Addington, and you out here just letting her. I want you to come right in."

"And appeal to Mr. Addington's better nature? Yes, mamma. Certainly, if you wish it. We can't let Fanny

(Continued on Page 90)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$1.00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $1.50 the Year. Single Copies, Two Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 8, 1921

Trippers and Stoppers

THOSE who in the early summer bought a yard of coupons entitling them to a dip into the Grand Cañon, a sprint through the national parks, and a dash home through the Canadian Rockies, fondly imagined that they were seeing America first, when they were only seeing the last of America, the America that we have loved—and almost destroyed in the name of development—the America that we have thrown open to all comers, worthy and unworthy alike, inviting them to help themselves.

For a generation and more the virgin plains have been giving way to the stocked—and usually overstocked—range; and the range in turn has been yielding to the plow. One by one the mountain streams are being backed up in reservoirs, and the last of the forests are going up in flames or being laid low by the ax. The bison have vanished from the prairies; the bear, the antelope and the mountain sheep are making their last stand in the national parks; everywhere the cover is almost bare of game; and at last we are so land poor that we cannot afford a winter range for the miserable remnants of our once mighty herds of elk.

Much of our national development is of course admirable and desirable. Much of it has been done thriftily and wisely; but far too much has been done greedily and insanely. The bounty on wolves might well be extended to cover two-legged ones. Lobo at worst is a petty thief and a moderate game-hog.

In nothing that we have done have improvidence and vandalism had a freer hand than in the slaughter of our game and the destruction of our forests. The lust to kill beyond the limits of the law and decency has wiped out our game; the camp fire and the cigarette butt have been able allies of the ax in murdering our forests.

It is this Prussian ruthlessness in our treatment of the wilderness, this back-alley attitude to beauty, that has made those who love their country so determined to defend what is left from the dollar-Hun and the vacation vandal, so alert to see that its remaining resources are developed with prudence and restraint. It was this madness to squander the present without thought of the future that alarmed our conservationists and brought them together in a crusade against the would-be despoilers of America.

More recently a band of public-spirited Americans has lined up to defend our national parks against commercial exploitation from without; to guard them against the degradation of cheap amusements from within; to see that the wise purpose of Congress in setting them aside for all time as wilderness playgrounds is not nullified. These men deserve the backing of all good Americans. That those who are seeking to get a foothold in the parks are honest men and quite sincere in their conviction that the things for which they are asking can be granted without materially impairing the beauty and the usefulness of the parks to the people does not help their case. Once a special privilege is given and a precedent is set, the national parks will no longer be the wilderness playgrounds of the people but the happy hunting grounds of various interests. Our only safety lies in a declaration of policy to the effect that no business interest or utility shall be granted any rights, privileges or concessions except such as are necessary for the feeding, housing and transporting of those who would use the parks for the purpose to which they were dedicated and in the wilderness spirit.

We say in the wilderness spirit, because the national parks will not long interest those who, after giving them a hasty glance from a rubberneck wagon, inquire: "What's there to do here?" Nor are they intended for those who see in them only a new environment in which to jazz and shoot the chutes. Those who would lead the Ferris-wheel, cabaret life belong at Coney Island and Atlantic City. The pine trees should furnish the music and the mountains the thrills in a proper national park.

Too many people visit the West as trippers and not as "stoppers." A "stopper," as the term is employed by mountain ranchmen in Northern California, is one who stops, or stays a while, riding and fishing, climbing and camping in the wilderness. Trippers visit the national parks to see but not to use them. They gulp down their sunsets and bolt their scenery. They turn from the Grand Cañon to buy a picture postal of it; they spurn the trail horse for the rubberneck wagon; they turn their backs on the sunset glories of the mountains for the allurements of the curio store; their interest in wild life stops at the bunny hug and the grizzly bear; they snap the Almighty with a two-by-four camera and pronounce their negatives good.

But every year a larger proportion of these trippers are convicted of sin and come back as "stoppers." Among the parks they have found one that has stirred the dormant wilderness instinct in them, one to which they long to return, in which they will abandon the road for the trail. There they will find again something of the happiness that a simpler generation found in its simple pleasures. And even for those who never come back or who in future journeyings fail to rise from the estate of tripper, the sprint is worth while. Some part of what they have "done" will stick and make better Americans of them. They have had a revelation, even though it be a hazy and jumbled one, of the glory and grandeur of their country, and they can never again think wholly in terms of little old New York.

Yet there are times when one cannot blame the tripper for thinking fondly of New York or any other hometown, times when one marvels at his patience as he crowds the door of the dining car, waiting for a seat; or when at the end of a tiring day's journey he is told that his hotel reservations do not reserve; or while he is having his inferiority complex enlarged by hotel clerks, head porters and waiters. Some day, but early in the season, before the spirit of rebellion has been whipped out of him, a Trotzky of trippers will arise and lead his fellow travelers in a revolution against their oppressors, burning down the tripper hotels, wrecking the rubberneck wagons and shooting up the hotel clerks. If he would do a thorough job he should sentence the writers of railroad folders and resort pamphlets to life imprisonment in gameless forests that are watered by fishless streams. Of all press work, tripper propaganda is the most insidious.

On the other hand, if one listens to the tripper in his hours of ease and unreason, when instead of exclaiming "Ain't it lovely!" he is yelling "Ain't it rotten!" one marvels how those who have made possible this comfort in railroad cars, and these luxurious hotels in the wilderness, manage to restrain themselves from braining him, and not infrequently her, with the office ax.

For a while last summer we were a tripper. We have experienced all the joys and sorrows of the tripper life—except that we have never yielded to the lure of the rubberneck wagon. But in secret we yearn for that high experience. Some day we shall bootleg a ride and share the joys of those who tour in the sightseeing chariot and hear Nature and her works proclaimed, explained and commended through a megaphone.

The rubberneck wagon is simply the final application of modern methods to the business of having a good time in the open. After living, working and dying had been standardized, it was inevitable that vacations and amusements should engage the attention of the efficiency expert. He has done a thorough job, and now the tripper, like the bricklayer, is allowed just so many motions in going through the day's amusement. No doubt the system gives one the maximum of sightseeing for the money, but if only the expert had not made Nature so tiresome and joy so dull! Everywhere one is impressed when traveling by the number of Americans who order their vacations from the Bureau of Weights and Standards, and the number of British who contract for theirs with a snappy undertaker, "Everything complete, including the use of gloves."

But however one sees the West, madly, gladly or sadly, the trip, we repeat, is worthwhile. It will open one's eyes to what we had and what we have wasted, to how little is left and how much that little is worth saving.

America's vice of waste, as well as its virtues, was bred of the wilderness—once an apparently inexhaustible store of wealth and beauty. To-day there is nothing left to waste, but there is much left to save, both of wealth and of beauty. The conservationists are trying to save the wealth; the vacationists must get together and save the beauty.

These national parks of ours approximate as nearly as anything on earth to heavenly scenery. Everyone who loves them has his pet park, but we believe that all good trippers go to the Grand Cañon when they die. There they sit along the rim of Bright Angel Cañon, purged of the pernicious picture-postal habit; freed from the insidious craving to ride the rubberneck wagon; impervious to the insistent urge to buy Navajo blankets; unheeding the old, old question: "What's there to do here?" They are sensible only of the lilac and purple mysteries of the distant desert; of the majesty of the red-gold mountains beneath them; and of the dark pines marching away to far horizons and remote peaks, calling them to come into the forest.

Summer is over and life is closing in gray for the winter. But those who went into the wilderness came out with new strength and courage to carry on over the long portage to another spring.

Cultivating Courage

COURAGE is the product of familiarity. Fear is ignorance plus imagination. Contempt of danger is the reward of facing danger; it is but the sense of security afforded by rut travel. This is not psychology, but simple common sense

The coward is ashamed of his weakness. He endeavors to hide it, and his very shame will afford the desperation necessary to redeem his pride. One will swallow a bitter dose when sure that nothing more palatable will save his life.

If the coward would develop a biceps he exercises it; if he would become a runner he practices running; in like manner he may develop courage. Let him make a list of the things he is afraid to do. He is afraid to ask his employer for increased pay; he is afraid to ask the young lady to whom he has given his heart; he is afraid to park his knuckles under the left ear of the bully who works at the next machine. These, then, are the bitter doses he must swallow if he would be made whole. His employer may wither him with sarcasm; his girl may slap his ears; the bully may loosen his front teeth. But when he has run the gantlet and found himself whole he will have discovered that his imagination is a liar and utterly unworthy of confidence. There will be a new light in his eye and a new confidence in his bearing.

Thereafter let him search for ordeals whereby to perfect his courage. If his cowardice would thwart him in any matter, large or small, let him accept the challenge. Let him, if need be, neglect all other duties and go to the mat with fear, for he is engaged at the noble business of transforming a coward into a man, and need not count the cost.

THAT NEW GOSPEL

By WILL PAYNE

IT WAS after dinner—the time for talk—at a seashore cottage. Four elders, including the host, sat at our end of the veranda. At the other end were four others, including the daughter of the house. They treated us relics with respect, but naturally at the first opportunity drifted off by themselves. There was chatter at that end; but at our end, when the professor finished speaking, there was silence. He himself broke it by throwing in as a last shot, "Desperate diseases require heroic remedies."

Of course we'd heard that before, and were silent again until the host, making a little gesture with his cigar hand toward the view from the veranda, observed mildly, "The patient doesn't look so desperately diseased from here."

Beyond the flower beds, lawn and hedge in the foreground, the view fell across a bit of brilliantly green country to the sea, then purpling in twilight. It would have been impossible, especially after a very satisfactory dinner, to find a more serene view.

A burst of laughter sounded from the other end of the veranda and the host added indulgently, "They don't seem much sensible of the blight."

"Funny about the world," the lawyer threw in in his jerky manner. "We've just discovered it. Up to five years ago you never heard Americans talking about the world. Now they're always talking about it."

"Exactly!" said the professor. "It never stepped on our toes before. Up to five years ago the world was comfortably situated on the other side of the Atlantic and the Pacific—a pleasant place to go for a long vacation once in a while. It's sitting in our laps now. We've got to find the remedies or die of its diseases."

The lawyer briskly rubbed his bald head with an unvoiced annoyance. Evidently the notion of dying of anybody's diseases—on top of so good a dinner and in the face of so pleasant a view—was irritating to him.

"Well, there's something in that," the host admitted reflectively. "A lot does ail the world at present. Even that fortunate portion of it under the Stars and Stripes is running on three flat tires, and no other portion is nearly that well off. Looks as though more war would plumb ruin it; yet the newspapers say there is quite a lively war going on between Greeks and Turks—both broke already, by the way—and they are always hinting of war over Silesia, or in the Pacific, or in Russia. Maybe you read Viscount Bryce's speech up at Williams College the other day. He said that the World War, instead of bringing in that fraternal era that we Americans were banking on, had left more rancor and thirst for vengeance than any other war of modern times. You'd have thought now, after the four years and a half of it, that everybody would have had a bellyful. But it sometimes does look as though that had merely whetted everybody's appetite for more. There was the news from Ireland this morning—officers recalled to their regiments; both sides acting as though they were ready to fight it out. Any war nowadays is like a fire in dry stubble; nobody can tell how far it will run."

Sufferers From World Ailments

"AND quite aside from war," the professor added, "the economic ailments and political ailments are sufficient to make out a case of desperate illness. There is no war in the United States, but the Labor Bureau at Washington says over 5,300,000 people are out of work—a world condition. We must make up our minds to heroic remedies."

"You're a crape hanger," said the lawyer, with a candor that is pardonable among old friends. "You remind me of my dear grandmother. My grandmother was a fine woman, but there's no use denying that in her later years funerals were her favorite dissipation. When anybody in our circle was very ill no one could be more sympathetic than grandmother—toting jelly, parboiling herself in the kitchen making delicacies and all that. But if the patient took a decided turn for the better grandmother was secretly quite downcast."

"And you whistle in the graveyard to keep your courage up," retorted the professor. "The world is stepping on our toes. What are your taxes this year compared with what they were before the world broke into the dooryard?"

"That," said the lawyer grimly, "is not only hanging crape but kicking the chief mourner."

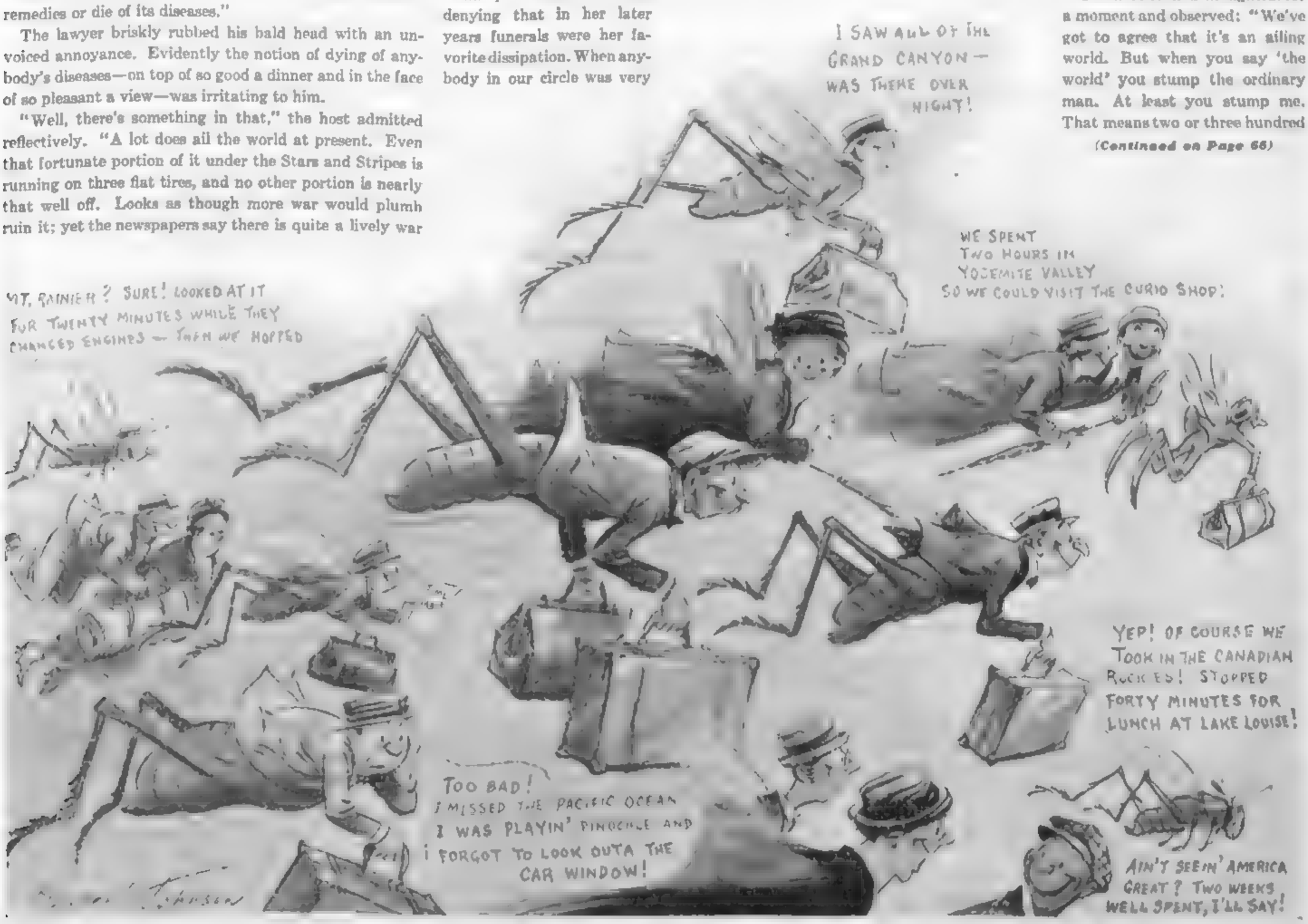
"What is your income this year compared with what it was two years ago, before another set of world conditions flattened business? World ailments have a hand in your pocket and mine. They are determining whether I shall buy a closed car this fall or go on pretending that I prefer an open car even in cold weather on account of the bracing circulation of fresh air. World ailments affect everybody, even in the United States. Ask the farmer who sold last year's crop for less than cost of production. Ask the workman whose wages have been cut or who is out of a job."

"Well, that's so," the host assented. "World troubles are affecting about everybody's income and outlook. They figure in our taxes and bump us out of jobs. They are a practical everyday question for everybody. And if they get worse to the extent of more war—well, I guess we'll all be riding in a closed car then, figuratively speaking, with the undertaker at the steering wheel."

"Exactly!" said the professor with satisfaction. "We must make up our minds to heroic remedies."

The host looked thoughtful for a moment and observed: "We've got to agree that it's an ailing world. But when you say 'the world' you stump the ordinary man. At least you stump me. That means two or three hundred

(Continued on Page 66)


I SAW ALL OF THE GRAND CANYON — WAS THERE OVER NIGHT!
WE SPENT TWO HOURS IN YOSEMITE VALLEY SO WE COULD VISIT THE CURIO SHOP!
MT. RAINIER? SURE! LOOKED AT IT FOR TWENTY MINUTES WHILE THEY CHANGED ENGINES — THEN WE HOPPED
YEP! OF COURSE WE TOOK IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES! STOPPED FORTY MINUTES FOR LUNCH AT LAKE LOUISE!
TOO BAD! I MISSED THE PACIFIC OCEAN I WAS PLAYIN' PINOCHLE AND I FORGOT TO LOOK OUTA THE CAR WINDOW!
AIN'T SEEIN' AMERICA GREAT? TWO WEEKS WELL SPENT, I'LL SAY!

THE TRIPPERS

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

IX

"YOU may haf notice yesterday," said Olga Olgovska—"you may haf seen a change in me. For thees I vould now apologize."

"What—what do you mean?" inquired Miss Barnum, speaking before her friend Miss McBride, who sat silent, watching.

"Oh, my friendts," said the Russian, "yesterday I had such terrible news before our meeting, that lunching with the editors. I am become beside myself, deestract."

The discouragement, the fatalism which permeates the Russian character spoke plainly in her voice.

"What is it, Olga?" asked Penelope Barnum, going over and sitting down beside her.

"Russian goldt," said Olga Olgovska.

"Russian gold?"

"It ees no goodt. It ees useless."

"Useless?" cried Miss Barnum. And Miss McBride gave a little sudden start.

"I haf vord yesterday—from Them—you understand who"

"Yes."

"And also I see it in the papaar."

"What?"

"It ees no goodt. Russian goldt is vorthless."

"What do you mean?" inquired Penelope Barnum, startled.

And now Miss McBride's voice broke in. "She is right; perfectly right," she said. "I saw it in the paper myself"

"Tell us, my dear," urged Penelope Barnum, now placing her large, warm hand over the icy-cold hand of the disturbed Russian.

"It ees this vay. I vill explain it from the first to you," said the latter, speaking finally out of a despondent silence, "as it vas explained to me. The Bolsheviki, as you so vell remembaar, sent all their Russian goldt all over all the en-tire vorld, influencing, making the propaganda."

Her hearers nodded understandingly as she gazed at them.

"Thees goldt of the Bolsheviki also, eet ees taken, seized, apprehendted—many times stolen from its old owners."

"Yes"

"So, it ees for the propaganda, your Government say. Also it ees stolen. So in America it shall not be used. It shall be no goodt. So now, at once, thees, thees Russian goldt is all useless. It ees nothing."

"That's true, perfectly true," Vera McBride confirmed her. "I saw it myself."

"So now you see," said the Russian sadly, "I haf nothing. Worse than nothing."

"But your gold, you say, is not Bolshevik."

"Indeedt, no. But who vill prove it so? Who here could take it as goldt? Besidea," said Olga Olgovska, continuing, "it has been decide already that it vill not be goodt now to use it—the gold—for fear it may be taken, confiscate, all lost."

"Decided?" exclaimed Miss Barnum. "By whom?"

"By Them."

"Oh, of course. Of course!" cried Miss Barnum, while Vera McBride contented herself with nodding acquiescence.

"So now," said Olga, going on in a voice of intense sadness, "soon I must leaf you—must go."

"Go?" cried both her auditors at once. "Why go, Olga?" Miss Barnum added.

"I must. I must findt work to pay for myself."

"But aren't you satisfied? Aren't you happy here?" asked Penelope Barnum, a rather hurt look coming into her eyes.

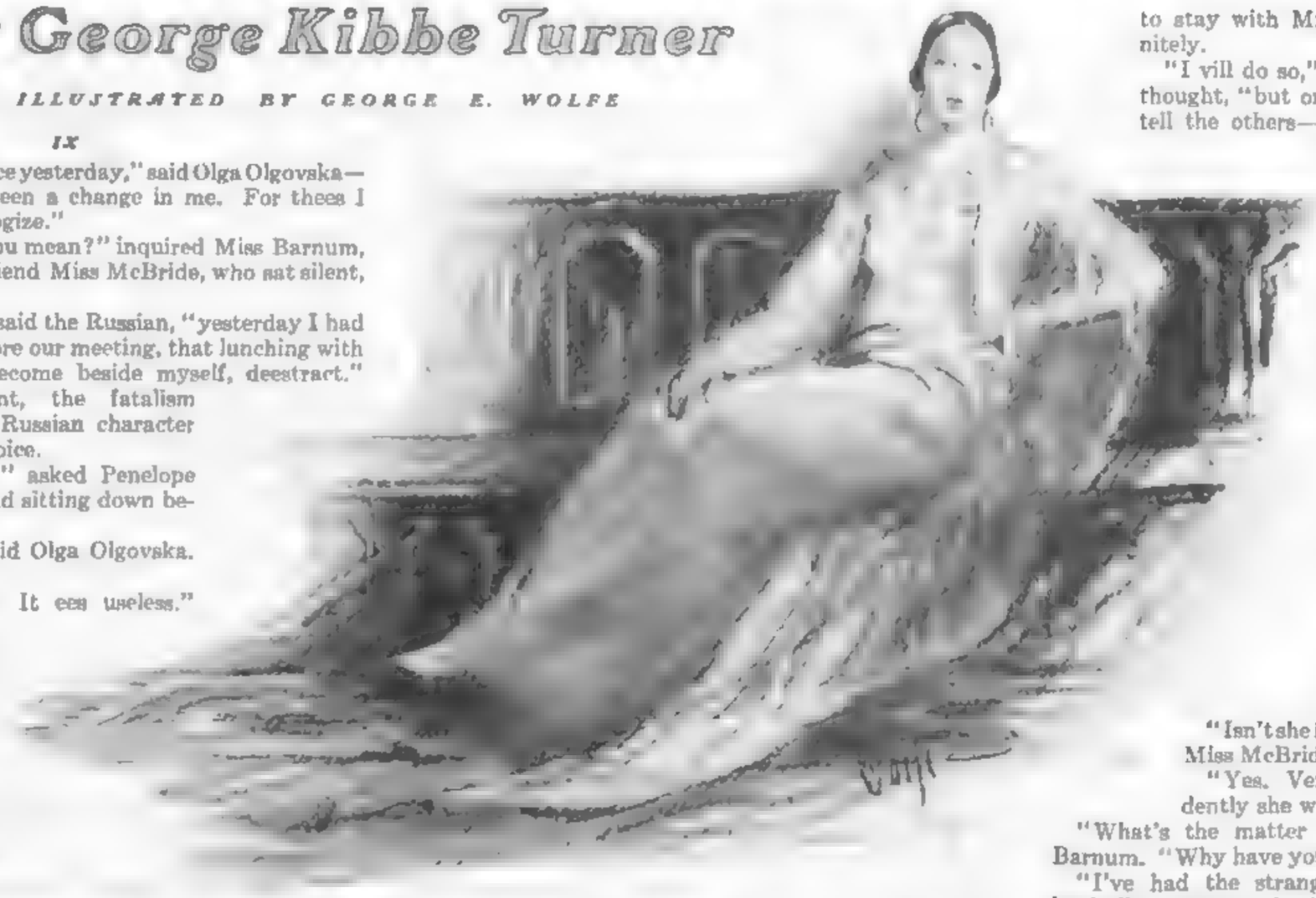
"Satisfied, my friendt? Happy? Ah!" said Olga, with a deep regretful smile, and responded with a quick pressure on the other's hand. "How happy I shall nefer say."

"Then why go?" urged her hostess.

"Oh, I could not do thees for-ever," objected the other.

"But it is not forever."

"I could not embarrass you now with my presence, with the presence of that goldt, that contrabandt always in your home."



"My Friendts," Continued Olga Olgovska, in Her Low, Sad, Beautifully Modulated Voice, "I Haf Done Wrong. I Haf Deceived You—One-Half"

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Miss Barnum warmly.

"Besides," said Olga Olgovska, persisting, "it vill not do, in so many vays."

"In what ways?"

"No, no," said Olga, withdrawing her hand, not answering directly. "It could not be. I must go. I must get vork. They will somewhere find it. Some humble vork for me to leef by until thees is ofer." There was a pathetic, almost tragic light in her deep eyes. "And yet," she added, her expression changing, "ees it not funnee, reediculous? Here I haf thé goldt—hundreds of thousands of rubles—goldt. I am reech, reech. And yet I haf nothing. Ees it not ridiculous—crazy?" she said with a silver laugh. "For not only ees it not good to pass but I cannot even borrow on it—even the smallest, the least possible sum."

She stopped and looked at her silent hearers.

"But ——" began Miss Barnum, watching her, puzzled.

"I could stay with you—yees. Be your guest, perhaps. But that ees not all, of course," said the foreigner.

"Tell us. Just what is it? Just what do you mean?"

"I come avay," said Olga Olgovska. "I haf very little but thees—really nothing, to be truthful. Yet from thees I should be reech."

"Of course."

"Now I find myself vith nothing. Vith almost nothing upon my back of dress; and fed also by strangaars, new friendts."

"You mean you must have money for clothing?" asked Penelope Barnum, watching her closely.

"For clothing, for everything. I haf nothing," replied Olga Olgovska; "literally nothing. In Russia nothing is. I come naturally vith nothing."

A smile of purpose and understanding came now into the face of her hostess.

"If eet had been deefferent, as I thought. If goldt vas goldt, as you might say—even eef Russian goldt! Eef I could not spend it, yet I could find those who perhaps vould loan me on it—some leetle money for the dress, for the necessities. But no—that is not now possible!"

By this time Miss Barnum had left her. Turning to one side she touched and opened what was apparently a secret panel in the oak wall of the monastic room.

"Would this do?" she asked, holding out a large round roll of bills. "Would this five hundred dollars be of any use to you?"

"Oh, no!" said Olga, rising, her usually still face now shining with a genuine surprise. "I could not do that!"

"Why not? What is five hundred dollars?" inquired Miss Barnum, smiling and forcing it on her.

Eventually, in spite of her protests, the foreigner was made to accept the loan, and of course make the agreement to stay with Miss Barnum as her guest indefinitely.

"I vill do so," she said at last after a period of thought, "but on the condition only that I shall tell the others—Them—this I do now. For eef they do not vish I must return it!"

"Do just as you want," Penelope Barnum told her.

"It may also take me two days—thees time—for thees con-ference," explained Olga Olgovska.

"As long as you must have," Miss Barnum told her.

"Then," said the Russian, now getting up slowly, "I go now and see Them about it. I haf your money, you see, by me," she said to Miss Barnum, smiling.

"And I will have your Russian gold," the other smiled back in the same spirit. "You want to look out. I may run off while you are gone, with your box of gold. It would be a bad trade for you.

"Isn't she interesting, delightful?" she asked Miss McBride, when Olga Olgovska had gone.

"Yes. Very," replied the latter. But evidently she was thinking of something else.

"What's the matter with you, Vera?" asked Miss Barnum. "Why have you been so quiet all the morning?"

"I've had the strangest feeling about that woman lately," she answered. "It seems as if I must have seen her somewhere."

"Where?"

"I haven't the first idea. I can't remember."

"In Petrograd, perhaps," suggested Miss Barnum, "when you were there. You might have seen her on the street."

"Of course, my memory of faces is not good," continued Miss McBride, thinking. "I don't charge my mind with them. I've had so many other things to remember the past few years."

"Of course."

"I've been in so many places, my dear," said Vera McBride, drawing her hand across her eyes, "and very possibly I may be mistaken. But I have it, just the same—the feeling that somewhere I've seen that woman, and not under very pleasant circumstances!"

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Penelope Barnum.

■

TURNING eastward from the door, with her newly acquired roll of bills in her hand bag, Olga Olgovska soon found herself on Fifth Avenue. Turning again she walked southward upon that bright and crowded thoroughfare. It was evidently not her intention to go directly to her conference with her unknown advisers, for at the corner of Forty-second Street she turned a third time, into the fine Public Library of the city of New York. Arrived in the third story she went into the great catalogue room and stood before the part of the large central desk marked Information, with the air of one with a mission to perform before anything else is done.

"Oh, yes," replied the librarian of the information with a subtle smile, and named the book she asked for. "But I'm afraid you may find it in use. We have a large number of extra copies. But, as you know, there is a great demand just now for Freud."

"I'll take a chance," said Olga Olgovska. "That's all I can do."

"That is true," said the librarian with that precise but very intelligent smile which only public librarians have.

Olga Olgovska nodded, and passing through the massive doorway with her numbered card she found herself in the sumptuous, gold-crowned reading room. Fortunately there was a copy of the volume she was seeking not in use. She took it and, retiring to one of the fine reading desks, gave herself up to its perusal. She read it with keen interest and no small degree of astonishment.

"And me," she said half aloud to herself, "a love expert—in the business all these years!"

With her astonishment still fresh on her face she returned the book at the central desk, and then, still thinking deeply, passed out and took again the elevator down to the Forty-second Street entrance.

Arrived upon the street, with a lack of hesitation remarkable in a stranger in a great foreign city, she turned

(Continued on Page 24)

Healthy happy boys and girls
Sparkling eyes and flying curls
Showing by their dashing play
They eat Campbell's every day

Bounding health

How much it depends on the food we eat! One simple rule will add as much downright pleasure to your eating as it will bring unfailing benefit. Eat good soup every day! Do it yourself and insist that your children gain the strength and vigor that soup gives.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a shining example of how good soup stimulates appetite, energizes digestion, nourishes and constructs the body tissues. Pure tomato juices, creamery butter and granulated sugar are skillfully spiced and blended with the other ingredients to produce this tonic, healthful, delightful dish. You never tire of it.

12c a can

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox-tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Tomato
Consomme	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

now westward upon the wide sidewalk, and turning again, this time to the north, passed below the rattling and forbidding skeleton of the elevated railway. She was now well into the theatrical byways of the American metropolis. Fawnlike little creatures in small hats and skirts skipped in and out between the passing automobiles of Sixth Avenue, regardless of their danger, their vivid complexions showing with striking distinctness in the dusk of that shaded street.

Giving no notice to this or other features of that tunneled street which might seem likely to attract the first attention of a foreigner, Olga Olgovska turned once more to the right and stopped momentarily before a shop—one of those gay, attractive but somewhat less expensive shops in which the younger set, especially those of the stage, searching, searching, searching, find finally what they want for what they have to pay—in the later Forties, somewhere just east of the territory of table d'hôtes in the hinterland of fashion between Fifth Avenue and Sixth. Above the collection of gay and diminutive frocks in the window was the sign, Celeste D'Espargne.

Now passing through the length of the establishment Olga Olgovska found herself in the tiny white private office of the proprietress.

"Hello, Celeste," she said. "*Bonjour.*"

A very carefully stockinged young woman in short dress and with elaborate hairdressing turned and beheld her with an expression of both respect and joy.

"You come again! You return!" she said with evident surprise and satisfaction. "We have fear that we lose you forever."

"No such luck as that," replied Olga Olgovska, and seating herself with the ease of an old acquaintance, she settled down into a small and dainty wicker chair.

"Where then has mademoiselle been then all these weeks?" inquired the proprietress, with her continued air of deference and cordiality.

"In Russia."

The other laughed, a well-trained laugh. "You jest once more again," she said.

"I wish I did," responded Olga.

"You go then there in the process of your work?" the other hazarded, seeing her serious face.

"They sent me over to get next to Lenine."

"And you got him, yes, in Russia?"

"No, Russia got me first. You see me just as they left me," she said, displaying now her plain Russian costume, "after we traded clothes!"

"You cannot mean that!" exclaimed the costumer, gazing at her with intense sympathy.

"I do though. That's all the clothes I've got to-day, mademoiselle."

"And yet it must be of most interest," said Mademoiselle D'Espargne, feeling evidently that something must be said, "to pass everywhere upon the earth as you, *mon amie*, in your work."

"Must it?" returned Olga Olgovska shortly. "Well, then, you do it. I've had enough of it. I'm done."

The morose and world-weary air that marked her in her moments of depression had come back to her now, but only for the moment.

"That's what I came here for to-day," she went on quite briskly, "to talk to you about."

"It is something you wish?"

"Yes. I want to quit this job of mine. I'm sick to death of it."

"You! The great artiste! You jest again."

"You would yourself," stated Olga Olgovska, "if for eight years you had talked and talked and written nothing but just love. All kinds—mother love, sister love—of love. Oh, was it wrong?"

"*Oh, là, là,*" said Mademoiselle D'Espargne, with the indescribable gesture of the French when love is mentioned.

"And I want you to help me in what I'm after," said Olga Olgovska, going on, disregarding her emotion. "I've helped you in my time."

"*Mon amie,*" said the other warmly, "whatever it is you ask it shall be done. You have made me, saved me, many times—your words, your writings! By what you alone could do!"

"And so you'll help me now?"

"Is it then so difficult," asked Mademoiselle D'Espargne, "this which you ask of me? That you approach it so, with so much care?"

"It will be difficult, all right."

"What is it then?"

"I'm starting out to get myself married."

"You!" exclaimed the other with unfeigned surprise.

"Does it strike you that way too?" inquired Olga Olgovska.

"Pardon, *mon amie*. Far from that—from what you would say now with your voice!" said Mademoiselle D'Espargne in haste. "Far otherwise. You are wonderful, intelligent, an artiste. You are also beautiful, quite, in your own way. But you—after all those others—all those years, it seems so strange—that is what I would say!" she ended, with unaffected regret for her earlier words.

"It's about time, I think, myself," said Olga Olgovska shortly.

"But what then?" said Mademoiselle D'Espargne, keeping on the conversation briskly. "In what way shall I help you? In your marriage?"

"In the usual way—dresses."

"At once?"

"By to-morrow."

"It will be difficult—by to-morrow. Yet we shall see what we shall see. But not a wedding dress!" she cried, as if wishing to understand. "It is not that you must be married to-morrow?" she asked solicitously.

"Oh, no."

"What then?"

"I don't know that," said Olga Olgovska. "I haven't even seen the man yet."

At this peculiar statement Mademoiselle D'Espargne laughed heartily.

"Again you jest, as usual," she said.

"Not a bit," said Olga Olgovska, fastening her cold, inscrutable eyes upon the other. "I never saw him in my life but I'm going after him to-morrow."

"You have not seen him—yet you go after him," said the other, with intense and Gallic surprise.

"Why not?" asked the cold, calm accents of Olga Olgovska.

"You have never yet seen him?"

Olga nodded.

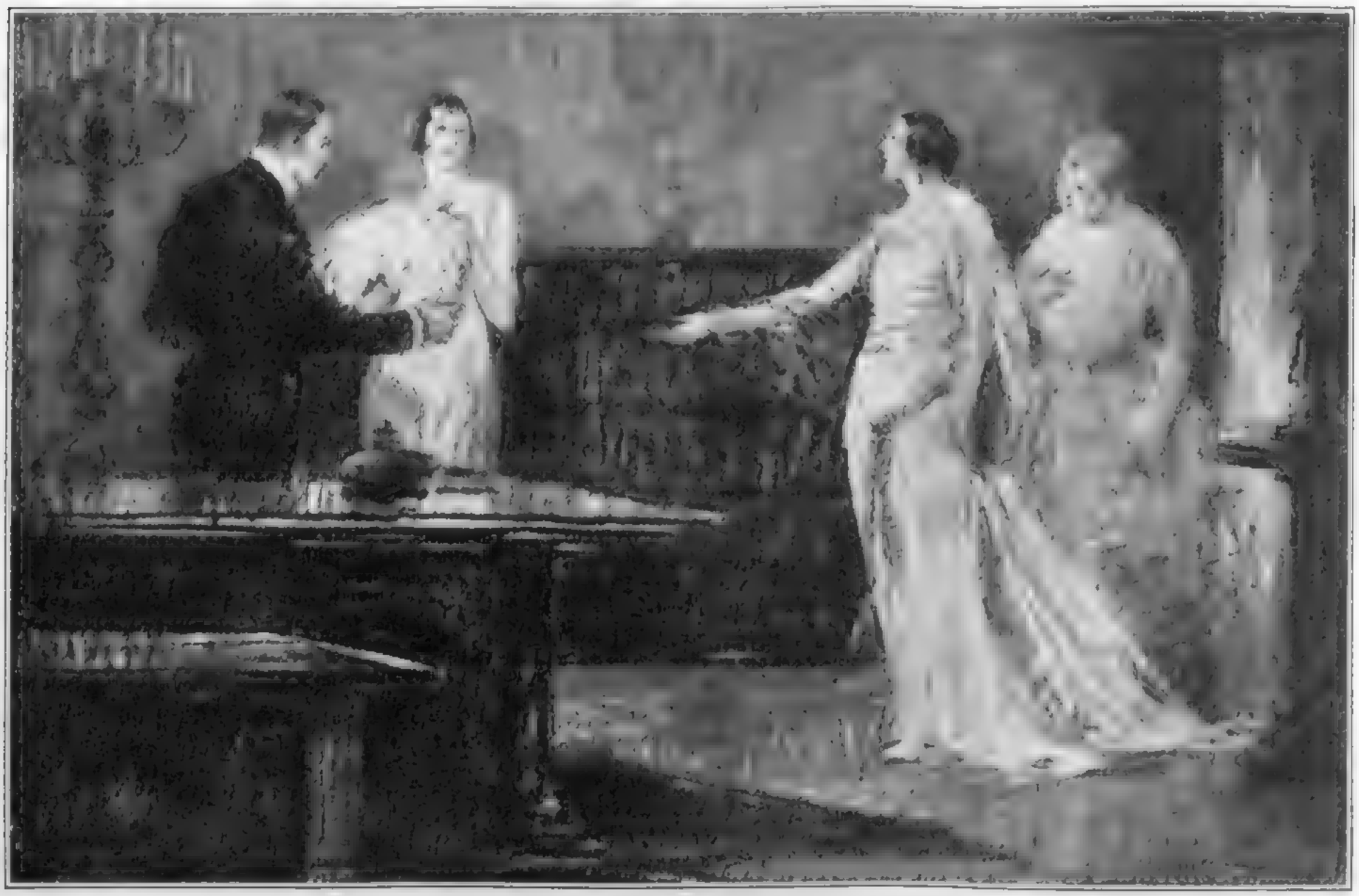
"And yet he will marry you, you now say?"

"Why not?" said Olga Olgovska with more than usual warmth. "If an ordinary high-school graduate can go out and pick one for herself under my instruction, I ought to, hadn't I?"

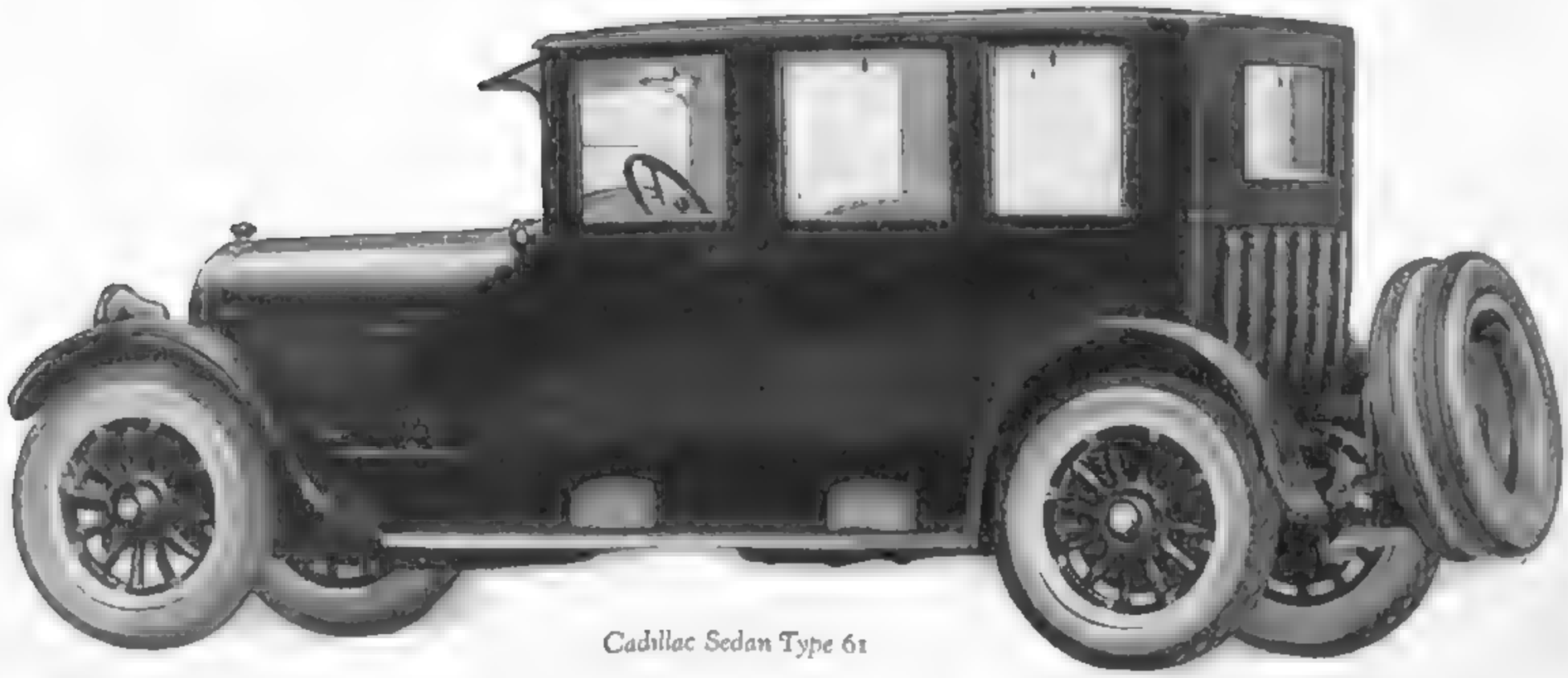
Her hearer smiled, the smile of one caught halfway between wonder and conviction.

"I'd be bad, wouldn't I," asked the strange but interesting woman in the wicker chair, "if after all these years I couldn't go out and get me one of my own?"

(Continued on Page 26)



"Oh—You are Here!" Breathed Olga, Going Toward Him With Her Hand Delicately Extended



Cadillac Sedan Type 61

The new Type 61 Cadillac Sedan suggests nothing so much as the quick litheness of a living thing in its instant acceleration and eager response to every call for power.

A few marked improvements in design, such as lowering the center of gravity—with no lessening of road clearance—have wrought wonders in emphasizing the buoyant floating qualities for which the Cadillac has always been celebrated.

The one who drives this new Type 61 Sedan is enveloped in an environment which irresistibly invites rest and relaxation of mind and of body. The lounging comfort of the seats themselves, the restfulness and convenience of the new steering wheel and instrument board, and the completeness of the new windshield and ventilating arrangement, all conduce to a sense of comfort and well being that is delightful.

The same simple changes that have given the Type 61 Sedan a greater degree of road resilience have brought with them greater beauty than before.

The new Type Cadillac Sedan is a delight to the eye, but the real revelation will come to you in the marked increase in riding ease and roadability and swifter acceleration.

A delightful experience is in store for Cadillac owners and non-owners alike.

C A D I L L A C

Division of General Motors Corporation

The Standard of the World

ZINC STEARATE MERCK

THE DAINTY TOILET POWDER with the Duck trademark has all the merits of Talcum, with the great advantage of not being affected by moisture, perspiration or dampness.

Ask Your Druggist for—

Creolin-Pearson
The household disinfectant.

Zinc Stearate Merck
Cooling, soothing toilet powder.

Milk Sugar Merck
For preparing modified milk.

Barley Flour Merck
For infants and invalids.

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck
Full strength and unusually pure.

Acid Boric Merck
Mild nursery antiseptic.

MERCK

(Continued from Page 24)

The face of the other dropped its smile, clearly convinced by the logic of this statement.

"Besides," asserted Olga Olgovska, "I'm going after him a new way, with some different effects from what he's been used to. That's why I came to you."

"Yes?" asked Celeste, interested. "What effect, what mode, what style, then, has he been accustomed to up to now?"

"He has had," said Olga Olgovska, her face now assuming again in its most extreme form that inscrutable look which came to it in certain moods—"everything lately has been served to him in the Freudian style."

"The Freudian style!" repeated Celeste D'Espargne, with keen watchful eyes.

And Olga Olgovska merely bowed.

"Is it then," the other asked with some anxiety, "the style of which I do not yet know?"

"You ought to," responded the other, with that calm, inexpressive look still stronger on her face. "You see it every day all around you."

"I see it—me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Name it to me then," exclaimed Mademoiselle D'Espargne, now all professional interest—"this style of which I have not heard!" She sat erect now, keenly alert. "Hold!" she said, a thought striking her. "Tell me first, what is this style—is it of the name of a certain *costumier?*"

"The name of Freud, the man who made it."

"Oh, yes," said the other, bravely confronting unforeseen ignorance on her part—the most difficult of all things to face. "And this Monsieur Freud, you say, he now sets the styles?"

"I'll say so," replied the level, emotionless voice of Olga Olgovska. "Now—all over!"

"Is he then boche—this Freud," asked Mademoiselle D'Espargne with dignity, "that I do not hear of him?"

"No. Viennese."

"Oh," said Celeste D'Espargne, with only a slight decrease of scorn and hostility. "I see. Go on then—tell me of his styles. What are they? In what way does he set the style?"

"What? You never heard of him?" asked Olga, with her face even more emotionless, if possible, as she went on.

"I have not. No," said the designer of the latest dresses with evidently forced calm. "Never. Go on, tell me then all about him—his line, his silhouettes, his motifs."

"In general, you might say," responded Olga Olgovska, speaking thoughtfully and with evident care, "his great general principle is that we must do away with all suppression."

"Of the waistline, perhaps?"

"Of everything—everywhere."

"Oh, yes," said Celeste, with temporarily stoic calm. "What else then?"

"He is against all concealment."

"In the dress, you would say? The skirt then, or the waist?"

"All—everywhere."

"You would say it is free, daring, *éclatant*, this style of this Freud? Still more revealing—than now to-day?"

"Exactly—yes," replied Olga Olgovska, who was now closely regarding her, still with that inflexible expression on her face.

"Ah, this is not new—not with your Mr. Freud," said Mademoiselle D'Espargne, with professional disparagement. "It does not come from him. It comes from us—from the women of the world, everywhere since the war—this demand. Since this war they all demand it—the freedom, the little suppressions, the revelation all ways!"

"Revelation—yes," said Olga Olgovska. "But not so far as Mr. Freud!"

"In what way then does he differ?" asked the anxious maker of dresses. "Is it only then in the revealment, the frankness? Or is it the line, the surface, the effect? What else is his?"

"He gets perhaps, you might say," said Olga Olgovska, now evidently searching for a proper expression of her thoughts, "the effect of decadence."

"I see, I understand!" said her companion, now on her feet. "It would be Viennese! Pah! All is decadence there!"

Olga Olgovska nodded silently, still closely observing her.

"I shall read him, your Monsieur Freud, I shall see," said Mademoiselle D'Espargne, "what he has new to show me myself. I shall go read him for myself."

"That's what they all say now," returned the other, with the same still emotionless look upon her face.

"But now," continued Mademoiselle D'Espargne, forcing herself to be calm again, "you say you wish to break away from, to combat the style, the influence of this Freud. Very well, I will help you."

"I've got five hundred dollars—almost."

"The money—that is no object now," stated the aroused modiste. "You wish a new motif. Have you thought then what you wish?"

"I want to be all made over."

"In what way?"

"In the first place I want to be all Russian—so Russian that it's almost Aztec," stated Olga.

"Not like this which you now wear—no!" said the Frenchwoman deprecatingly. "More like this—yes?" she continued, indicating her own gown. "In this also the motif is Russian."

"No good," said Olga Olgovska laconically.

"No good—where?"

"Too Freudian."

"Too Freudian, you say? How? In what? Explain then."

"Too much. Too much there!", said Olga Olgovska, indicating.

"What then?"

"Exposure," responded Olga Olgovska.

"Exposure?" repeated Mademoiselle D'Espargne. "This is nothing. Exposure—with these scallops as they are now! It is everywhere."

"That's it exactly. What I want is a change—to give him a change from all this that's going on now. You understand."

The young proprietress regarded her without speaking.

"You see?" asked Olga Olgovska, sitting up now and casting aside for the moment that stony look which obscured her eyes. "It's like this, Celeste: We're sending thousands and thousands of dollars to China to stop the perishing of girl babies there by exposure, and look what's going on here every day in New York!"

"Yes?" said Mademoiselle D'Espargne, giving this remark merely the tribute of a fleeting smile, her face still full of doubt.

"We're all sick of it everywhere, the men especially."

"You may have right," conceded the other.

"They think they aren't, but they are," stated Olga Olgovska.

"It may be so."

"So it's like this," said Olga, now going on in a very confidential but businesslike way. "It's like this, my idea: It's going to be my problem to work the old love against the new; the old style against the new, the style of Mr. Freud."

"The old love against the new!" exclaimed Mademoiselle D'Espargne. "The old style against the Freud! Explain then."

"It's like this, Celeste," said Olga very seriously. "They think they're wise, these kids to-day! They think they're getting on—these flappers! But there's where they make their big mistake. For grandma was right, after all, Celeste; you know that."

"Grandma?" repeated Celeste D'Espargne, temporarily taken aback.

"She held something in reserve. And so I want from you," continued Olga, while the other still watched her with great care, "a novelty."

"A novelty. Yes!" repeated the modiste.

"Something really old in the line of dress."

"Old!"

"Old—yes. Not new. What we've got to do now soon," explained Olga Olgovska, "all of us women, in style, in love, is not to go forward farther, but turn back. Back to the good old styles in dress and love," she stated seriously. "And I want you to do this very carefully for me. You understand?"

"Yes, but ——"

"For there is about to be"—now continued the other, her eyes again assuming that stony stare because of which it was often impossible to tell even when she was jesting—"in the world soon a contest, a fierce contest."

"A conflict!"

"Between the old love and the new; the old, old style of going after them—and Mr. Freud's. What I must have is just the opposite."

"Ah!" exclaimed Celeste.

"The old modest shrinking love—the modest love. I want to shrink, Celeste. The time is come for all good women to shrink; has it not, Celeste?"

But the modiste was apparently considering something more practical than mere speculation now. "Is it not this?" she asked. "You would desire, you would yourself have more reticence, more mystery, more concealment?"

"Exactly."

"The concealment which yet reveals, perhaps—like the real *moyen âge*. And the mystery *à la Russe!*"

"Exactly right. The old, old stand-by; that has always been the best. Mantles, veils, long, flowing skirts like grandma used to use."

The other was already on her feet.

"We will have it now—at once!" she said, her mind afire with the new idea. "I have it. *O, là, là!*"

For a time they talked earnestly, amid growing heaps of materials, discussing in the technical terms of experts the potential effects upon man to be derived from proper combinations of woman and fabrics.

"But to-morrow?" questioned Celeste, as the end approached. "How is it possible?"

"You'll do it, I know," stated Olga Olgovska reassuringly. "Only two. And both so simple!"

"Is he very rich—this one you now go after with your four hundred and fifty dollars?" asked the other casually in answer, still busy with her draping.

"Scads and pyramids!"

"*O, là, là,*" said Celeste appreciatively.

"Don't forget to play up to the eyes and the eyelashes," said Olga Olgovska, now almost ready to go.

"Fear not. They will all be used—all your best, your personal points. They will adore you so, as you say—the men. It will be such a change. The reticence, the only partial revealment—all so unconscious. And the mystery *à la Russe*. Ah, what change, what revolution from the present—from your Monsieur Freud! It will be," she half soliloquized in her enthusiasm—"it will be for me perhaps also the great strike. You will help me, will you not? You will help me that I also get the boost, as you here in America will say?"

"I sure will."

"Then it may be Celeste D'Espargne of whom all speak—who knows?—in place of this, this Freud!" she went on, with a great hope rising in her face. "For this will mean perhaps," she continued, "the great change—the turning point of the skirt in America!"

"Yes. Yes indeed," said Olga Olgovska, preoccupied, now back in her Russian-peasant dress preparatory to departing. "And now I'm going to Sari's for a while with my complexion."

"So simple, so delicate, so dark," cautioned the other. "And the lashes, so well defined."

"I know, I know," said Olga quite confidently. "I ought to by this time."

"But hold! One thing before you go!" exclaimed Mademoiselle D'Espargne excitedly. "I was near forgetting. This Monsieur Freud—his book? You must tell to me its name that I shall read it."

"Oh no, no!" cried Olga Olgovska. "Don't do that, Celeste!"

"Why so?"

"You must keep your innocence."

"Me? My innocence? What is this?"

"Don't, that's all," said Olga Olgovska. "I warn you now."

And with these words she took her leave and went out through the main body of the shop.

Her costumer watched her going intently.

"What a woman!" she said half aloud to herself. "What a woman—always the jest!"

The door closed after the simple but interesting figure she was watching.

"What a woman!" repeated Mademoiselle D'Espargne half audibly. "And what a trade! Everywhere—seeing all things! Trying everything, in life, in love! And now she will marry herself also. *O, là, là*—they all will come to it!" She turned back to her delightful private office. "Yet I also shall see. To-morrow I also shall secure this Freud book from the library of circulation."

XI

"THE time hass come," said Olga Olgovska, "to tell you all. In my two days from here I haf been with Them in council."

The scene was again the monastic living room of her friend and protector, Miss Penelope Barnum; the time was evening, her audience Miss Barnum and Miss McBride. And through the dimness from the

(Continued on Page 75)

HUDSON SUPER SIX

A New HUDSON $1895

A Greater Super-Six for Less Money

Dealers Are Showing It For the First Time—
A Refinement of the Car You Know So Well

It is a handsomer car
It is easier to operate
It is improved in many mechanical features

It is more economical
It has the exclusive Super-Six features for increasing car life

The perfection that men said would make the Hudson Super-Six the finest automobile that is built is embraced in the new models Hudson dealers are now showing.

Six years with 111,000 cars now in use have shown how to free it from many of the annoyances regarded inevitable in all cars.

Recall the Qualities For Which It Is Known

Each year has seen the emphasis of some new quality in the Hudson Super-Six. Six years ago, when new, it was the 72% greater horsepower without increase of motor size or sacrifice of simplicity that attracted.

Some thought such power would prove destructive, and so many famous tests were made to prove endurance.

Every one recalls how Hudson stock cars made new records for speed. Among them 1819 miles in 24 hours.

The run from San Francisco to New York and return in 10 days 21 hours remains unmatched, though numerous attempts have since been made by others.

Only within the Hudson organization was such development possible. Our engineers, for the most part the same personnel responsible for all previous Hudsons, have had unequalled opportunities.

Every car built in those years became a guide to future advancement. Every endurance test revealed new ways to improvement. Every model suggested a simpler, more beautiful car. The experience of every owner was an influence toward perfection.

Such a car is the new Hudson Super-Six.

It created new standards of beauty. Each body type is famous for good looks and the completeness of every detail.

It is the fulfillment of the promise of those 111,000 cars now in service.

Prompt Deliveries To Early Buyers

The Super-Six has always been the largest selling fine car. Think what must be the demand for this greatest of all Hudsons, and at this price!

Early buyers will get first deliveries.

The Greatest Value HUDSON Ever Offered
Go See it Today—The Price Is $1895

	Last Year's Prices	*The Price Now*	*It Saves You*
7-passenger Phaeton	$2600	$1895	$705
4-passenger Phaeton	2600	1895	705
Sedan	3400	2895	505
Coupé	3575	2770	805
Cabriolet	3450	2495	955
Touring Limousine	3925	3120	805
Limousine	4275	3495	780

F. O. B. Factory

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CAPITAL ON STRIKE

(Continued from Page 13)

if his conscience and disposition permit it, is to turn his back on work, risk and constructive effort and place as much of his capital as is or can be made liquid into exempt securities, and to the extent that he does so all direct taxation ceases to trouble him."

It is impossible to say exactly how many totally tax-exempt securities there are or to exactly what extent the large incomes have been converted into them. The volume of such securities has been estimated as high as $16,000,000,000. It is certainly increasing at the rate of $1,000,000,000 a year. As to the extent to which the rich have converted their incomes into these securities, upon which of course it is unnecessary to pay any income tax whatever, no one can say, because the amount of such securities still owned by savings banks and other similar institutions cannot be stated with any degree of preciseness.

Doctor Adams, economic expert to the Treasury Department, has stated that in his opinion the volume of exempt securities is "quite sufficient for the wealthy men to invest nearly their entire fortunes." Other experts differ radically from this view; but it might be noted that Congressman McFadden, chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, has stated that by 1922 the process of conversion into exempt securities on the part of the very large incomes will have gone so far that they will be scot-free from taxes.

This much is certain: Practically every broker and bond or investment dealer has gone into municipals. The financial pages of the newspapers contain far more offerings of municipal bonds than of any other variety, and even persons with means so moderate that tax exemption is no benefit receive by mail two or three offerings of such securities daily. New issues of municipals are being put out every day.

One of the country's richest men, already quoted at length, told me that the people he knew were converting at a steadily increasing rate. I objected that many rich men could not put their property into sufficiently liquid form to sell, but he replied by saying that though that was entirely true of one year, there had now been four years in which to make the change. The first year or two, he said, rich men decided to hang on, thinking the taxes would not last, but that by now everyone is doing it.

The investment manager of one of the largest fortunes said that he no longer buys any securities whatever except exempts, and added, "If we are in this position others of like means must be."

Taxpayers Running to Cover

I objected that the volume of exempt securities, even if around $16,000,000,000, hardly seemed large enough to me to permit of so many of the very large incomes seeking refuge therein. He replied that the great fortunes had been able to get all they want because the active, successful business men on incomes of say $50,000 to $100,000 a year had been very slow about coming into the exempt market.

"Such men sniffed at the idea of buying exempts," he said, "until after they had paid their taxes a couple of times. Then perhaps they would buy $10,000 municipal bonds. Then along would come newspaper talk about a reduction of supertaxes, and many offerings of 8 per cent preferred stock. These stocks looked good to them, and they became careless once more about buying municipals, only to be hooked again by the tax."

Of course the advantage of buying exempt securities becomes exceedingly great in the case of larger incomes. A man with an income of $1,000,000 a year who pays taxes on a taxable security will have no more left even if the interest rate is 24 per cent a year than if he owns a 5.75 per cent exempt security. Every newspaper a rich man opens, every bond circular in his mail, every salesman who calls is able to offer him an absolutely safe tax-exempt bond, completely free from risk and paying 6 per cent or more.

Why then should he take the tremendous risk of buying stock in gold mines and oil wells, which even if they pay 25 per cent dividends will yield no more than the municipal bond? On the other hand, if he buys an ordinary investment, such as a mortgage or preferred stock to pay 6 or 7 per cent, he has only 1 or 2 per cent left, or if he is really in the $1,000,000-a-year class he would have to give up part of the principal to the Government.

More and more rich men are taking the sure and easy road, and the great accumulations of capital are being both rapidly and steadily withdrawn from industry and losing their push. No one can blame the rich man, for he is offered an actual premium to stop working, worrying and risking his money and to go away and play.

Although it is probable that many rich men do not figure the relative return from taxables and exempts in any very close mathematical fashion, and only run to cover when they feel that the chances are all against them and that nearly all their income is being taken away, yet the mathematics of the situation is intensely interesting. The facts in the case to be used for illustration were furnished by Morris F. Frey, income-tax expert and assistant treasurer of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. It is of a man with an income of $100,000 a year from his business, thus avoiding the extremely large incomes where the results would be far more startling. This man owned $1,000,000, par value, of Delaware and Hudson 4 per cent bonds. On June thirtieth these bonds were selling to yield 5.875 per cent, or at 76½.

The Rush for Nontaxables

The gross income from these bonds is $40,000 a year, but the tax in the case of this man was $24,000 on the $40,000, leaving him only $16,000 net on his investment. But this man sold the railroad bonds, and the proceeds enabled him to buy $924,000 par value of 4.5 per cent municipal bonds, selling to yield 5.875 per cent. This gave him an annual income of $41,580 on the municipal bonds, which, not being taxed, is net. Thus he gained $25,580 a year by making the switch.

There are those who advocate an amendment to the Constitution which would make all future issues of state and municipal bonds taxable. Though there are no doubt arguments in favor of such an amendment, the states and municipalities are not going to like the idea of having their taxes increased in order to make it easier to collect Federal taxes, for of course state and municipal bonds would have to bear higher rates of interest if they were not exempt.

But even if such an amendment were passed there would still be some $16,000,000,000 of outstanding exempt securities, which were purchased in good faith on the understanding that they were to be exempt. Moreover, they were sold at lower rates for that very reason, and to take away their exempt feature now would not only be unfair morally but would constitute about the worst breach of contract that imagination can conjure up.

How such a situation can be relieved except by a reduction in the rates of taxation to a point where other investments are attractive is impossible to conceive. Any effort to place a stigma upon rich men for buying exempt securities instead of calmly paying from a half to three-quarters of their income in taxes is ridiculous in the extreme, for the very simple reason that the same Government which tries to collect the taxes issues the exempt securities and urges the rich men to buy them. There is not a single dollar of the many billions of outstanding exempt securities which has not been issued by the Federal, state or municipal governments and made exempt for the very purpose of inducing those to buy who might profit most from buying.

A witness who recently opposed a reduction in supertax rates before the Senate Committee on Finance on the ground that such a reduction would be unjust to labor, and especially to the farmers, remarked: "The Rockefellers and the Morgans and all the other billionaires and millionaires who are investing in tax-exempt securities are exactly in the same class as that young man Bergdoll who evaded the draft and ran away."

"I suppose you would apply the same stigma to those who purchase nontaxable farm-loan bonds?" was the unanswerable rejoinder of a member of the committee.

Certainly the Government cannot with consistency issue bonds with features that appeal to the rich and are intended to appeal to them, and then turn around and lend any countenance to placing a stigma upon the rich for buying them. That would be the complete and ultimate word in fiscal lunacy and moral turpitude.

Earlier in this article it was brought out that the supertaxes fall with far more destructive force over a given period of years upon the irregular business income than upon the certain periodic income. But this contrast or disparity is accentuated in many cases to an extreme degree by the existence of exempt securities.

Take the active business man on an income only large enough for his living needs and a comparatively small capital constantly engaged in the business. What chance has he to convert either principal or income into exempts? But suppose he does have one remarkably good year, for which he has worked ever since he was a boy. Along comes the Government and takes the major part of his profits, and he is therefore still unable to put any substantial amount into exempt securities.

But meanwhile the young sport who has inherited $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 invested in bonds, mortgages, preferred stocks and the like has been shifting them into exempts and is gradually freeing himself from taxes altogether.

Thus the supertax creates two distinct classes of rich men—those who have to pay and those who do not have to pay. It falls with particular force also upon the younger business men, the comers. Those who already have fortunes convert them into exempt securities, but the executives on incomes of from $20,000 to $30,000 or $40,000 a year are prevented from accumulating even moderate fortunes. Though the rates of course are much lower on such incomes than on the $100,000 and upward class, they are large enough relatively to prevent the accumulation of even small estates. Such men have practically no principal to convert into exempt securities, and the margin between their living expenses and income is so much smaller than in the case of men with larger fortunes that with the imposition of the supertaxes they have ceased to a large extent to save and to invest at all.

Outsiders in Standard Oil

It may or may not be wise to prevent by taxation or other means such fortunes as those of Carnegie and Rockefeller. But it is difficult to see what social good is accomplished by a tax measure which actually intrenches the position of the older and larger fortunes which have fallen into the hands of the second or third generations while at the same time barring the road to even moderate fortune of younger and newer men.

All experts agree that the effect of the supertaxes upon the investment markets would have been far more disastrous if it had not been for the development of the smaller investor in the course of the Liberty Loan campaigns. The small investor came along and helped to save the day, or at least to prevent much worse conditions, just as the big investor was being forced out of everything except exempt securities. In the last few years the average sale of investment bonds or stocks has fallen off to about one-quarter of its former size. Indeed this decline in the unit of sale is one of the outstanding phenomena of present-day investment business.

The refusal of large investors to buy taxable securities is so marked that even in companies where wealthy men are directors new issues of securities go almost invariably to small outside investors. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey not long ago sold $200,000,000 of 7 per cent preferred stock, commonly considered a high-grade and desirable investment. It is reported that John D. Rockefeller did not buy any of this stock, although he has always been considered the largest common stockholder in the company and was for many years its president, and of course its founder.

Officials of the Standard Oil Company and members of J. P. Morgan & Co., the managers of the syndicate which underwrote the stock, did not care either to confirm or deny the report when I asked them. But representatives of other syndicate

(Continued on Page 30)

One Common Purpose

LEADERSHIP comes naturally and inevitably to an organization imbued with the energy and determination to do the best thing in the most economical way.

That the Firestone organization has this spirit to an unusual degree is in part due to the fact that from highest executive to the humblest laborer all are stockholders in the Company. Their interest is genuine and personal. Their superior skill, their spirit of service, are stimulated by their immediate interest in winning new friends for Firestone and retaining old ones.

Theirs is a common purpose: to emulate the example and reflect the aims of the man whose name is on the tire. Under his active leadership, year after year for twenty years, have been laid those foundations of man power and resources which are bearing their biggest results in low cost mileage—best exemplified by the Firestone Cord Tire.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

"Steam heat without coal"

Gasteam

No soot
No labor
No fuel
problem

Do not struggle with your heating plant *this* winter

THESE Fall days are costly as well as irritating to anyone with an ordinary heating plant. A cold snap comes, a fire is built—*and the weather turns mild again!*

Waste in coal—waste in labor—annoyance—discomfort.

GASTEAM heating—steam heat, generated by gas on the unit principle—is used by thrifty people all over the country because it doesn't compete with Nature. Its fuel consumption varies with the weather—in Spring and Fall it is glad to let the sun assume most of the burden.

People who have installed GASTEAM on grounds of economy find that it has other advantages: It maintains a pleasant and healthful humidity in the atmosphere. It is convenient and clean and healthful. It needs practically no attention, and cannot be damaged by freezing.

Incidentally, because it does away with boiler and coal bin, it is particularly desirable for business property. It opens up the basement to profitable use.

Because of its economy, cleanliness and convenience there are GASTEAM installations in stores, offices, factories, schools, churches, theatres, apartment buildings and residences all over the country.

A copy of the GASTEAM book awaits your request

JAMES B. CLOW & SONS

General Offices: 534-546 S. Franklin St., Chicago

Sales offices in the principal cities

(Continued from Page 28)

members said that they understood Mr. Rockefeller bought none of the stock. I have also learned that other large common stockholders could not afford to buy any of the preferred stock and did not see how Mr. Rockefeller could.

When on previous occasions the Standard Oil Company needed money it was easily obtained from its own large common stockholders or from its own profits. That the company is relatively as strong as ever is the general belief; but it could not obtain money from its own profits, for these had to be paid out in excess-profit taxes or from its own common stockholders, because these could not afford to buy its stock on account of the supertaxes. So something like 30,000 or 40,000 small investors had to be called upon to supply the capital.

I have taken the Standard Oil matter up in some detail merely to emphasize the extraordinary condition which has been brought about by a tax law which prevents the men who have been regarded as the geniuses of great corporations from investing in their own companies. Case after case can be cited of companies which have heretofore been owned and managed by a few very rich men being obliged to go to the outside public for funds because of the supertaxes.

There are advantages in increasing the number of small stockholders, but there are decided disadvantages also. Risk and responsibility are diffused and management tends to become less aggressive. More specifically the cost of capital to business is greatly increased. The man who buys bonds in $25,000 units knows what he wants and when he wants it, but the widow who buys in $1000 and $2000 units has to be elaborately sold. Thus the expenses of the distributing houses have increased enormously, their required commissions on a bond issue having doubled.

Why Mortgage Money is Scarce

Then, too, there are many strong concerns in which the rich man would normally invest but which are not well enough known to the general public to interest the small investor. Most important of all, the small investor demands a high rate of interest. He wants to buy at par or slightly less with a round interest rate of 7 or 8 per cent, and though his participation may decrease the number of potential socialists, it makes financing for industry exceedingly expensive. No one maintains that the only cause of the high interest rates is the removal of large incomes from the investment market; but it is decidedly a major cause and, what makes it worse, an avoidable one, which is not true of other reasons for dear money.

This removal of the large investor has fallen with especial disaster upon the building industry, and has had as much to do as any single cause in producing the shortage of houses. The flight from mortgage investments by persons of large means has assumed the proportions of a rout, particularly as mortgage interest rates are fixed by law. Walter Stabler, comptroller of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which is said to be the largest lender on mortgage in the world, is authority for the statement that one very large holder of mortgages in New York City—said to have owned $15,000,000—had only 1.6 per cent of his income left when he paid his tax for 1918 and has since been paying brokers commissions for relieving him of his mortgages and selling them to savings banks.

There is equally good authority for the statement that the Marshall Field estate, the largest lender in Chicago, had only 1.15 per cent left of its income after paying 1918 taxes and has since been calling in loans. A witness before a Senate committee recently stated that he had been told of a man with $7,000,000 who formerly had 80 per cent in mortgages and now has 95 per cent in exempt securities.

In New York City the situation became so serious because of the withdrawal of rich investors from mortgages that a few banking and financial institutions were compelled to form a committee which practically forced the moneyed institutions to lend, after the fashion in which people were obliged through fear of ostracism to subscribe to Liberty Loans during the war. If this strong-arm action had not been taken literally thousands of small-home owners would have been ruined. Yet there are people so innocent as to think that the rich can be soaked to the limit without hitting anyone else.

A Dislocated Bond Market

Though no other industry has suffered so much from the supertaxes as home building, yet the public utilities of the country are a strong second. Philip H. Gadsden, vice president of the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, and president of the American Electric Railway Association, says careful study shows that no one with an income above $10,000 can afford to buy even an 8 per cent public-utility security in preference to a 5 per cent exempt bond. Yet the utility industries need $750,000,000 of new money a year, are behind over $1,000,000,000 in improvements, which cannot be made because the money cannot be obtained, and are usually forbidden by state law to make over 8 per cent profits.

To a much greater degree than is commonly realized the whole investment market has been strangely perverted by the forcing of rich men into tax-exempt securities. These Federal, state and municipal bonds are the safest of investments, and by every rule of common sense should be owned by the man and woman with small savings, either directly or indirectly through deposits in savings banks and other similar institutions.

The rich man and the man of small means are both taking the forms of investment which they ought not to take. The rich man should and under normal conditions of taxation could and would afford to take the risk of promotions of new enterprises, construction and development. He should take the equities. The poor man should confine himself to the safe end of things, to government, state and municipal securities. But taxation forces the rich man out of where he belongs into where the poor man belongs, and necessity and high-powered salesmanship are forcing the poor man into investments which are unsuited to him.

Indeed in certain localities exempt securities are in such demand by the rich investor that brokers are able to draw them out of savings banks by making sufficiently attractive offers. The banks do not sell except at a profit, and there are other safe investments for them. I am not saying that the banks lose, but every investment expert knows that such a process means the removal of government and municipal bonds from their natural and proper resting place.

No attempt as yet has been made in this article to describe the numerous ingenious devices which are sometimes adopted to avoid the payment of excessive supertaxes. A common method, of course, is the splitting up of fortunes by means of gifts to wife, children and other relatives. In the last few years the practice of rich men in going to trust companies and creating a trust of $1,000,000 or so for the benefit of their wives, children and relatives has assumed at least twice its former importance.

One variation is to organize a corporation and turn over, say, $1,000,000 in principal and have the corporation declare out $60,000 a year in dividends to one's old-maid sisters or other relatives. A corporation lawyer told me that he personally knew of dozens of cases where either trust funds or corporations had been formed in this way for the reduction of supertaxes. In the case of some of the better known of the richer men the newspapers have openly stated without contradiction that such action had been taken, for what purpose was not disclosed. Indeed in perhaps the most conspicuous case of all it is contended that much of the mammoth fortune has been distributed among members of the founder's family.

An interesting method of reducing the supertax is to form a com[illegible] to which a large fund is given for the purpose of conducting a charity, such as an orphan asylum. Gifts to charity are deductible from one's income tax, but not beyond 15 per cent of the income, and there are a few cases where, to avoid the tax on charitable gifts above that amount, corporations have been organized.

A most remarkable method of reducing the tax is in the case of a sale where the seller, instead of receiving, say, $1,000,000 outright, is retained as an officer of the buying corporation at a salary of $100,000 for each of ten years. He visits the office perhaps once in two months for ten years and draws the salary without of course doing any work.

A Short-Sighted Policy

In the case of a few rich individuals who owned stock in several companies from which a large income was received it has been possible to form a holding or investment banking corporation to which the dividends from the several companies were paid. The men exchanged their stock in the several companies for stock in the holding company, and as long as the latter paid out no dividends the men were free from taxes.

Several of these methods have been or are in process of being corrected by law. But if the rates remain excessive new devices will be thought of as soon as the old ones are done away with. As fast as one hole is plugged others will develop. In taxation as elsewhere extreme measures are sure to bring unforeseen and troublous results.

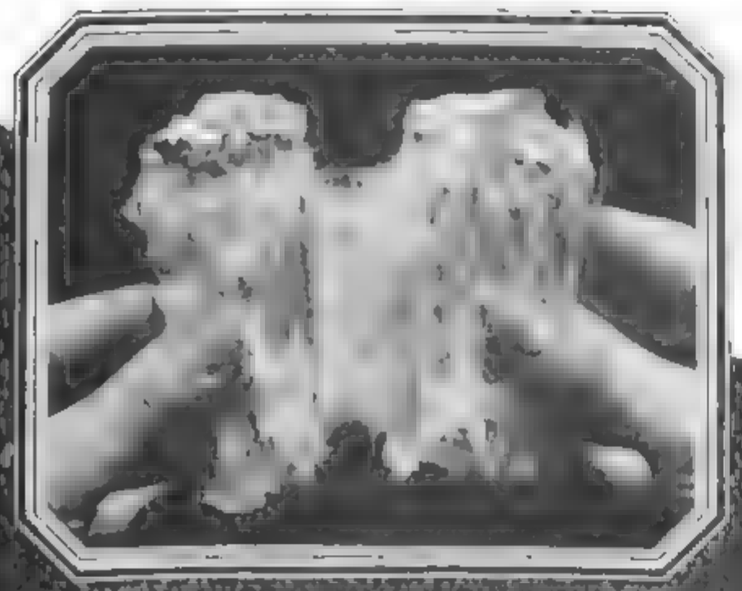
Moreover the far larger and more important methods of avoiding excessive supertaxes—namely, investment in exempt securities, retirement from business, failure to make sales and failure to enter into new business—are absolutely legal and ethical and cannot be reached by law.

There are only two sources of taxes: wealth and consumption. Most careful students of the subject say that to tax either exclusive of the other is to invite disaster. Three-fourths to four-fifths of the Federal revenue comes from wealth, and nine-tenths of state and local revenue comes from the same place. The strain is too great. Expert opinion is in agreement that supertaxes of not to exceed one-third, in place of three-quarters, would actually have the ultimate effect of an increase in revenue; that is, the rich would really pay more in the end if taxes were put at a level where they could be more generally collected.

From 1916 to 1918 the number of incomes of $300,000 and over on which taxes were paid decreased 52 per cent and the amount paid fell from $1,000,000,000 to $400,000,000. Soaking the rich as a policy has merely defeated its own ends.

CLOW

Hospital Equipment	☐	Gasteam Radiators	☐
Violet Ray Water Sterilizers	☐	Manhole Covers and Frames	☐
Cast Iron Pipe and Fittings	☐	Steel and Wrought Iron Pipe	☐
Valves and Fire Hydrants	☐	Lamp Posts and Fountains	☐
Drinking Fountains	☐	Filters and Fish Traps	☐
Swimming Pool Purification	☐	Plumbing Supplies	☐
Industrial Plant Sanitation	☐	Hot Water Heaters	☐
		Marble	☐
		Steam Fittings	☐



Crude Asbestos as it comes from the Johns-Manville mines. These beautiful, silky but everlasting fibres are responsible for the durability and fire-safety of Flexstone Shingles.

Now! A shingle that's different from all others

FLEXSTONE

The slate-surfaced Asbestos shingle

HERETOFORE there has been only one Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle, distinguishable by its rock-like hardness.

With the introduction of Flexstone you may now get at a reduced price many of the extraordinary merits of that famous Johns-Manville rigid asbestos shingle—for Flexstone Shingles, although costing less, are all mineral, fire-resistant, rot-proof. They are made of asbestos felt densely impregnated with asphalt, embellished with red or green crushed slate and are not to be confused with ordinary slate-surfaced shingles.

Priced within a few cents of so-called composition shingles

To produce an asbestos shingle that does not curl, rot or dry out, and still reach the price levels of ordinary rag felt shingles, is an achievement—for the cost of rag felt is obviously less than a fabric of rock fibre—asbestos. So we are actually committed to giving you more per dollar, more years of service, greater fire-safety, lower upkeep cost.

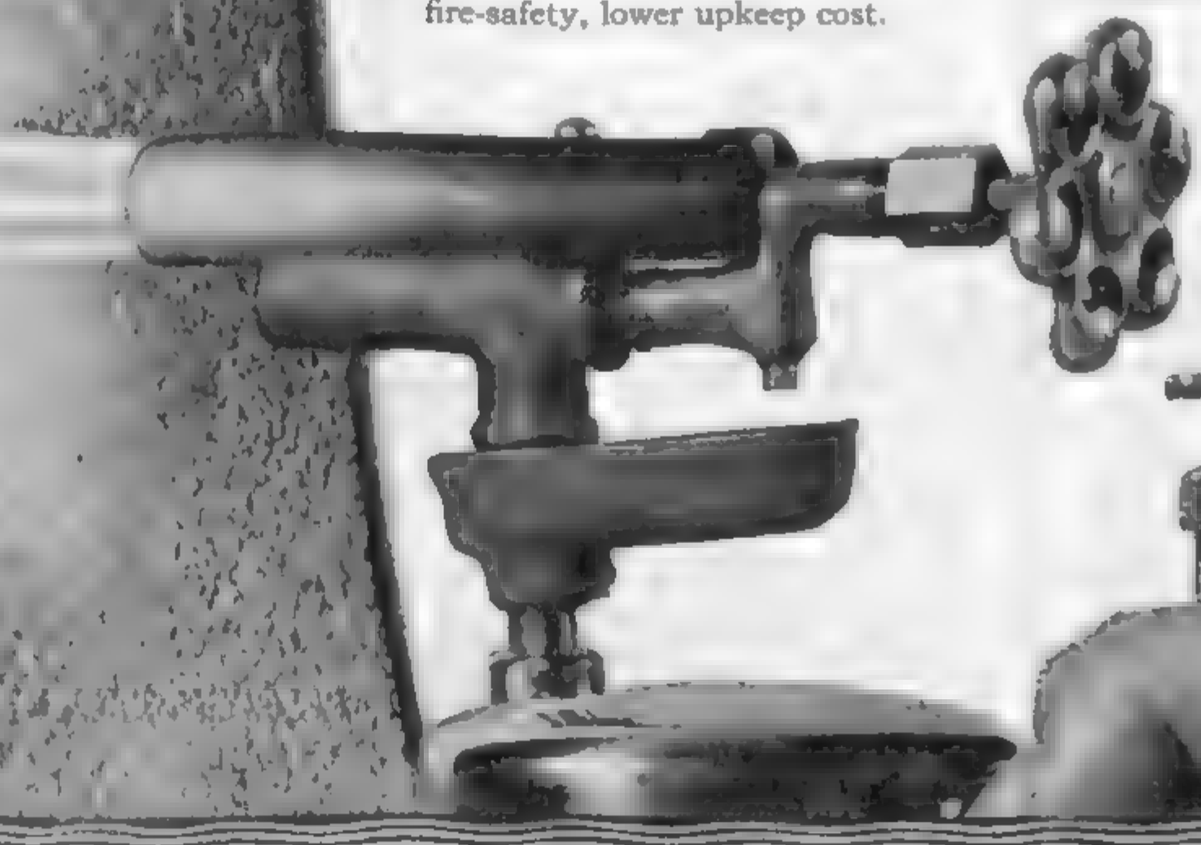
Flexstone is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing

You can have Flexstone in roll form, in strips, or in single shingles. The type of roof, locality and personal taste will determine that. But be assured that whatever type you choose, Flexstone is a roofing of real asbestos and as such assures you the maximum in service, economy, fire-safety and durability. Ask your dealer or write us for full particulars.

To the Trade

Over fifty years ago the first blast was touched off in the Johns-Manville Asbestos Mines. Ever since that time the name Johns-Manville has meant roofing dependability. And now comes Flexstone—the Asbestos-Asphalt shingle backed by all the prestige and experience of fifty years in the manufacture of asbestos roofings. For full particulars address nearest branch or New York headquarters.

JOHNS-MANVILLE, Incorporated
Madison Ave., at 41st St., New York City
Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS MANVILLE CO., Ltd
Toronto



Make this convincing blow-torch test on Flexstone Shingles. It proves how thoroughly fire-resistant these shingles are.

Flexstone Asbestos Shingles are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., and take base rates of Insurance

JOHNS-MANVILLE INSURANCE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through

Asbestos

and its allied products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofing

GRANITE
DOUBLE END
MEN'S
COAT LININGS

What Other Coat Lining Will Do This?

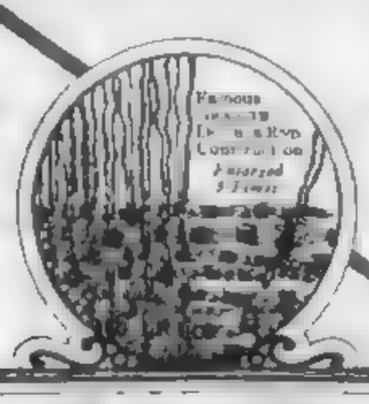
Men who dress correctly have ample reason to be fastidious about the lining of their coats and overcoats. A poor lining not only neutralizes the effect of an otherwise handsome garment, but it also lacks the strength and firmness to retain the original style lines of the garment.

A good coat lining—Granite Double End—possesses a textural beauty and lustre all its own. In addition it has the body and substance to support permanently the shapeliness which underlies the style of a coat. The exclusive and inimitable Double End Construction, through a smooth, attractive, level surface, defies friction and is impervious to wear.

Your Clothier will show you garments tailored by leading manufacturers lined with Granite Double End. The colorings and designs reflect the season's newest fancies. Demand Granite Double End by name and look for the guarantee in the garment.

LESHER MOHAIRS

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC.
881 Broadway, New York



THE GUARANTEE
This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) made by Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc., and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole during the life of the garment, we will furnish material for a new lining without charge.

END OF STEEL

(Continued from Page 4)

for the country is landmarked by recollections of good men overtaken by mishap on many a dim trail of the north. Hospitality is almost a religion among them. They have an insistent desire to feed the stranger on sight in this land where food is precious. These things were evident at every stage of the journey. By no stretch of the imagination could the trip over the A. & G. W. be termed a pleasure jaunt, yet there are more complaints registered every hour on the most sumptuously appointed train de luxe than were voiced throughout the whole three days on this primitive string of cars crawling sluggishly across the muskeg.

Freight was stacked in great heaps round End of Steel, the first evidence of congestion. Baggage was lashed on mud sleds to be transported to the river. The road had been churned into a bottomless bog by heavy freighting, and the horses floundered to their bodies in the oozing slime. Two sleigh loads of baggage were so incrusted with mud as to render accurate identification impossible. Pedestrians skirted mudholes wherever feasible. Vast piles of freight marked the shore at the confluence of the Clearwater and Christina rivers. Flat scows were being loaded out for Fort McMurray twenty-odd miles downstream and others waited for passengers and baggage.

The river bank at McMurray was likewise strewn with nondescript piles of freight destined for down country.

Many inhabitants were disappointed in their dream of witnessing a rush of thousands to the Arctic, but this freight congestion was a point of great enlightenment for the average observer to read. This year's tonnage exceeds that of normal seasons by three times and will tax the combined capacity of all river transportation facilities to the utmost. Nevertheless this surplus will barely suffice to cover operations already under way and to supply the newcomers engaged in them; so any addition to their ranks without additional supplies—this last impossible without added transportation facilities—would have been impracticable to an extreme.

Treaties With the Indians

The little village of McMurray is located near the center of the famous tar sands of the Athabasca. These deposits, saturated with bitumen, extend for twenty miles around. The shores of the streams show frequent outcroppings, the black seepage oozing from the sandy face of the bluffs. An apparent lethargy and a lack of interest have permitted the tremendous resources of the Northwest Territories to lie dormant and unexploited for a century, except for the fur trade and a little superficial prospecting for gold. To-day the northerner has his eye on any and all resources that may prove a link in the chain of development.

These bitumen deposits are occasioning considerable speculation as to the importance they may assume as a factor in developing the McMurray District. Some of the tar-sand deposit was freighted to Edmonton in its natural state, there to be used in construction of a test pavement. The paving proved an undoubted success, but pure bitumen can now be imported and mixed with sand at a lower figure than the cost of freight on the tar sand from McMurray to Edmonton in its natural form. This difference may not obtain after steel is laid to the spot. However, it is certain that before Athabasca deposits can successfully compete with imported products it will become necessary to devise some economical method of extracting the bitumen from the sands.

Mr. H. A. Conroy, treaty commissioner, was on his way north, accompanied by Inspector Bruce, of the Mounted Police, who was in charge of the escort. Since the early '80's Mr. Conroy has been a dominant figure in the Northwest Territories, where he came after following the various gold rushes of our own Western States, including those of Nevada during the late '70's. Many compilations of various departments of the Dominion Government refer to Mr. Conroy as an intelligent observer and a wide traveler in unknown regions, and his observations of those parts are quoted as reliable information. Inspector Bruce is equally well known in the annals of the Mounted Police.

The treaty party was bent on a mission quite in keeping with the new policy of opening the territories. It is the purpose of the Dominion Government to negotiate for the remaining land rights of the Indians throughout an area of 272,000 square miles, and it is the intention of the party to visit tribes that have never made treaty with the government.

Making treaty has several purposes. The native abrogates his rights in favor of the government, so far as they pertain to his proprietorship of the land, and they then become vested in the dominion. In return the Indian becomes the ward of the government and is paid treaty for as long as the sun shines and the water runs—in fact, for as long as Nature continues to operate in the customary fashion.

This treaty will also establish his status as a citizen, for there is no longer any accurate method of determining whether or not a native is a half blood, a quarter blood or of pure Indian extraction except on his own testimony and that of his friends.

A native proclaiming himself an Indian is paid five dollars a year for every member of his family. He is then a treaty Indian. One who can show a trace of white blood, which is the case with a considerable number, is paid in script. This script may be placed upon any quarter section of government land in Canada. There are various considerations in favor of a declaration on either side, and each side has its drawbacks.

An Indian is a minor in the eyes of the law. If he takes treaty he settles himself for life in the rôle of a resident without the rights of citizenship. The breed who takes script becomes a white man and is so listed in the census, thus ranking equally in the rights of citizenship.

At first glance it would seem that any native with white blood in his veins would declare in favor of full citizenship and take his script for a quarter section of land. However, he has always roamed thousands of miles at will, and land as such has no particular value in his mind. He can pitch his tepee or build his cabin on any one of ten thousand sites upon which no white man ever trod, confident in the belief that all the land within sight is his very own. Therefore his idea of individual proprietorship of land is hazy in the extreme, and if given his choice between land script and a pocketknife he would naturally choose the knife.

White men have been known to pay fair prices for this paper in order that they might place it upon good government land in Alberta or Saskatchewan, and this fact may have influenced a number of natives to declare in favor of script. This feature has been largely eliminated by a clause which provides that the original recipient of the paper must locate the land himself. With the average native mere pride of citizenship, unaccompanied by pecuniary benefits, would not operate as an inducement to take script. Full citizenship has no meaning to him; a copper medal stating that he is a great canoeman or that he has trapped much fur for his trading company would be of infinitely greater value in his eyes.

The Traders' Credit System

One declaring himself an Indian has many distinct advantages in his favor. He may hunt or fish, at will, regardless of place or season of the year, while a white man is subject to certain strict regulations. An Indian is a minor in the eyes of the law. One may extend credit to a native, but he cannot enforce collection of the debt. The traders give credit and expect the debt to be paid in fur. In the old days when but one or two concerns operated in the north these obligations were met or the debtor received no more credit at the posts. Competition for furs is much keener at the present time, more companies are operating, and a host of free traders are out for their share of the trade. In order to compete they have been forced to trade in the old way and sew up the prospective season's catch of a native by giving him credit on their books.

All the traders agree that the system must be radically revised, for the native was quick to realize the advantage of his status as a minor. The Indian's idea of honesty is that of expediency, and it is an open secret that in the last two years there has been something over a quarter of a million dollars in uncollectible debts written off the books of various companies and individuals operating between Fort McMurray and the Arctic Coast. All things considered, the majority of natives with white blood in their veins elect to become treaty Indians in preference to the doubtful honor of being made white men by taking script.

Inspector Bruce, of the Mounted Police, and two constables make up Mr. Conroy's escort on his journey to the haunts of the nontreaty tribes, and upon these four men rests the responsibility of taking over the remaining aboriginal rights to 272,000 square miles of land and settling the final details of transference to the Dominion Government.

The party carries the money for the first year's payment of treaty. Virtually this means that the purchase price of a quarter million square miles of land is being carried through the wilds in actual cash, although the amount involved is not so tremendous as the mileage of the purchase might indicate. In any event it is a land deal of some magnitude and the fact that these four men are intrusted with the safeguarding of such an amount of cash through thousands of miles of wilderness travel testifies to the rigid efficiency and thoroughness with which the Mounted Police have carried the law into the bush.

Down the Athabasca

The steamboat McMurray, a little paddle-wheel steamer belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, dropped down the Athabasca River two weeks before her usual date of departure. Behind us was Fort McMurray, the last link of telegraphic communication with the outside world; ahead lay thirty-five hundred miles of lake and river travel before we should return to it. There were thirty-odd passengers aboard, all headed for the oil fields with the exception of a few missionaries and traders.

The Athabasca is a beautiful stream with an average width of three hundred yards. Its course is studded with countless islands. Frequently the boat passed down some channel, the wooded shores crowding close on either hand and creating the impression that the stream had narrowed, moving in this fashion for such an extended distance that other channels flowing in from either flank seemed to be tributary rivers; these inflowing waters joined the main flow on all sides and added to the volume till there was a vast sweep of open water stretching forth ahead. Always this feathered once more in branching lanes that threaded a maze of islands.

The boat stopped less than ten minutes at Fort McKay, a group of log huts and a cluster of tepees near the trading post. It was another two hundred miles before we reached the next point on the map. The virgin timber grows to the banks of the streams, dense stands of aspen, spruce and balsam. There is very little open country, an absolute lack of the little glades and parks so frequently encountered in the forested areas of our own Western States; only the solid bush reaching back interminably from the shores of the stream.

For forty miles at a stretch there was no sign of human habitation except for an occasional native canoe beached on the river bank or an infrequent tepee pitched on an island—the north of yesterday. Then we heard the steady chug of a gas boat ahead, a similar purr from behind. The steamer passed a flat scow loaded with freight and pushed by a newly built gasoline launch; the craft in the rear, a large canoe with an outboard motor, overhauled and passed both scow and steamer, and the meeting of the three was a touch of the present. We rounded a bend to find a home site hewed out of the solid bush. A garden sloped down from the neat little cabin, a garden that would rival the best outside; peas, beans, carrots, turnips, celery, tomatoes and potatoes flourished under the hot spring sun—a brief passing glimpse of the north of to-morrow.

At intervals we sighted a lob stick. These are used as landmarks in the north, a necessity along streams where there is a similarity of landscape for hundreds of miles on end. A lob stick is simply a spruce

(Continued on Page 34)

fresh
from the factory

Freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality. It takes time—and lots of it—to cure tobacco properly. Nothing can hurry it—but once it is properly aged, blended, cut and packed for smoking, the sooner you smoke it the better it is.

To insure TUXEDO reaching you in fresh condition, The American Tobacco Company has changed its entire plan of distribution on Tuxedo. Nothing is overlooked that will clip minutes from the schedule on which TUXEDO is delivered from our factory to your pipe.

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you. This means that every pipeful is good and every pipeful alike.

You need never smoke stale tobacco again.

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

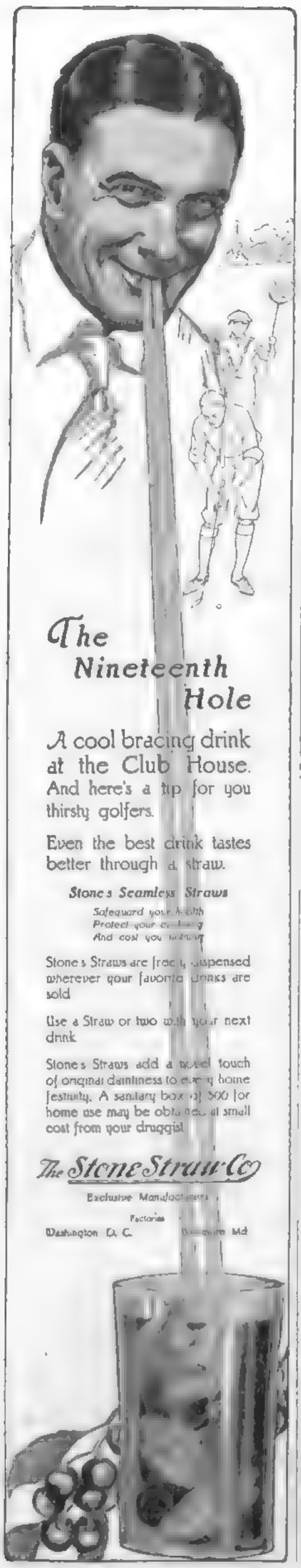
fresh
from the factory

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer

Tuxedo
TOBACCO

fresh
from the factory


The Nineteenth Hole
A cool bracing drink at the Club House.
And here's a tip for you thirsty golfers.
Even the best drink tastes better through a straw.
Stone's Seamless Straws
Safeguard your health
Protect your clothing
And cost you nothing
Stone's Straws are free dispensed wherever your favorite drinks are sold
Use a Straw or two with your next drink
Stone's Straws add a novel touch of original daintiness to every home festivity. A sanitary box of 500 for home use may be obtained at small cost from your druggist
The Stone Straw Co
Exclusive Manufacturers
Factories
Washington D. C.
Md

(Continued from Page 32)

tree with its branches trimmed in some fantastic form. Some are simple in design—a sixty-foot trunk shorn of all limbs excepting the tufted top, or perhaps with regular sections of branches trimmed from butt to tip. Others have been pruned with an eye for originality, as ornately clipped as any juniper that graces a country lawn. It is customary to choose a symmetrical spruce, skylined on a ridge or springing from some point of land that juts out into the stream. The lob stick makes a conspicuous landmark as it looms against the sky. One may mark the start of a portage trail that cuts across to another stream or to one of the thousands of nameless lakes with which the country is studded; another may point the way to a trapper's cache. Then again one may merely designate a woodpile, for the little river boats are wood burners and must frequently put in and load up with fuel. At such halts the mosquitoes raided the boat and it was necessary to screen in the bunks with cheesecloth bed nets; cheesecloth, for the reason that entering through the meshes of ordinary mosquito bar is mere pastime for these acrobatic pests.

Arctic Water Travel

About noon of the third day the boat grounded on a bar. The steamboat McMurray is of very shallow draft, drawing only three feet of water and designed for river travel. The paddle wheel was reversed in an attempt to back her out of the shallows. The water was churned to muddy foam by the furious whirl of the paddle. It seemed that the force with which the water was flung forward under the boat by the reverse action of the paddle would serve to lash any mud or sand bar to shreds, and evidently this was the case, for after ten minutes of violent effort she backed suddenly out of the shallows.

We had now reached the delta of the Athabasca. Vast stretches of hay land lay immediately behind the bush that flanked the margins of the stream. Pilots and river-boat captains dread these flats, as boats are frequently grounded for days. Below the bush the river breaks up into a hundred channels, stretches of water alternating with low-lying strips of grassy or willow-grown land, one lead as inviting as another. A channel that is open one week may be clogged the next, for the current is sluggish, the water heavily sedimentary, and the deposit accumulates rapidly. A freight-laden barge was lashed on before the steamer; barges are pushed, not towed, on these northern streams. An Indian was stationed on the prow of the barge for the purpose of feeling out a channel. The boat forged slowly ahead while the native sounded the depth with a pole and called back his readings to the man in the wheelhouse. The lake serves as a settling basin for the river and offshore the water is clear. The sediment has built up for a great distance out into the lake, and when almost out of sight of land the steamer still felt her way through the shallows. Men had gone on before in canoes to mark out a route by thrusting willow saplings into the mud bottom, their leafy tops protruding above the surface. For two hours the steamer followed the tortuous course of the willows while the Indian on the prow of the barge chanted his monotonous depth readings at ten-second intervals. Then he failed to find bottom and we were off the shoals.

The lake was smooth as glass and there were various mirage effects of lovely wooded islands. I had frequently seen the mirage of desert plains but never before that of the water. We later passed among these islands in reality.

Lake Athabasca is two hundred miles in length with a trading post at each end, Fond du Lac on the east and Chipewyan on the west. The lake is marked by two freaks of nature. The Athabasca River has a curious reverse fork a few miles above the mouth. Instead of two streams converging to form one, this river splits and forms two streams, which diverge rather widely and empty into the lake some twenty-five miles apart. As if to balance this double inlet Lake Athabasca also has two outlets—the Quatre Fouche River, which flows to the Peace, and the Rochers River, which flows to the Slave. The drop of these streams is inconsiderable, and at seasons when the lake is at low water and the Peace and the Slave chance to be on the boom from rains or melting snows, this surplus of flood water frequently overshoots the confluences and starts off upstream, whereupon the currents of the Rochers and the Quatre Fouche gradually reverse and flow back into the lake—perhaps the only two rivers in the world which upon occasion flow the reverse way throughout their entire course.

Rocky wooded islands lifted high above the waters of the lake as we neared Chipewyan. Twice we sighted native fishing camps on the islands with great racks of fish drying before the tepees. Lake Athabasca is noted for its tremendous quantities of fish; its waters swarm with many varieties, of which lake trout and whitefish are the staples. Part of the equipment for a cannery was brought in on the steamboat McMurray, the first venture of this sort in the vicinity. It would seem that transportation costs and the difficulties would eliminate the possibility of this concern's competing with those outside, but by the same consequence it should do well with the down-country market and perhaps be able within a few years to dispose of its output locally.

Far down the lake we could make out the houses of Fort Chipewyan on a rocky prominence. The rock jutting out before the post gradually blackened as the populace assembled to watch the boat come in. A flag floated above the Hudson's Bay post as the boat glided between two islands and the whistle blared its hoarse message. One would expect to witness great commotion and excitement over the arrival of a boat, but this was not the first craft of the season for Chipewyan. There was a hush as the steamer swung in, and the quiet from ashore was communicated to those on the boat and the buzz of conversation ceased.

Later it became increasingly evident that each post had its own distinctive atmosphere, an indefinable something which seems indicative of community temperament. The natives of some forts seem always interested in the arrival of a boat, while those of other posts lapse into complete lethargy regarding them after the first boat of the season appears. On one occasion some six hundred Indians were assembled at a fort, awaiting the arrival of the treaty party. The three boats plying the Mackenzie arrived within thirty minutes, but never a head was thrust from a tepee flap throughout the whole Indian encampment. They simply slept on, though it was quite light and hundreds of half-starved wolfish sleigh dogs howled in unison as each boat whistled in. At another fort a tremendous excitement laid hold upon the natives as our boat steamed in, and the happy uproar was indescribable; and at still another fort, where our boat was the first sighted for eleven months, the lethargy of the natives rivaled that of the dead, and they would not so much as stroll to the edge of the hill for a view of the boat as the whistle shattered the silence of the Arctic.

A Sportsman's Paradise

At some posts this quiet sprang from actual indifference, at others from repressed excitement—a difference of attitude easily distinguishable—but it was neither of these that gripped the inhabitants of Chipewyan. It was not lack of interest nor was it the tense hush of breathless repression. Rather it seemed to emanate from a sense of completeness within themselves, from a certain contentedness of their own community and environment. This particular outlook upon life is no doubt inspired by one point. Food is the first requisite of the native, and Fort Chipewyan is considered one of the best food posts in the north country, sharing the honor with Fond du Lac at the far end of the lake.

Lake Athabasca yields hundreds of tons of fish annually, abundant food for the Indians and their swarms of sleigh dogs. The lake teems with water fowl, and the delta is the best goose-shooting ground in all Canada. The bush is alive with partridge and rabbits, and the products of wonderful gardens furnished welcome supplement to the meat diet.

Bishop Lucas, head of the Anglican Church throughout a territory of almost a million square miles, has long resided at Chipewyan, and he told us of almost unbelievable catches of fish and bags of game made by the natives. On one occasion he saw over a thousand geese brought down by the gun of a Chipewyan hunter, who, more provident than his fellows, hung his kill up to freeze and wintered his family through on the birds.

Out in the lake stands one island that is conspicuous for its nakedness among its wooded fellows, and we heard its story. Once it was timbered and a giant spruce loomed on its crest. This was fantastically trimmed, a lob stick which guided boatmen to Chipewyan from many miles out in the lake. One spring the factor of the Hudson's Bay post watched anxiously for the first boat of the year. He ordered Lob Stick Island cleared of trees to the last sapling so that there might be nothing to obscure his view of the boat for a single instant as she swept down the lake.

An old employe of the company was thus reminded of Bull Island, similarly situated before another post far to the east. An ox used round the post was one day minded to charge an employe, injuring him seriously. The enraged factor decreed that the animal should be taken to the island and slowly burned at the stake, which order was carried out in view of the assembled populace.

Chipewyan is one of the oldest forts in the whole Northwest, and its name is forever identified with the history of the country. Alexander Mackenzie set forth from Chipewyan in 1789 on the trip which resulted in the discovery of the great river that bears his name. Sir John Franklin, the ill-fated explorer, started from this point in 1819 on his famous three-year journey to the Coppermine River and the Arctic Coast. He was an honored guest at the fort on his return. When Franklin and his entire party perished on a subsequent expedition there were several relief parties outfitted from Chipewyan. Such famous names as Petitot, Dease and Simpson are linked with the early history of the fort.

The Land of the Bulldog Fly

It is by many points the most picturesquely located of any of the northwestern forts, standing as it does on a rocky eminence, its cabins following round the shore line and the wooded islands pitching up from the lake in the immediate foreground. The mission of the Anglican Church stands away from the rest. There is an air of neatness about the log cabins, and a picturesque touch is added by the white dots of the tepees standing back against the trees and on the islands near the outlet at the Rochers River, the scores of native canoes on the beach and tons of whitefish drying on racks in the full glare of the sun. Chipewyan is the largest settlement between End of Steel and the Arctic Coast.

There were thirty-three cases of smallpox in the post—approximately one case to every two houses in the fort, although not distributed in that fashion—so the freight was unloaded with all possible dispatch and we steamed out of Chipewyan.

Navigation on the Slave River is interrupted by sixteen miles of rapids, which necessitate the portaging of all freight from Fort Fitzgerald, at their upper end, to Smith Landing, which is just below the rapids. Owing to the condition of the portage it was reported that no passengers would be sent across for two days, but as there were several acquaintances at Smith we made an effort to cross earlier. Our passports to the Northwest Territories were indorsed by the Mounted Police, and at 11:30 P.M. we had tea with Inspector and Mrs. Fletcher at their home adjoining the barracks. It was still quite light, for June nights in Fitzgerald are marked with but little over an hour of darkness.

In the early morning hours we set forth across the portage in a single-seated buckboard, trusting that our baggage would follow in a few more days. The mud seemed bottomless and there were stretches where it had been churned to the consistency of pancake batter and so deep that it oozed across the floor of the buckboard. All along the portage we passed freight outfits mired down in the mud. Freighters were doubling up their teams to relay loads across the worst stretches. About thirty teams have been shipped to Fitzgerald to handle the unprecedented tonnage that is being freighted across the portage this year.

Clouds of mosquitoes and bulldog flies hovered over the horses, and many teamsters had festooned their animals with spruce boughs. The bulldog fly is approximately an inch long and instead of sucking blood, in emulation of the mosquito, he lights and departs with a shred of meat.

(Continued on Page 37)

These Gigantic Pipes Are Rust-Resisting

They are made of "Armco" Ingot Iron.

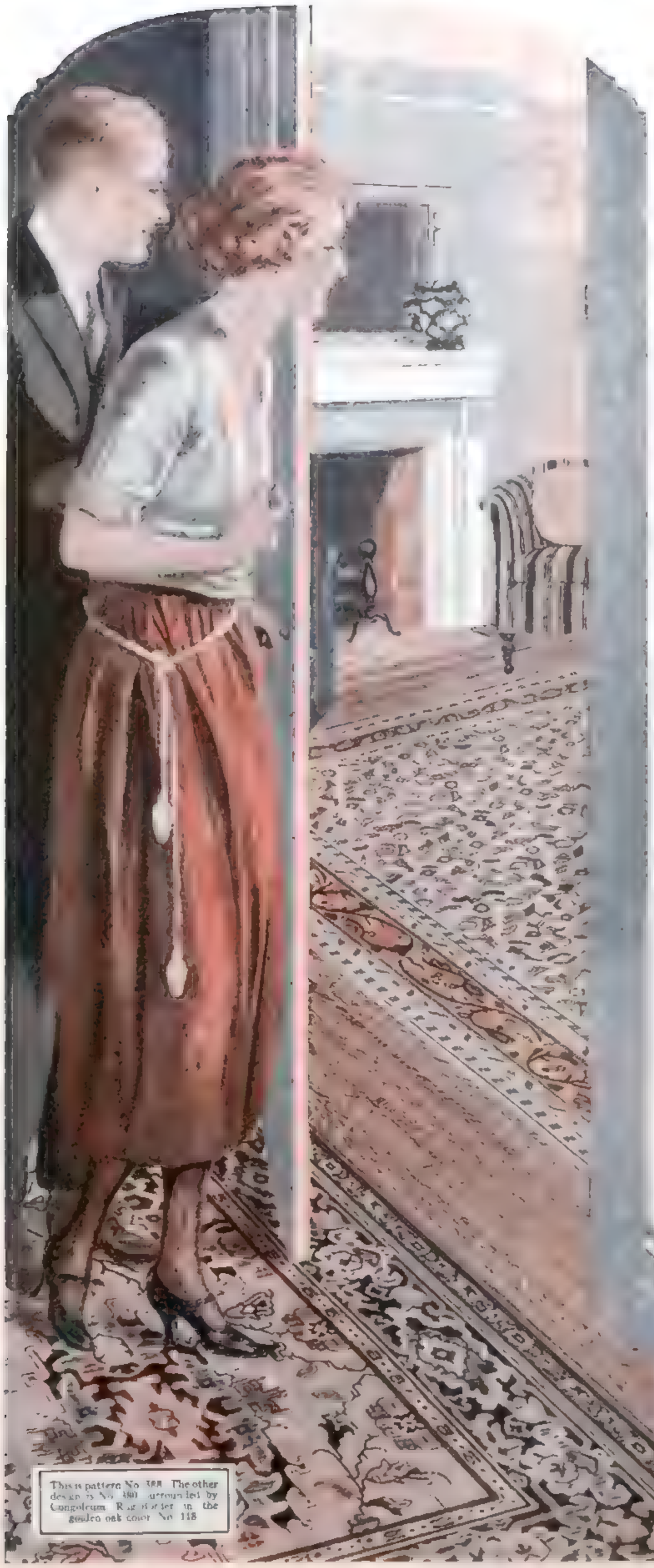
They are the discharge pipes of a tremendous drainage project in New Orleans. The builders sought permanency—a metal that would fight rust, that would last for a long time. Replacements would have been too costly.

Therefore, they chose "Armco" Ingot Iron—the pure iron which lent itself so happily to their purpose. For years these pipes have done their work well. For many more years they will survive the attack of rust.

"Armco" Ingot Iron is particularly suitable for installations of this nature where the conditions of service help rust to destroy.

Drain pipes, culverts, flumes, tanks, water-towers—all should be of "Armco" Ingot Iron—the iron that resists rust. For specific information write to

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Dept. A, Middletown, Ohio



This is pattern No. 388. The other design is No. 380, surrounded by Congoleum Rug border in the golden oak color No. 118

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

"That rug simply makes the room—and just think what we've saved!

"A woven rug would have cost much more and it wouldn't have been one bit prettier than this Gold-Seal Art-Rug!"

Not alone by their colorful patterns have Congoleum Art-Rugs won the favor of the modern housewife, for these inexpensive floor-coverings have many other advantages to recommend them.

They're as durable as they are beautiful. They lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind—never "kick up" at the edges nor ruffle when furniture is moved about.

Waterproof—Sanitary—Easy to Clean

And when it comes to cleaning time, there's no wearisome sweeping or beating. Just a few light strokes with a damp mop make the surface bright and clean as when new—in a quarter the time, with a quarter the effort required by woven rugs.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

1½ x 3	feet	$ .60	The rugs illustrated are not made in sizes smaller than 6 x 9 feet. However, the smaller rugs can be had in other designs to harmonize with them.	6 x 9	feet	$ 9.75
3 x 3	feet	1.20		7½ x 9	feet	11.85
3 x 4½	feet	1.80		9 x 10½	feet	16.60
3 x 6	feet	2.40		9 x 12	feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Look for the Gold Seal

It is pasted on the face of the genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. It means exactly what it says—if your Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug or Floor-Covering does not give satisfaction, your money will be refunded without question. There is not a single bit of red tape connected with it. The Gold Seal identifies the one and only grade of Congoleum made.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco Cleveland Boston
Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas St. Louis Pittsburgh Atlanta Montreal

Facsimile of the Gold Seal pasted on every Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug and on every two yards of the roll goods.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

(Continued from Page 34)

There were hordes of the bulldog's smaller cousin, the tiny no-see-'em flies, but you can certainly feel 'em nevertheless, for their bite seems semipoisonous and frequently causes a painful swelling. The freighters were encountering difficulties and taking two days to cover the sixteen-mile strip of mud, but we reached Fort Smith after seven hours of fighting the mud with the light buckboard.

In November of last year Fort Smith was a sleepy little post boasting perhaps a dozen whites, a Catholic mission, three trading stores and twenty-odd native cabins. To-day one might comb a city of two hundred thousand and be unable to pick a representative body of men whose standing in their respective professions would rank with that of the men operating out of Smith during June of this year. For a time at least this spot may well be considered the capital of the Mackenzie District, a territory comprising more than half a million square miles.

That first night we dined with Secretary Finnie, Major McKeand, Doctor Dowling and their respective staffs. Their parties were quartered in tents until such time as log buildings could be erected to serve as government headquarters.

The Dominion Government, in view of this new interest centering upon the Northwest Territories, created the office of Acting Secretary of the Mackenzie District, and appointed Mr. O. S. Finnie to the place.

Prospectors Active

At the present time there are many parties prospecting for minerals in country never before scratched by a pick. Already several gold and silver claims have been recorded. It is conceivable that a rich strike may be made at any time and cause a rush of men to that locality. Means of communication are limited and the length of time necessary for correspondence with the outside world is considerable, and in view of these facts the Dominion Government made a very wise provision in the appointment of Secretary Finnie. He is not vested with legislative powers, which would authorize his instituting new laws or regulations, but he has full sway in administrative matters under existing regulations. This grouping of authority under one head eliminates departmental duplication of effort and consequent unrolling of red tape. Above all, it means that all government parties operating in the district may be swiftly marshaled and concentrated at any point where the necessity of the situation demands prompt action.

Secretary Finnie was given free rein to choose his own assistant, either from civilian sources or from any governmental department, and he appointed Major McKeand, an able organizer and banker of twenty years' experience. Under the management of these two men the difficult recording situation of the Mackenzie District was first ironed out. Formerly it had been necessary for prospectors and oil operators to travel from one to two thousand miles to record their claims after staking them. A recorder's office was opened at Fort Smith and another at Fort Norman, a move which was most heartily indorsed by every white resident of the district. Furthermore they have Secretary Finnie's assurance that recording offices will be established at any other points advisable as soon as analogous conditions may arise. This assurance, together with tangible proof of its sincerity in the shape of the two offices already established, will undoubtedly furnish added stimulus to prospecting of all sorts throughout a vast territory where the expense and uncertainties of such operations were formerly prohibitive.

One instance of the difficulties of staking and filing will suffice to explain why so much of this great virgin field has remained unprospected. When the news of the Norman oil strike reached the outside last fall Mr. Wada, a Japanese whose exploits have been a matter of comment in the north for thirty years, temporarily transferred his interest from the yellow gold to the black, and decided to stake an oil claim. He had no dogs at the time, so Wada hooked up four green pups that had never felt the harness, and with this outfit he mushed out of Fort McMurray in a snowstorm. In eighty-three days he returned, having completed a round trip of twenty-five hundred miles of winter travel. There had been times when he had been compelled to lay up for a day or two; he had blazed out the line of his three square miles of oil claim through the bush, and still had averaged thirty miles for every day since he had left Fort McMurray.

Wada's feat was duplicated by Tony Kneiss. Thirty-two men crossed over the Continental Divide from the Yukon, some by way of Porcupine, Rat and Peel rivers, others by way of the Gravel River, some crossing mountains and traveling through unexplored country in the dead of an arctic winter to file their claims. Mr. and Mrs. Kopping traveled a part of the way by dog team, then by canoe when the ice went out. Colonel Handley, of England, and Mr. Fugl, of Edmonton, outfitted a crew of eight French Canadians and followed the ice down the streams for fifteen hundred miles to stake a block of ten claims. Practically all these were forced to travel an average of fifteen hundred miles apiece to file upon their claims after staking.

The prompt action of Secretary Finnie and Major McKeand in establishing recording offices will largely eliminate this feature, but such swift action would have been impossible except for the grouping of authority under one head who was practically given carte blanche to handle various conditions on his own initiative without meeting the interminable delays that would have inevitably occurred if the requirements of the office had called for lengthy correspondence with outside authorities before governmental action could be taken.

The two foremost geologists in Canada were in Fort Smith. The works and contributions of Dr. D. B. Dowling, father of geology in Canada, are valued by scientific societies throughout the world. Doctor Dowling, although retired, was urged to superintend the work of three parties sent into the north to make tentative geological surveys in the vicinity of Great Slave Lake, and he took up the responsibilities of this work for one year. Doctor O'Neill was formerly the geologist with the Canadian Arctic Exploration expeditions sent into the unknown regions off the Arctic Coast by the Dominion Government, during which time his trail frequently crossed that of Stefansson during the latter's exploration.

Doctor O'Neill is considered one of the best structural geologists in the world. On this occasion he was operating independently and going in with a party of his own. There is a very general feeling among the northern mining men that Doctor O'Neill always unearths any particular thing he starts after, and among prospectors there was a pronounced tendency toward keeping close track of Doctor O'Neill's operations, a tendency which would have assumed a more concrete form except for the very good reason that no one knew whether his search was for something which if discovered might prove of value to the prospecting fraternity or was confined to matters of scientific research. We were fortunate in traveling for several hundred miles with Doctor O'Neill's party.

Later it was particularly noticeable the length of the Mackenzie District that every man even slightly interested in oil or any branch of prospecting made inquiry concerning the whereabouts of the party and its possible purpose.

Bustling Fort Smith

It is almost incredible that these great waterways, some three thousand miles of navigable streams used by the traders for over a hundred years, have never even been traversed by surveyors until the present season. Secretary Finnie had sixty-odd surveyors running the traverse of the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. The parties were given definite territories to cover so there would be no overlapping of work. Clear down beyond the Arctic Circle we could pick up with our glasses the white bull's-eyes planted by the engineers, and it is probable that the traverse of these two streams and the establishing of base lines throughout their entire course will be accomplished before the freeze-up.

The hundreds of tons of freight crossing the portage, the erection of log buildings for government offices, the boat-building operations of those headed for the oil fields—all had helped in the transformation of Fort Smith; from a sleepy post it became overnight the scene of more activity than any other point in the district, the temporary capital of the north.

Fort Smith was the meeting ground of yesterday and to-morrow; the eddying tides of overlapping periods tossed up contrasting groups, bits of the twentieth century and fragments of the Stone Age moving side by side.

The three paddle-wheel steamers that ply the Slave and Mackenzie rivers were tied up at the foot of the bluff. Every available inch of space on the little bench under the hill was given over to boat-building operations. Huge flat-bottomed scows were being hastily thrown together to aid in the transportation of down-river freight. Three graceful little schooners rode at anchor, waiting to be towed fifteen hundred miles downstream. These had already been contracted for by the Eskimo tribes at the mouth of the river, and were destined to replace the walrus-hide kayaks of the dusky hunters of the Arctic. A half dozen dainty gasoline launches were made fast to the shore. Snug little sailboats equipped with auxiliary engines swayed in the current and rubbed sides with unwieldy barges steered by huge sweeps hewed out of lengthy spruce trunks. Birch-bark canoes reposed by the side of canvas and clinker-built. Day after day there were flat scows dropping downstream, laden with the goods of free traders or with supplies for some party heading for the oil fields.

A Bank in a Tent

And through all this uproar of building and freight smashing the native canoes slipped in and out as the Indians tended their fishnets. A canoe carrying a family of Indians and all their household goods came swinging through the water, while their livestock, consisting of eighteen wolfish dogs, trotted along the bank abreast of the canoe.

We stopped at a tent upon which was fastened a canvas sign reading "Union Bank of Canada." It is the only bank in the whole Mackenzie area and its trade territory covers 575,000 square miles. Mr. Beyers, the manager and sole operator, showed us through the bank, the furniture of which consisted of a pine-board table, a small filing cabinet, two camp chairs and a cot. A gun reposed under the pillow and forty thousand dollars in cash reposed under the cot in a little steel box that any man could carry without much effort. An Indian dance was in progress a hundred yards away, and as we left the bank we could hear the monotonous throb of the music and the rhythmic thump of moccasined feet as the dusky revelers whirled through the mazes of the duck dance, the rabbit dance and the Red River jig. The following morning when the bank was open for business the money was neatly stacked on the pine-board table as if in invitation for all comers to help themselves. Mr. Beyers complained that the bank's personnel had passed a restless night, as the sounds of the Indian dance had throbbed till five A.M.

Each day there were contrasts in plenty. Six white ladies assembled on the veranda of Hudson's Bay House to pay their respects to the factor's wife, and in the intervals between sipping tea from china cups their fingers were occupied with fancy needlework. Back in the edge of the bush a dozen squaws squatted before their tepees and peeled the bark from long slender spruce roots with their teeth, fashioning the stout thread for sewing the birch-bark rogans which would later serve as berry baskets, water bags or as containers for moose meat and dried fish.

A wrinkled old crone prepared a feed of boiled rabbits over the cook fire in the center of the tepee. She caught the skin in the middle of the animal's back and peeled it off by pulling both ways. Occasionally the unlovely froth on the surface of the boiling water parted as the head of an adult rabbit rose to glare for a split second through parboiled eyes. In another tepee they dined on boiled fish. The family bottle of sauce—a taste grafted on the native palate by the white man—was passed from hand to hand, and approximately every third bite was flavored by tilting the bottle and quaffing a nip of the sauce. Not far distant stood a square tent, its festooned decorations of spruce boughs betokening the touch of a woman's hand. A neat cardboard sign bore the legend "The Little Coffee House," probably the first restaurant in the Mackenzie District. The two singularly attractive young ladies who presided over the destinies of the coffee house were in service overseas throughout the war, and the spirit of adventure led them into the north for the summer.

Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote

Who started it?

The thing that puzzles us is who is responsible for the tremendously increasing popularity of Murphy Da-cote and Murphy Univernish. Are men becoming more handy and thrifty, or are women merely exerting their influence on men?

At any rate, greatly more than a million men have renewed their cars at home with Murphy Da-cote and thousands of women have applied the magic touch of Univernish to their homes.

Of course, these fine Murphy products have been advertised and everyone knows the wonderful reputation of Murphy Varnishes—invisible preservers of beautiful surfaces for over half a century.

But beyond that, someone is responsible for this great national home-painting movement. It's either men or women. We'd like to know which.

Anyone can use Da-cote to renew his car. No skill is required. Takes only a few hours. The cost is negligible, and the results are remarkable. Da-cote comes in black and white and ten popular colors—any combination you might want.

And Univernish is equally ideal for the home. It brings back new life to any surface that looks old. Gives a finish hard and smooth as glass. Even boiling water cannot affect it. Comes in clear varnish and six transparent wood colors—Mahogany, Light Oak, Dark Oak, Bog Oak, Walnut and Green.

Write us for color cards and dealer's name.

Save the surface and you save all

Murphy Varnish Company

Newark, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal
Canadian Associate

Unique in construction, through elimination of all structural framework, Swartwout Metal Buildings are particularly easy to erect, and attractive in appearance
Swartwout
OHIO

Metal Buildings That Last

Lightning and Fire-Proof

It remained for the engineers of the Ohio Body and Blower Company, Cleveland, to design a type of Metal Building which combines strength and permanence with portability.

TONCAN METAL

Endures and Insures

Their superior design, which eliminates all framework, naturally calls for the most durable material and here anti-corrosive Toncan Metal again serves the purpose well. The selection of Toncan Metal for these improved Metal Buildings was a result of years of satisfactory use by the same Company in the manufacture of their famous Swartwout Rotary Ventilator.

Toncan Metal protects from fire, lightning and corrosion. Ask for more evidence—use the coupon below.

For Welding, Forming, Porcelain Enameling

Check the product in which you are interested and mail this coupon for detailed information.

◇ Metal Buildings
◇ Car Covering
◇ Trestle Covering
◇ Water Pans
◇ Culverts
◇ Tanks
◇ Stoves
Refrigerators
Washing Machines
◇ Enameled Products
◇ Roofing
◇ Siding
◇ Spouting, etc.
◇ Ventilators
◇ Lath
◇ Other Building Materials

*Name*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
CANTON, OHIO

Open Hearth and Electric Furnace Alloy Steels

for Railroads, Automobiles, Edged Tools, Agricultural Implements

IN CANADA: Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. *Fabricated by* The Pedlar People Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

Two full baseball nines, one recruited from the government forces and the other from among the independents, staged a ball game on an empty plot of ground cornered by native cabins. The game was real, even to the handful of rooters for each side and the scornful remarks roused by various decisions of the umpire. We did not miss the usual swarm of urchins strategically located in tree tops, on roofs or on adjacent box cars—that feature so inseparable from small-town baseball in the States and without which no ball game is quite complete—for this touch was furnished by clusters of native children grouped about each outlying cabin.

The first white dance ever given in the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories was held in a small log building under course of construction for the bank. The sounds from within, the strains of the phonograph, the tap of slippers and scrape of boots combined to drown the patter of moccasined feet from without, for the Indians had left off their duck dancing and Red River jigging and crowded round to peer in at the white folks tripping the toddle and a few other modern wriggles which the Indians, with their knack for apt nomenclature, no doubt added to their program under the name of the walrus wallow.

Only yesterday the Indian runner sped across the portage trail to report the arrival of a boat at either end. To-day a telephone wire is strung through the bush and spans the sixteen-mile portage from Fitzgerald to Fort Smith. An apt instance of contrast and transition was furnished by a native who, with five dogs hitched in single file to a light plow, was cultivating his garden plot. Yesterday stopped his work to watch To-morrow bearing down upon him in the shape of a tractor towing two heavy trail wagons piled high with freight. An hour later the first automobile in the Northwest Territories snorted in across the portage trail.

The surprising rapidity with which news travels through the north is a continual source of surprise to the newcomer. The northerner has come to accept it as a fact without attempting to determine the cause.

Moccasin Telepathy

An authentic report reached Fort Smith to the effect that the ice had gone out of the Great Slave Lake, leaving it open for the passage of the river boats. Long before this a rumor that the lake had cleared had been circulated in Fort McMurray, three hundred odd miles above Fort Smith. No boat had come up the river; not a man in McMurray who knew the source of the report, yet it was soon general knowledge that the ice had gone out three weeks before its usual time.

While in McMurray I had asked Mr. Conroy, the treaty commissioner, for the explanation of this remarkable spread of news throughout a country which is the most sparsely inhabited of any similarly situated body of land of its size in the world.

"Moccasin telepathy," Mr. Conroy informed me.

Knowing that both Conroy and Inspector Bruce were of a material turn of mind, I inquired as to the depth of their belief in the telepathic sources of this amazing circulation of news. Mr. Conroy advanced the opinion that the Indians might size up general weather conditions and so be able to determine their effects on some distant locality and risk a shrewd guess. The Indian is a swift traveler when so inclined, and word of some circumstance might be passed from one to another as their trails crossed and eventually reach some post long before actual communication has been established between the white men themselves. An Indian will not tell how he happens to know; he just knows, and lets the matter rest. This may be occasioned by the fact that he hesitates to communicate to the white man the name of his informant, or it may be that his refusal to account for his knowledge arises from the fact that the bit of news has traveled through so many others before reaching him that he has no actual knowledge of its original source. It has been told to him by one in whom he has confidence, and he in turn reports it as a fact.

Every northerner has seen dozens of instances where rumors have been circulated and in due course of time proved to have been founded on fact. A great many, including a number of practical men, having no other adequate explanation, incline to belief in the telepathic sources of this advance information among the Indians.

Mysterious News

The treaty party overtook us at Fort Smith. Mr. Conroy had stopped at Chipewyan to see an old friend who was sick, and had left him about four P.M. of the preceding day, arriving in Fitzgerald in the night and crossing the portage to Smith in the morning. Every treaty Indian in the north hails Mr. Conroy on sight. An hour before noon an Indian in course of conversation told the commissioner that his friend in Chipewyan was dead.

Mr. Conroy laughingly denied this possibility, stating that he had seen him the previous afternoon and traveled directly to Smith. The following day a boat arrived in Fitzgerald and the report was telephoned across the portage that the man had departed this world some seven hours after Conroy's visit.

Chipewyan is ninety miles above Fitzgerald. It is possible that a native canoe set forth from Chipewyan in the night and reached Fitzgerald with the news just as some Indian set out across the portage on foot, he in turn relaying it to the man who told Conroy. However, the Indian did not divulge the source of his information but stubbornly insisted upon the fact that the man was dead.

Later, well down beyond the Arctic Circle, we heard a rumor to the effect that mounted police stationed at Herschel Island had spent the winter scouring the arctic ice in search of three Eskimo murderers and had captured the lot. As there were Eskimos from the delta in Arctic Red River it was not difficult to surmise as to how the news could have reached that point. In fact a white man gave me the details of the crimes as he had heard them, and considered the information reliable. There is no doubt in my mind but that by fall the details of the crimes and captures will reach the outside world in substantially the same form as we heard them in the summer.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Evarts. The second will appear in next week's issue

SHAME ON YOU

(Continued from Page 7)

countenance become more deeply troubled. I was equally astonished by his words.

"Now that ain't right," he said, as one might speak of a grave injustice.

He made as though to depart in the direction of the stables, but I seized him firmly by the arm.

"You tell me what all this is about," I said, "or I'll think you have gone crazy."

"To-night," he promised. "I've got to see Pood now and git cleaned up. To-night, after supper, at the hotel."

With that I let him go.

A friend's wedding in Cleveland the following day was responsible for my trip West. I could spend the night in Akron, but that was all.

When Uncle Dick insisted on roaming aimlessly about the streets after dinner instead of attempting to make all things clear to me I was keenly disappointed and said so.

"Keep your shirt on a while yet," he advised, and dragged me into a moving-picture show. It was nine o'clock when this happened, and past eleven when the last flicker of a maudlin entertainment died away. Immediately thereafter we took a street car of Uncle Dick's selection.

"Where are we going now?" I asked resignedly.

"Out to the track," said he.

"What for?" I demanded.

"You'll see," he promised, and began a discussion of the inanities I had just been forced to witness on the screen.

Arrived at the fair grounds, he led the way down rows of silent stables that seemed like long white tombs under a crescent moon. We met no living soul. We heard no sound. Sleep had come to the racers and those who ministered to them. At last I observed a thin streak of yellow

(Continued on Page 40)

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP
CORD TIRES

On Every Boulevard, Street, and Highway

—wherever cars are driven—you hear the *sound of safety*—

A steady, even purr, the *gripping, holding, letting go* of the thick-lipped Vacuum Cups on the wet, oily pavements as your car glides along safely, holding true to the course ahead.

Priced on a parity with ordinary makes of tires and *guaranteed*—per warranty tag attached to each casing—for *9,000 miles*, Vacuum Cup Cord Tires set the highest individual standard of *safety, service,* and *economy.*

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc., Jeannette, Pa.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the World

Custom-Built Car of H. R. H., Queen Mother Emma of Holland. Vacuum Cup Equipped By Royal Request.

Half a man on a whole man's job

"WE know now definitely," writes one of our greatest authorities on food, "that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

When a man, though apparently well-fed, is clearly worn out by his work, can he be getting the full benefit from the food he eats? Are you making sure you get complete nourishment from your meals?

It is now generally acknowledged that the lack of one food factor—vitamine—is largely responsible for the lowered vitality of the many men and women who succumb to old age diseases before they are forty years old. Sixty thousand in this country alone pay this supreme penalty every year.

Today thousands of men and women are getting this essential food factor by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast richly supplies this needed factor, for yeast is its richest known source.

Fleischmann's Yeast builds up the body tissues, keeps the body resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast in a few weeks has made the use of laxatives unnecessary for many who have been in bondage to laxatives for years.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food, assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve the yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. *You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.*

Place a standing order for Fleischmann's Yeast with your grocer and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many requests are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. M-29, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Laxatives replaced by this simple food

Science says if the body could be kept entirely free of poisonous waste matter and perfectly nourished, it ought to live forever in perfect health. That's a theory. But it's a fact that Fleischmann's Yeast helps the body get rid of waste matter, and clears it of the poisons that accumulate daily.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says of fresh compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. . . ." This is especially true of ailments that require the constant use of laxatives.

To get the full benefit of its laxative qualities eat two to three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day regularly.

(Continued from Page 38)

light. As we drew near I heard a muttering voice. The light and the voice came from the slightly open upper door of a stall. Uncle Dick stole to this crack. For a moment his head obscured the streak of light. It was withdrawn, and I felt his hand seize my arm and urge me forward. As I put my eye to the crack the muttering I had heard became intelligible: "Shame on you!"

The stall was lighted by a lantern hanging from a wooden peg. In the center of the stall was Zebro. The great, soft horse eyes of him seemed positively tearful. Holding him by a halter strap was Pood, his face monkeylike in its intensity.

"Shame on you!"

The hanging head of Zebro drooped lower. His knees attempted the inevitable sagging movement which a horse makes as a preliminary to lying down. A chocolate-colored hand jerked fiercely on the halter strap. "Keep your feet! Keep your feet, mistuh! We ain' started yet!"

The sorrel stiffened his knees.

"Can't take you back in a race, eh? Got to ride where it suits you? You trot where you're put, you hear me? Doan make no difference where it's at—behin', in front or right in de gang. Jus' trot, dat's all you gotta do. Ef you git beat tryin'—I ain' sayin' a word. Ef dey kin outtrot you—you doan hear nothin' fum me. But doan lemme ketch you makin' a spectacle of yo'self like you done to-day! Doan lemme do it! Git th' flag in a cheap race, eh? Chuck away five hundred dollahs like it's ca' fare! Shame on you!"

For ten minutes, with an eye glued to the crack, I looked and listened. Uncle Dick drew me from the door at last.

"So that's it," I said as we headed for the car line.

"Yep," said Uncle Dick. "It'll keep up like that all night." I whistled softly.

"I told Pood this afternoon it was my fault. He wouldn't listen. Said a trottin' hoss has got to trot an' keep on trottin'. He's right, of course. I guess I kind of made allowances for this one—everything considered."

"How often do they hold these night sessions?" I inquired.

"Every time the hoss makes a mistake—right often for a while. He'd make a nasty break when he wan't goin' a thutty clip when I fust started to work him. After he'd attended night school a few times he done better."

"And you're certain it's the—well, talking to that's made him trot again?"

Uncle Dick halted and faced me.

"A man ain't certain of much in this world," he said slowly, "but I'll tell you one thing you can bank on. We've been waitin' forty years to make a killin'—mother an' me. Right now she's got one or two Liberty Bonds laid away for the puppose. If we do it with this hoss—an' I aim to try—that ole nigger won't have to worry as long as he lives."

I sincerely hoped this promise might be kept. I desired it more so after I had done an unprecedented thing the following morning.

I had had myself called at five o'clock, dressed hurriedly and taken a taxi to the track. I approached the slightly open stall door with a feeling that the crack could not possibly reveal what I had seen the night before. I was right. The scene had somehow changed. This was accounted for, I discovered, by a different lighting. The flame in the smoking lantern had all but expired. A new-risen sun was shooting tiny shafts through each crevice between the boards of the rear wall. For the rest there was an ancient negro whose face was ashy gray from fatigue, a sorrel horse so heavy-headed that his muzzle brushed the straw in which he stood, and I heard, as I turned away, a monotonous, husky croaking: "Shame on you!"

III

I RECEIVED two short letters from Uncle Dick during the summer. They contained little news. In the first one he said, "Pood is sleeping good these days." In the second, "Night school has let out." This would seem to indicate that the sorrel's conduct was improving, but to what extent I could only guess.

At last, when autumn had come, I received an astonishing telegram. It was dated Lexington, Kentucky. It read:

> Pood's scholar entered in Transylvania. Will be a long price. Mother will put up Liberty Bonds. Get here sure.
>
> RICHARD CLAREY.

Now, as everyone knows, the Grand Circuit meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, is the biggest event of the light-harness season. The Transylvania Stake is the most celebrated race of the meeting. Only a great trotter dares compete in that stake. Only a very great trotter may hope to win it.

No wonder I read the telegram again. Zebro was entered in the Transylvania—that was clear. Liberal odds would be laid against his chances—little doubt of that. Matilda would cash her Liberty Bonds to bet on him—great Christopher Columbus! Uncle Dick advised me to come and wager also. Yes, that was it. It could mean nothing else.

I sat down and thought it over for some time. Had the aged couple gone insane, or was it a matter of second childhood? At last I pulled a telegraph blank to me and wrote:

"Awfully sorry. Can't get away. I am pulling for you." I signed this and sent it off.

I wanted to go, heaven knows. I have always been fascinated by the atmosphere of the Lexington trots. It is a joy to mingle with soft-spoken Kentuckians while they are absorbed in the thing they love best. But that wire, when I had duly reflected, had to be sent. I was not afraid of losing money. I could bet little or nothing, as I saw fit; but I was afraid of the pangs it would bring me to see my good friends utterly heartbroken.

And so on the afternoon of the race I was hanging about Times Square, waiting for the first sporting extra. Seizing one off the wagon as it clattered up, I skimmed the headlines. A sort of flame shot through me—a wildly triumphant flame.

"Zebro, by Zombro, wins the Transylvania," I read. "Best time 2:02¼."

I read no more on Times Square. I hurried home where there was sufficient quiet to allow me to devour every syllable of the dispatch undisturbed.

When I had done so I laid aside the newspaper and stared disconsolately from my window over a dreary plateau of roofs, running from Columbus Avenue to upper Broadway.

To think what I missed! Matilda's face, for instance, as a well-known green-and-white jacket, surmounted by gray whiskers, flashed under the wire in front of all the other jackets in the great Transylvania.

And what—oh, what, had Matilda's face been like when Uncle Dick had heaped her ample lap with rolls and rolls of bills?

And Uncle Dick! How had he appeared when the press photographers had surrounded him to take his picture, holding the reins over a Transylvania winner?

And now I groaned aloud as a thought came to me. I had missed seeing Pood lead Zebro, 2:02¼, off the Lexington race track with twenty thousand people looking on! I had also missed hearing any remarks he might condescend to make at the time. Pood would be taken care of now—no doubt of that. I recalled every word of Uncle Dick's promise. But was this a killing? Perhaps at the last moment Matilda had refused to part with her cherished bonds. Was the purse alone enough to take care of Pood comfortably? The main thing, I felt, was to take care of Pood.

At ten o'clock that night I received another telegram:

> Won twenty thousand and first money. Mother buys fur coat tomorrow. Pood wants ten acres and a mule. He gets them.
>
> R. C.

Blueprint sketch of the 100%-Goodyear-belted Reeves plant of the Cleveland Builders' Supply and Brick Company, Cleveland, Ohio, with insert photograph of the mud-drag drive.

Copyright 1921, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

Thirty-one Plants—and the G. T. M.

They thought that belt woes were a necessary evil, in the plants and warehouses of the Cleveland Builders' Supply and Brick Company, Cleveland, Ohio. So they were putting up with a lot of grief from many kinds of belting—slippage, loss of valuable power, production time lost through shutdowns for repairs to belts, and continual, expensive replacement of belting.

They were keenly interested when the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—told them he had a plan for the ending of belt troubles and the increasing of belt service. They agreed that a belt exactly designed and scientifically specified to the conditions of service should work more efficiently and economically, and last a longer time.

"We'll test your Analysis Plan," said E. W. Farr, Director in Charge of Production. And he led the G. T. M. to the champion belt-eater in the Reeves plant—the notorious mud drag. "Every day throughout the winter," he said, "this belt must pull tons of frozen clay, sometimes mixed with rock. The best belts we have had on this drive lasted from three weeks to six months."

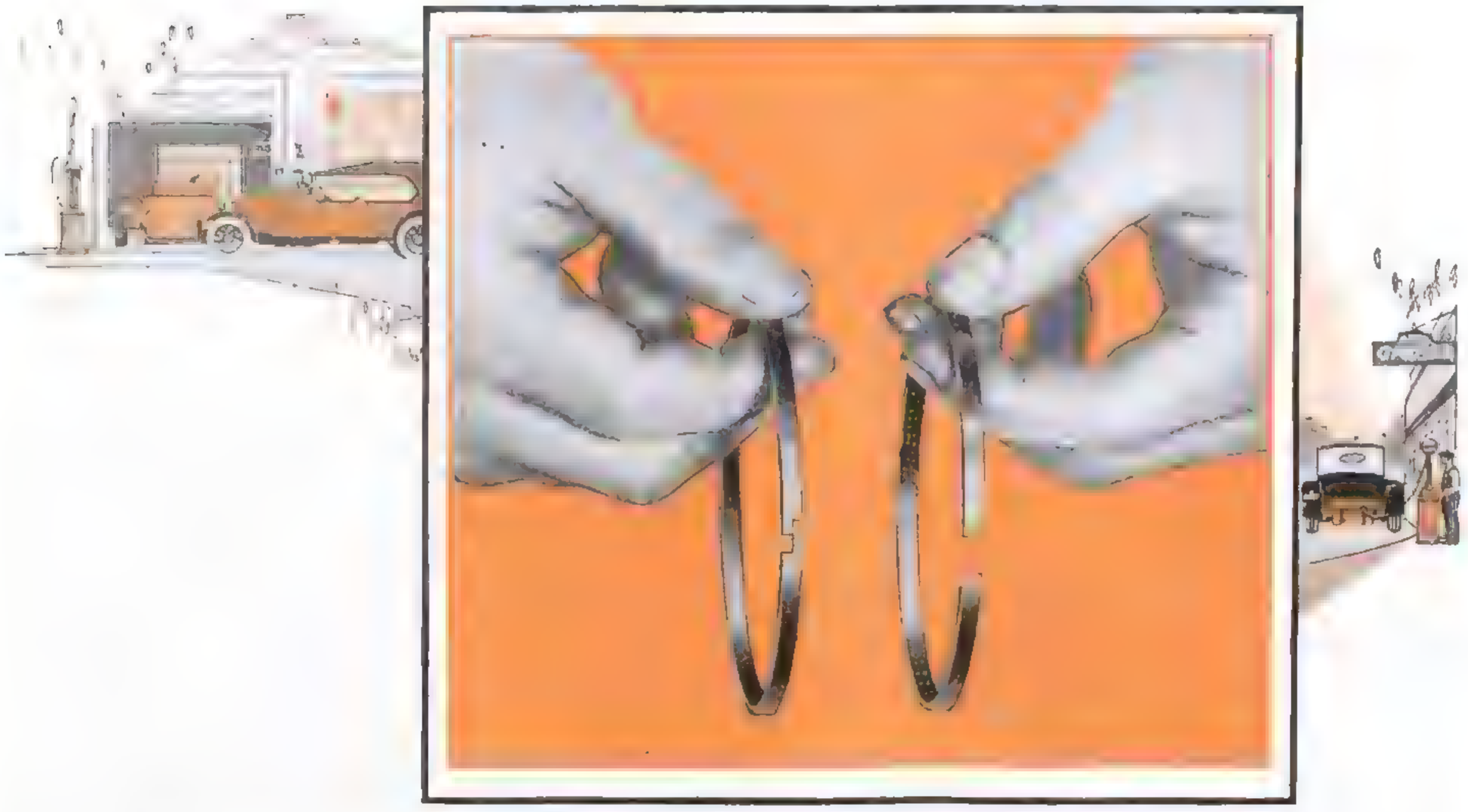
The G. T. M. studied that drive, and recommended an 8-inch, 6-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belt. That belt is on the mud-drag job today, after four years of continuous, trouble-free service.

Eventually, the entire plant was equipped with Goodyear Belts, and the G. T. M. analysis extended, drive by drive, to the Company's 31 plants and warehouses.

Goodyear Belts hold records for economy, efficiency and long life in every one of the Company's plants today. In one of the warehouses, a Goodyear Wyoga Conveyor doubled the number of cars unloaded per hour. On the tile machine at the Brookside plant, a Goodyear Blue Streak already has equaled the run of the best previous belting, and looks good for months to come.. Another, in the Vernon plant, has lasted two years in first-class condition, as against 15 months for its predecessor. Since the Reeves plant has been 100% Goodyear belted, the production has doubled.

You can get the same service from the G. T. M. For further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan or about Goodyear Belts for Transmission and Conveying, write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR



Before Hammering—and After

TWO piston rings, machined to the same size, made of the same material, exactly alike—but the one at the left has not been *hammered* and the other has. This shows clearly how hammering puts a spring tension into a piston ring, as indicated by the wider gap.

When the hammered ring encircles the piston in the cylinder, the gap is closed, but the hammered-in spring tension remains. The ring exerts an even outward pressure against the cylinder wall—a close fitting, leakless contact.

American Hammered Piston Rings are hammered scientifically in specially designed automatic machines. They assure the motorist who installs them a great economy of fuel and *all* the power that his engine can give him.

You can get them from your dealer or garage man.

American Hammered Piston Ring Co.,
Baltimore, Maryland.

"About four years ago I ordered a special set of your rings for a car that I was having considerable trouble with, and the wonderful results obtained have warranted my ordering a set for my new car. The fact that I am going to tear this new car down to install a set of your rings will show you what I think of these rings."

—E. A. BEDFORD
Chief Engineer, United Motors Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan

American Hammered Piston Rings

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland
Export Department: 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

ONE CLEVER IDEA A DAY

(Continued from Page 16)

"At first, of course," she said, still with her head bent, "I—oh, I was furious. But—but people have seen me, and I'm getting so that I can't sleep—feeling I'm going queer, you know. Even dad believes it now. I think he thinks I do it in my sleep."

Freddy's next remark was rather peculiar.

"Let's have a look at you, Di," he said.

Slowly but bravely she lifted her tear-streaked face and very intently those two regarded each other.

"Rot!" said he at last with gentle conviction; and taking her handkerchief he lightly dried her cheeks.

"But wait till I tell you all of it," she said, drawing a full breath, but evidently feeling better. "Dad—dad's had to settle ——"

"Settle?" he demanded. "My word! For what?"

For the next ten minutes they sat there, Lady Diane doing most of the talking and the Honorable Freddy doing most of the listening, and when they were through even Freddy looked troubled; and although you couldn't say that his confidence had been shaken, at least you could see that it had been rudely assailed. It was then that he made another of his peculiar remarks, half wistful and half as though in prayer.

"Lord, but I wish I was clever!" he sighed.

"You're clever enough, I'm sure," she said with quick reassurance.

"No, Di," he sighed again. "Of course I can chat and dance and play the fool and amuse people a bit, but when it comes to being downright clever I'm simply not there, you know. The day I was born I expect that they had run out of stupendous intellects, and they had to scrape something together in a hurry and do the best they could."

This time it was her turn to try to comfort him.

"All the same," he said at last, "if I was only clever I'll wager this thing would soon be different. These chaps who grow to be so precious wise, Di—how do you suppose they do it? Do you suppose it comes on them all at once, like a clap of thunder, or do they get it gradually—or how?"

"I don't know—I had never thought," she said. "But I suppose it comes on gradually."

"By Jove, then I've a good mind to try it! Come to think, nearly everything comes that way—gradually. Let's see! What is it the Boy Scouts have to do? One kind action a day, isn't it? There you are then! From this time on I'm going to have one clever idea a day. Jolly! What?"

They laughed then, their troubles temporarily forgotten.

"What will your clever idea to-day be?" she asked.

He wrinkled his forehead for a moment and then snapped his fingers.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "My clever idea to-day will be to show my trust in you."

"That will be nice," she breathed.

From his waistcoat pocket he drew a small leather case, and carefully opening it he showed her a magnificent diamond ring, blazing in a glory of rose-colored and cerulean rays.

"It's my mother's," he said—"her engagement ring. You know it was a love affair between the governor and her, and she thinks all the more of this since—since that time at Cambrai. Last week she found the setting was getting loose. Wouldn't trust it to the post, but had me run up to Birmingham with it. I got it back again to-day. Now then, Miss Raffles, no one but yourself knows I have it here. To-night it will be under my pillow. What do you think of it?"

"A clever idea!" she murmured, with that smile, half longing and half tender, which is generally bestowed upon engagement tokens by those young ladies whose fingers have not yet worn them. "At least I feel that you can really trust me!" With exaggerated gratitude she dropped him a curtsy, saying "Thank you, my lord!" Rising then, her mood changed. "Quick, Freddy!" she said. "Put it back in your pocket this instant before I steal it right in front of your eyes!"

"You steal it!" he gently scoffed. "I'd like to see you!"

Slowly then, stopping here and there to admire a flower, they strolled back to the house, the ring in Freddy's pocket; and when he went to bed that night, the clock in the hall downstairs chiming twelve, he carefully placed the ring under his pillow by the side of a flashlight ingeniously fashioned in the shape of an automatic revolver, which is a handy thing to have in a strange house when the electric switch is twenty yards away from the bed, with lumpy chairs and a table intervening.

"A queerish business," was his last waking thought. "Poor Di! She looks worried to death at times, and the earl isn't far behind her. I—I wish I hadn't lost so much at bridge to-night. That Coutts-Allyn is a lucky devil. I wonder if he plays bridge for a living—or what? And those two solemn old boys who kept watching Di—I wonder what they're doing here. Detectives? I wonder. Or keepers or something?" He turned over on his pillow then and made a noise that wasn't far from a groan. "Oh, Lord, I wish I was clever!" he sighed. "Still—perhaps—one clever idea a day ——"

He fell asleep then, and when he awoke in the dark of the night the house was so still that it was hard to believe that so many human beings were alive beneath its roof. For as long as it might take you to count ten the Honorable Freddy lay quietly, his head slightly raised from the pillow, straining his ears against the darkness, and then at last he thought he heard again the noise which had been sounding in his ears when he awoke—the sound of a board creaking in the floor of his room.

"Devilish funny," he thought, his heart sinking for some unaccountable reason. "Of course old houses do creak at times; but anyhow we'll see ——"

Noiselessly groping under the pillow, his hand closed around the handle of his flashlight, and pointing it toward the direction from which the creak had come he drew a deep breath and pulled the trigger.

"Diane!" he gasped a moment later as the white rays shot their circle across the room. "What on earth ——"

It was a frightened little figure that stood there in the ring of light, as a deer will sometimes stand on a country road at night when the headlights of a car turn a corner and shine upon it; and even as the deer will suddenly spring to life and vanish, so, too, with Freddy's nocturnal visitor. With a sound that was more like a sob than anything else, she turned and ran, and the next moment Freddy's door shut behind her.

"Well, I'm damned!" said he.

His heart sinking further, he hastily drew the pillows on one side. No, there wasn't a doubt about it. His mother's ring was gone!

THE next morning Hedges the butler was in his pantry, getting the breakfast silver ready, when Tibbets came in; and it only needed one glance at the latter's expressive countenance to see that he had news to tell.

"Did you 'ear about the excitement larst night, Mr. 'Edges?" he began, picking up a chamois and pretending to rub a toast rack with it.

"Excitement last night?" asked Hedges, looking at his assistant with befitting dignity. "Anyone would think it was excitement this morning, to take a look at you!"

"I thought you 'adn't 'eard it," said Tibbets with growing satisfaction. "For one thing, he didn't make much noise when she knocked him over—just a gurgle and a flop, as you might say—and I wouldn't have 'eard it myself if it hadn't been for the boots. You remember they kept us up pretty late larst night, and I thought to myself, 'I might as well clean the boots now, and then I shan't have 'em to do in the morning.' So up I went and got 'em."

"You mean you got the boots?" asked Hedges, who had been listening closely enough ever since he had heard about the gurgle and the flop.

"Yes, sir; and a tidy lot there were, what with the 'ouse full of company, and some of the doors with a couple of pairs outside. Must have kept me over an hour before I 'ad 'em all done; and, what with one thing and another, it was two o'clock when I started upstairs with 'em—an 'andful in each 'and, threaded together through the eyelets with a couple of pieces of string—a trick I learned in Warwickshire—so I could make one journey of it, and not

(Continued on Page 45)

Keeping "check" on your checks

Your *money* is guarded most carefully by all the modern protection available. Safety, absolute and complete, is a good banker's first thought. He closes every loss loop-hole, closes them all tightly, for your absolute protection.

That is why thousands of banks now provide *Insured* bank checks for their customers. They provide the most absolute *check* protection in existence, and it costs customers nothing.

Just ask for these Super-Safety *Insured* bank checks, or write for the name of a banker who will gladly accommodate you.

LOOK FOR THE EAGLE DESIGN ON EVERY CHECK YOU SIGN

Protected by individual bonds of *The American Guaranty Company.* These checks are the safest you can use

SUPER-SAFETY Insured BANK-CHECKS

$1,000 00 of check insurance against fraudulent alterations, issued without charge, covers each user against loss.

The Bankers Supply Company

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK ATLANTA CHICAGO DES MOINES DENVER SAN FRANCISCO

Building a famous box of candy

How each one of these sweets won the right to its place in The Sampler

If you were to have in front of you at this moment the ten most famous Whitman packages and were to select from each candies to make up an assortment that would be a "sampler" of them all, you would follow exactly the method we used in making up Whitman's Sampler.

Every sweet in this unique package is a long-tested favorite from other packages of Whitman's—famous since 1842. Every sweet in the Sampler has "won the votes" of the most critical purchasers of candy in America.

Everything about the Sampler is unusual—the quality of the sweets, the way they were selected and the quaint box that women like so much to keep.

Stores that sell the Sampler sell the other Whitman packages, and receive them all *direct* from the makers.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip
New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St.
Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South

(Continued from Page 43)

be running up and down the stairs all night. Well, sir, there was a night light burning in the upper 'all, and when I got up the stairs just far enough so my 'ead was level with the floor above, what—what do you suppose I saw?"

"God knows!" said Hedges fervently, still on the *qui vive* for the gurgle and the flop.

"I saw one of them solemn-faced gentlemen – Mr. Boswell – one of the two that you took into his lordship's study as soon as they got 'ere yesterday arfternoon ——"

"Yes, yes, I know! Go on!"

"Well, sir, there 'e was—listening! Not at me, mind you—the carpet's thick on the stairs and 'e 'adn't 'eard me. But he was standing up against the wall listening to one of the bedroom doors, and while 'e stood there listening, all at once the door just behind him opened – Mr. Blennerhasset's door it was—and who do you suppose came out?"

"Go on! Go on! Who was it?"

"Lady Diane!"

Whereupon Hedges made another of his fervent ejaculations.

"You mean to say you saw her coming out of Mr. Blennerhasset's room?" he demanded when that was done.

"As plain as I see you now, Mr. 'Edges! And I said to myself, 'Well,' says I, 'something told me I was going to like my place here, but strike me pink and pearly if I ever thought it was going to be like this!'"

"Yes, yes! You saw her coming out of the room! Go on!"

"Of course Mr. Boswell 'eard her, too, and 'e turned around to see who it was. 'Oh-ho!' thinks I to myself. 'You 'eard somebody moving in the hall, and out you came to have a look, but you picked the wrong door.' And just as he turned to see who it was Lady Diane she up an' cracked 'im!"

"Up and what?" gasped Hedges.

"Up an' cracked 'im," repeated Tibbets rapturously, "with a bowly stone tied up in the end of one of her black silk stockings. Cracked him right slap on the top o' the nut, as pretty a thing as ever you see. One second he was in the full fling of his faculties, as you might say, and the next second there was a gurgle and a flop—nothing loud, you understand—as genteel a thing as ever I see; and there 'e lay with his ear on the carpet, ab-so-lute-ly clean knocked out!"

"Knocked out!" gasped Hedges again.

"Ab-so-lute-ly stony cold! And all this time, mind you, I'd been standing on the stairs, with my 'ead even with the landing, and a festoon of boots in each of my blooming 'ands, so 'elp me! The minute she 'it 'im Lady Diane was off like a shot, and I says to myself, 'Oh-ho!' says I. 'Your grandfather may have been Stick-'Em-Up Joey up there in the Rocky Mountains, but it's you that's Knock-'Em-Down Dianny right 'ere in Marleigh Towers, and you've nothing to learn from 'im!' And whether or not it was seeing her go that brought me to life again, I dropped the boots and was just going to run up the rest of the stairs when I says to myself again, 'Hold on!' says I. 'A nice mess, Herny Tibbets, you'll find yourself in if they catch you kneeling over 'is dead body and not another soul in sight!'"

By this time poor Hedges had been reduced to a sort of gasping silence, his features flopping around like a large fat fish in the bottom of a boat.

"A good thing, too, that I stayed where I was," continued Tibbets, gloating over the sensation he was making, "because I had no sooner made up my mind to stick when two doors opened, and out of one pops Mr. Blennerhasset and out of the other comes the hearl 'imself. Lucky they both came out together, so neither could think the other 'ad done it; but I think that both of 'em had a pretty fair idea whose fault it was, because they fell to whispering together, and then they started carrying Mr. Boswell up the 'all. The poor old governor was walking backwards, and I could see 'e was pale as a sheet. 'E kept looking round as if 'e was afraid that somebody else would come, and somehow or other 'e twigged me on the stairs. 'Come up 'ere,' he motioned with 'is 'ead, both of 'is 'ands being busy with a leg in each of 'em as though 'e was backing a wheelbarrow, and having the sense to see how bad it would look if I tried to make a bolt I went up the rest of the stairs and 'elped 'em carry the body into the hearl's own room."

"Was he dead, then?" asked Hedges, breathing hard.

"You'd have thought so if you'd have seen him," beamed Tibbets. "Felt dead, too—'andled heavy, if you know what I mean. Of course they wanted to know what I was doing on the stairs, and I was sweating away, wondering whether I'd got to split on Lady Diane, when Mr. Boswell comes to his senses for a minute, and I don't wonder at it, the way they'd been pouring brandy in his mouth and clutching at his Adam's apple to make him swallow it. 'Where am I?' he says at last, very weak and wabbly. 'It's all right,' says the governor. 'You must 'ave fainted in the 'all. Do you remember?' 'No,' says 'e, 'I didn't faint. It was Lady Diane. She 'it me on the 'ead,' and with that 'e fainted dead again a-trying to feel the bump!"

"Never, never in all my days!" muttered Hedges under his breath. "Scandals enough in the family there's been before, but never a thing like this!"

"Just you wait!" exulted Tibbets. "I've got more than that! When Mr. Boswell fainted again they sent for his friend, the gentleman who had come with 'im. It seems they were both doctors, and there was a rare old scene when the other doctor came and saw 'is friend showing the whites of 'is eyes and sporting a lump on his coco as big as an 'en's egg. And strike me pink and pearly if it didn't turn out that they were a couple of lunacy doctors that the governor had called in to examine his daughter on the quiet, and I couldn't 'elp thinking to myself, 'Strewth, but she's examined one of you all right!'"

"Lunacy doctors!" exclaimed Hedges.

"Ah, from London. It was the governor who let it out, and then he said to Mr. Blennerhasset, 'I 'ad made up my mind,' says he, 'to have my daughter placed under medical care if she ever committed another robbery, but I never thought it would come to this,' says he. Mr. Blennerhasset seemed to be hit all of a heap. 'Nonsense!' says he. 'Personally I don't believe that she ever committed a robbery in 'er life!' Which it struck me was a pretty sporty thing to say, everything considered," he added with rich significance.

"Never, never in all my days!" feebly muttered Hedges again, making a motion as though he were brushing flies away from in front of his nose.

"Yes, sir, a pretty sporty thing to say," repeated Tibbets with a significance richer than before. "It was nearly three o'clock when I finally came away, what with fetching 'em water and towels and spirits of ammonia and everything else they could think of. Doctor Boswell seemed to be resting easier then, though 'e 'adn't come to hisself again—and I'll tell you one thing, Mr. 'Edges, I wouldn't want to be in young Mr. Blennerhasset's boots when Doctor Boswell does come to hisself again—no, that I wouldn't not for one hundred pounds!"

"Why not?" asked Hedges, staring.

"Why not?" repeated Tibbets. "Ah, that's it! If Mr. Blennerhasset sticks to it that 'e doesn't believe that Lady Diane ever committed a robbery in her life, what's 'e going to say when Doctor Boswell comes to 'is senses, as he probably has by now, and swears that 'e saw Lady Diane coming out of Mr. Blennerhasset's room at two o'clock in the morning?"

They were still staring at each other when the bell started ringing over the annunciator on the pantry wall.

"It's the study," said the butler in a troubled voice. "His lordship's up early. Just answer it, will you, Tibbets? My old legs feel a bit shaky this morning."

There was nothing shaky about Tibbets though. Indeed it might almost be said that he fared forth gayly, and after going to the study he tripped upstairs like a bridegroom to a feast and knocked on Mr. Blennerhasset's door.

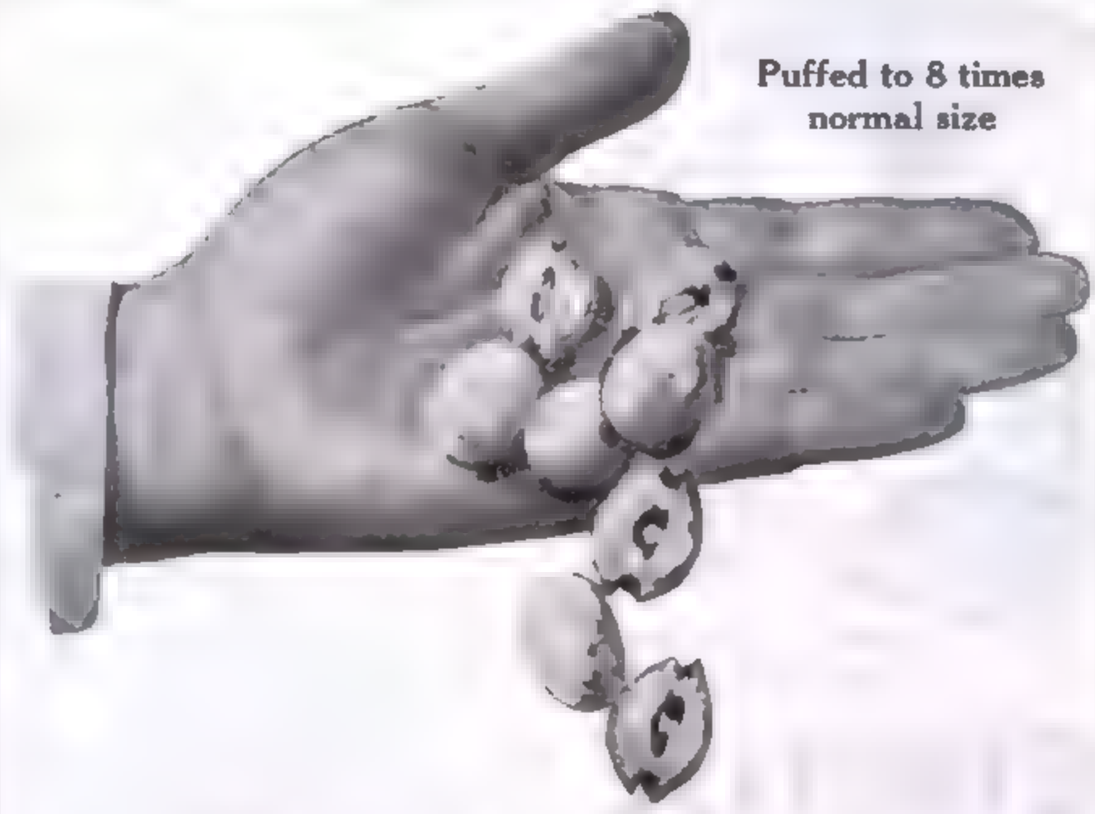
"Come!" cried a voice within.

Tibbets stepped inside, and if you had been there you might have thought that he smacked his lips.

"His lordship's compliments to Mr. Blennerhasset," said he, "and 'e would like to see you in his study downstairs at your earliest possible convenience."

VII

THE Honorable Freddy slowly made his way down the grand staircase of Marleigh Towers a few minutes later, immaculately dressed in tweeds, knickerbockers and soft linen. They were cheerful tweeds and both his shirt and cravat were optimistic tricks of color; but the one they clad had little enough of cheerfulness in



The Mystery
of a grain of wheat

A kernel of wheat contains over 125 million food cells. All those food cells should be broken to easily digest.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It forms almost a complete food. It supplies some elements which most other foods lack.

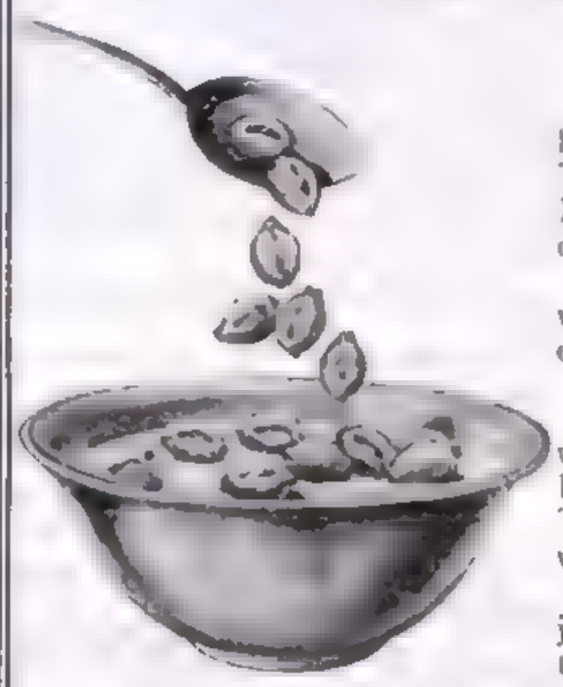
Prof. Anderson's Idea

Ordinary cooking breaks only part of the food cells. So Prof. Anderson invented this process:

He seals the grains in guns, and submits them to an hour of fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

Then he shoots the gun and the steam explodes. Thus 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.



Puffed to Bubbles

The grains come out as bubbles, eight times normal size. They are flimsy, flavory, toasted. No cereal food was ever more delightful.

Thus Puffed Wheat means whole wheat made tempting, and easy to digest.

Now millions of children get whole-grain foods in the form of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They enjoy them in a dozen ways, morning, noon and night.

The cereal dish has new enjoyments, and children are better fed.

Puffed Wheat

Airy whole grains, toasted and crisp, to serve in every bowl of milk. An ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Rice

Thin, flimsy globules, with a taste like toasted nuts. The finest breakfast dainty. Serve with cream and sugar. Mix in every dish of fruit.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

WINDOWS
Ford & Dodge
50c each
Overland, Oakland, Buick & Hupmobile
$1.00 each

Look for this display on your dealers counter

STiK-TiTE

WINDOWS Complete, that you apply in 10 minutes by sticking on like you do a tube patch. No tools needed, no loss of car's use, no service charges, and they last longer—no needle holes to weaken them.

Stik-tite Roof Patches

Mend holes and rents instantly. Neat, water-proof, permanent. Finished to match your top material. Box contains eleven assorted sizes for 35c; large strips, 50c.

Service Announcement to Dealers and Car Owners

DEALERS—Write us for successful selling plans that bring you new customers and easy sales. You must have prompt service on "Stik-tite" products. If your jobber has let his stock run too low and is not ready to meet the growing demand for "Stik-tite," wire your order to us—at our expense—and we will ship any goods promptly. Be sure to mention your jobber's name.

SERVICE TO CAR OWNERS—If your dealer cannot furnish you "Stik-tite" products send your order direct to us giving your dealer's name. We will ship anything you need immediately. Booklet sent on request.

Frost-King Radiator and Engine Covers

We are exclusive makers of the original and genuine "Frost-King" asbestos lined covers, the extra good protection that keeps your engine warm for hours, standing at the curb in zero weather. Fits like a glove. Made of Non-Crackable waterproof material, soft grey felt lining. Prices complete for Ford cars $6.75. Radiator cover only $3.50. Other cars $4.25, $8.50 to $20.00.

THE CINCINNATI AUTO SPECIALTY COMPANY
"The Stik-tite Co."
320 Main St., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

him, and you would have found anything but hope in the expression of his eyes or the droop of his downy upper lip.

"Hang it, I don't like the looks of things—not half!" he was telling himself as he slowly descended. "Doctors concealed on the premises, and all that bally rot. Looks bad for Di. And what a nasty crack that was about havin' her placed under restraint if they ever caught her Raffling again! They'll be stickin' her in a madhouse yet, where she'll be sittin' between Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth and all that jolly lot. One thing sure: I mustn't breathe a word about the ring, or that might be the signal to clap a strait-jacket on her and call for the little green cart."

Thus slowly down the stairs he made his way, and apparently didn't care if he never got to the bottom.

"Silly asses!" he muttered. "They all seem to think that I've got precious few brains; but if they had the sense of nits they'd only have to look at Di to know that she simply couldn't do anything shady; and as for being cracked—— Toh! Enough to make a pig laugh!"

He stopped for a moment then, his memory suddenly recalling the picture which he had seen in his room when he had pressed the trigger of his flashlight.

"I must have dreamed it," he resolutely told himself. "Damn it, I must have! I had heard so much about it and thought so much about it that I just naturally dreamed it—that's all! And as for the ring, the chances are that I didn't put it under my pillow. Probably in my waistcoat pocket—or somewhere. I'll have another look when I go upstairs." And as reason began to scoff at him he added to himself with a touch of temper, "I tell you, I don't care! Di's no thief, and she isn't cracked. Any fool can see that, and if only fools can see it—well, then, thank God, I'm a fool, that's all!"

He felt better then, and went down the rest of the stairs and along the corridor with an action of the knees that had something resolute about it.

But when he entered the earl's study his heart sank again at the expression on his lordship's face.

"Sit down," curtly commanded the earl. "I want to ask you a question or two about last night."

"Thanks," murmured Freddy, sinking into a chair; and offering his cigarette case across the desk he added, "Have one? Aw—they're rather jolly good."

"When I heard Doctor Boswell strike the floor last night," said the earl, making an impatient gesture of refusal at the proffered box, "I happened to be awake, and I immediately ran out of my room. But quick as I was, you were as quick. In fact, both of our doors opened, I believe, at the same moment."

"Yes," said Freddy, studying his cigarette, "come to think of it, I believe they did."

"In other words, you, too, must have been awake."

"Er—yes," said Freddy, blinking his eyes. "I had just woke up—out of a dream."

"What did you see when you woke up?"

"Nothing," said Freddy, considering.

"Nothing?"

"Naturally, nothing. The room was pitch dark, you know."

"I think you must have seen something," persisted the earl. "Possibly the same thing that woke you."

"But you can't very well see a dream," objected Freddy, carefully lighting his cigarette, "not when you wake up, you know."

The earl looked at him long and earnestly.

"In a way," said he, "I can understand your trying to shield Diane; but you must remember that this is a vital matter, both for her own happiness and for that of those around her. It was she who woke you, wasn't it?"

"Diane in my room?" puffed Freddy calmly. "What utter rot! You have only to say it to hear for yourself how ridiculous it sounds."

"In her right mind, of course, it would be ridiculous."

"Then that settles it, you know," said Freddy, depositing his ash. "What I mean is, if Diane isn't in her right mind we're all cracked."

"One moment," said the earl. "Before he went back to London this morning Doctor Boswell stated positively that he saw my daughter coming out of your room last night."

"Then Doctor Boswell must be jolly well mistaken. But for one thing, of course he doesn't know Diane as well as we do."

Again the earl gave the Honorable Freddy a long and searching look.

"I'll put it to you another way," he finally said, thumping his desk a little. "On your word of honor as an English gentleman, did you see or hear Diane in your room last night just before you ran out into the hall?"

There are times in every man's life, be he fool or sage, when he must think for hours between two ticks of the clock and make a decision that may influence his whole life in less time than he usually takes to cross his feet. Back of the Honorable Freddy's unalarming exterior was a passionate devotion to such gods as he knew, and among his deities Honor and Truth sat in the thrones of the all-highest—two jealous gods that never forgot and never forgave. And back of Freddy's upper left-hand waistcoat pocket, shrined in his heart, was a slight, pale girl with eyes that shone like violets in the twilight. "Any harm come to Di through me?" he thought, and as though in answer he, too, leaned forward and pounded the desk as his faith in Diane welled high within him and drowned all else as though it had never been.

"My lord," said he, his face darkening with emotion, "may I go to hell when I die if the girl I love was in my room last night!"

Still looking at each other intently, both men arose.

"I believe you," said the earl simply.

The Honorable Freddy turned and made for the door, but when he reached it he had to grope a little as though in some strange manner it had become indistinct, as objects sometimes grow indistinct when seen through a window that is suddenly blurred by rain.

VIII

TIBBETS was busy that morning, and it wasn't till noon that he had another chance to unburden himself to Hedges. They were laying the table for luncheon, the venerable butler and his more sprightly assistant, and if you had been there to watch them it might have occurred to you that at times Tibbets grew thoughtful, as an astronomer might grow thoughtful when he thinks he has seen a strange disturbance in the heavens—the Archer walking next to the Bull, for instance, or a broken leg on Cassiopeia's Chair.

"'Anged if I can make it out!" he exclaimed at last.

Hedges looked at him, troubled in spite of his dignity, and then glancing over the footman's head he chanced to catch a reflection of his own worried face in the mirror of the sideboard.

"I'm getting old," he mournfully told himself. "Always before it's been me that's taken the lead in a thing like this, as my father did before me, when he was butler here. It was 'im that led the donkey out of her ladyship's bedroom; it was me that took the prince's sign off the handle of the door. But somehow this affair has left me fair shattered, and I'm good for nothing except to listen and blink my eyes and open my poor old chops as if I was catching flies." But for all that, you would have found no flaw in the dignity of his look as he turned to the footman. "Can't make it out? What is it now that you can't make out?" he asked. "Have you heard something new?"

"It isn't so much what I've 'eard," said Tibbets, thoughtfully smoothing the cloth, "as what I've seen. It's that young nut of a Mr. Blennerhasset that's got me walking round in circles now."

"What's he been up to?"

"Danged if I can make it out! When the hearl sent me upstairs to get 'im first thing this morning I 'ung around in the 'all near the study door as much as I could, thinking I might 'ear something rich or see the Honorable Mr. Blennerhasset come out on 'is ear on account of Lady Diane being seen in his room larst night. But not a word could I catch, and when Mr. Blennerhasset did come out at larst, strike me if 'e wasn't blowing his bugle, and walked slap into a chair as if 'e didn't see it!"

"Blowing his bugle?" demanded the butler with a puzzled look.

"Ah, a bit of Warwickshire, that, Mr. 'Edges, for blowing his nose—blowing it as if something 'ad upset him pretty bad. Well, anyhow, he walked out on the terrace arfter a bit as though he were trying to pull hisself together, me watching 'im all the time through the breakfast-room windows as well as I could for waiting on the others who had just come down. And then at larst he came in, too, as though 'e wanted a bite as well; but all the time I noticed on the quiet that 'e was watching the ladies."

"Trying to get a rise out of 'em you mean?"

"Lord bless you, no, Mr. 'Edges! Nothing like that. What I mean is, 'e seemed to be studying 'em, as if 'e was a-memorizing of their features so he could look away and draw 'em free-hand if 'e wanted to—the way we had to draw the cup and saucer when I was a nipper and went to school."

Hedges made that gesture already described—as though he were trying to brush flies away from his nose.

"Cup and saucer!" he feebly protested. "My word, Tibbets, but 'ow you do run on!"

"I didn't tumble all at once," said the irrepressible Tibbets, "but it wasn't long before I guessed what he was up to. 'Oh-ho!' says I to myself. 'You're wondering if it was one of the other girls that was in your room larst night,' and I started then to give 'em all a good long look myself; but bless you, none of 'em was any more like Lady Diane than chalk's like cheese."

"There's few that are," said Hedges with gloomy pride.

"You're right. This un was taller, and this un was fatter, and this un had a beak on her that you could see from Wimbledon to Wambledon. The one that looked the most like her was the Watts girl, who was sitting next to Mr. Coutts-Allyn, touching his foot under the table, as I see when I picked up a serviette that I had dropped on purpose, and looking as though butter wouldn't melt in 'er mouth. But even she was a stone heavier, and 'as a mouth that reaches from here to yonder. 'No, no, Mr. Blennerhasset,' says I to myself, 'you're on the wrong tack there, sir,' when all at once up 'e jumped as though 'is deviled kidneys had stung 'im, and beckoned me out in the 'all."

"Go on! Go on!" said Hedges impatiently when Tibbets stopped partly to catch his breath and partly to lay a handful of knives and forks around the table.

"'Tibbets,' says he to me in a whisper," continued the footman, suddenly returning to the butler's side and starting to whisper himself—"'Tibbets,' says he, 'is there a telephone anywhere in this house that I can use without being 'eard by the others? It's something important,' says 'e, 'and 'ere's 'arf a sovereign for yourself,' says he, 'and not a minute to lose.' Just then I saw the hearl through the window, starting out for his constitutional, and I sneaked Mr. Blennerhasset into the study and left 'im there."

"I'll gamble you didn't go far," said Hedges.

"That I didn't! There was plenty to eat on the sideboard in the breakfast room—all they had to do was to point it and retrieve it—and so I started to polish the woodwork around the study door; but the only thing I 'eard was once when Mr. Blennerhasset raised 'is voice and shouted, 'Is this you, Lady Pembroke?'"

"Lady Pembroke!" repeated Hedges thoughtfully. "Why, bless me, she's the one who lost her diamond necklace! I wonder what he said to her!"

"It was all I could do to keep from opening the door to listen," Tibbets almost groaned. "And Lady Pembroke wasn't the only one 'e called. 'E must have been there 'arf an hour altogether, and only just got back in time when the governor came back from 'is constitutional. And then came another funny thing," said Tibbets, rubbing his chin so hard that it rasped again. "Danged if I can make it out!"

"Go on! Go on!" said Hedges impatiently. "What 'appened next?"

"Mr. Blennerhasset went upstairs for a few minutes, and when he came down again he had a bit of a chat with the governor. The next thing I know they 'ad sent for the motor—the big un and Mr. Blennerhasset jumped up by the side of the chauffeur. 'Go like the devil!' says he. 'I want to get to Stretton and back by one o'clock.' And off they went as if they'd been shot from a gun."

"To Stretton," thoughtfully repeated the butler.

"Ah! Now I 'appen to have lived in Stretton once, Mr. 'Edges, and there's a lunatic asylum there, and a cathedral, and

(Continued on Page 49)

THE Fuller Clothes Brush adds the hundred per cent touch to that well-groomed look. Curved to fit the curves of collar and shoulders, it brushes your coat as cheerfully on your back as off, kicks out the dust and dirt, livens up the nap without wear, and never sheds a bristle. It's a typical Fuller Brush.

The forty-five Fuller Brushes are never sold in stores. We have trained 2500 picked men for this work. One of them will help you select the Fuller Brushes you want—at your convenience—in your home. The Fuller Man shows you the brushes for both personal and household use which have become popular in five million homes. He picks out for you those which particularly fit your needs.

He also delivers the brushes you order, in person, and sees that you understand all the uses of each brush. Next time he calls, he inspects your brushes to make sure that you are getting the fullest satisfaction from each one of them. The Fuller Man is an expert in his line. You need never hesitate to admit him to your home. You may identify him by his Fuller trade-mark button—your guarantee of Fuller service and quality. If a Fuller Man has not called lately, write us.

And let us send you "The Handy Brush Book"—it's free.

The Fuller Brush Company
Hartford, Connecticut

Fuller Brush Company, Limited
Hamilton, Canada

Branch Offices in over 100 cities—consult telephone directory

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

THE CARE OF CHILDREN'S HAIR

How to Keep It Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

By R. L. Watkins

NOTE—Although the method described below was outlined primarily with the child's needs in mind, practically the same course of treatment will yield equally satisfactory results to adults.

There is a great advantage, however, in starting children out in the right way by teaching them early in life how to preserve and care for the hair. Not only is *a good growth of hair* started early, but *good habits of hair hygiene* are also established.

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be surprised to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look.

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

Little Rita Murphy

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

After the dirt, dust and foreign matter have been loosened by the rich, creamy Mulsified lather the next step is a thorough rinsing—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

It is important that the hair and scalp be rinsed thoroughly.

Andrew Lawlor

Miss "Tommy" Bissell

When you have done this, then use another application of Mulsified—again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Final Rinsing and Drying

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 46)

Stretton 'All, and one of the finest jails in England; but which it is, if any of these, that Mr. Blennerhasset was bound for, you can search me over with a fine-tooth comb, and all you'll get is fluff."

In the hall the clock chimed one, and almost at the same moment the throbbing swish of a motor was heard on the gravel outside.

"'E's back," breathlessly exclaimed Tibbets, catching sight of the tail end of the car as it swept around the drive, "and somebody sitting on the back seat with 'im, unless I'm much mistaken," he added as he started for the door.

"Wait!" said Hedges after a short struggle. "We'll both go."

Marching with dignified haste across the hall, Tibbets keeping close in step behind the butler, Hedges took his place on the right-hand side of the front door and motioned to the footman to station himself at the left.

"Now which will it be, I wonder?" muttered Tibbets to himself, staring hard through the window by the side of the door. "Bishop, jailer, lady, or just plain nut?"

Up the stone steps then, walking as gracefully as ever, appeared the Honorable Freddy, and by his side was a gray-haired little lady with a whimsical air, followed by a red-cheeked maid.

"It's the Marchioness of Stretton, Lady Diane's godmother," whispered Hedges, waiting for the proper moment to open the door.

"Toh!" said Tibbets, who had almost reached a height where he wouldn't have been surprised if he had seen the devil himself. "I was 'arf afraid that something was going to 'appen to spoil it all."

And yet if he could have looked but a few short hours into the future, even Tibbets would have been satisfied; for this little old lady with the whimsical air and the turned-up nose was more than the Marchioness of Stretton—was more than the godmother of Lady Diane. She was the spirit of fate, which sometimes appears in the old morality plays. She was the Honorable Freddy Blennerhasset's clever idea for the day.

IX

ALL afternoon it rained, one of those steady downpours which are probably a duck's idea of paradise. So after luncheon was over the guests at the Towers turned to bridge, and, to their misfortune, the Marchioness and Freddy found themselves playing against Captain Coutts-Allyn and the Honorable Nellie Watts. The marchioness, as Freddy soon discovered, was pleasantly absent-minded, as whimsical little ladies with turned-up noses are sometimes apt to be. She forgot trumps, forgot aces, forgot whole suits, even forgot her partner at times, and as the total mounted against them by leaps and bounds Freddy mopped his forehead and uneasily began to wonder how much his clever idea was going to cost him in coin of the realm, and whether, like the boomerang, it was going to turn in the midst of its flight and strike the one who had launched it in the air.

To his relief, the game broke up at last; and it wasn't long before, by ones and twos, they all began to stroll upstairs to dress for dinner. Dinner was served at half past six at the Towers—an American innovation which had been introduced by the late Lady Marleigh—and as the clock in the hall chimed the half hour it looked as though the Marchioness of Stretton had forgotten the passage of time along with the other things which she found hard to remember. Indeed, Diane was on the point of going up to see if she was indisposed when a figure was seen on the stairs, and a moment later the marchioness appeared on the bottom landing and stood poised there, smiling for a moment before coming down the few remaining steps.

It requires art for a young girl to dress well, even with her youth to help her and the invisible cloak of romance to give her an added flair; but it requires genius in a woman whose cheeks have been touched by the frost and whose love affairs are behind her. Yet if you had been there as the marchioness stood on the landing smiling down at the company you would have heard first a murmur of admiration and then a general clapping of hands from those who were watching below.

The rosy-cheeked maid had done her work well. The marchioness was wearing a dress of royal-blue silk that matched her eyes, trimmed with collar and cuffs of silvery lace that matched her hair; but the chief glory of her costume consisted of the famous Stretton diamonds—a sunburst at her throat and a diamond butterfly with opal wings that shimmered in her hair.

They sat up late that night, playing bridge again with the same partners as in the afternoon, and when the clock in the hall struck one the Honorable Freddy had almost been reduced to a state of beggary.

"I'm afraid I play very poorly," smiled the marchioness as she bade them good night.

"Not at all," said Freddy gamely. "Aw—quite jolly, I'm sure!"

But if you could have seen Freddy when he reached his room a few minutes later you wouldn't have associated him with anything jocose. First of all he took from a box a new revolver, which he had evidently bought in Stretton that morning, and next he removed the key from his door and peeped through the keyhole at the door across the hall which led into the room of the Marchioness of Stretton.

"Right-o!" he muttered. "Everything cocked and primed!"

He had hardly risen when his door opened and the Earl of Marleigh stepped noiselessly into the room.

"It's all right," whispered Freddy, after the door had been quietly closed again. "We shall have to take turns at the keyhole. You try it and see. No one can get in the marchioness' room to-night without our seeing it."

It was a long vigil, although they made it as comfortable as they could by placing pillows on the floor for their knees and arranging chairs to act as rests for the elbows, and as the distant clock in the hall downstairs gently chimed the quarter hours Freddy's heart began to misgive him and he wondered what would happen if, in this web which he had so ingeniously spun, he should catch the wrong fly after all.

"No mistake about one thing," he sighed to himself during one of the earl's watches. "Diane would never forgive me. Even if she is—even if she does need a long rest—she'd still have sense enough for that. Half past two," he thought, listening to the clock downstairs. "Jove, I wish something would happen! This is worse than Flanders. This is worse than ——"

A sudden movement by the earl caught his attention, and the next moment the master of Marleigh had risen to his feet. In the dim glimmer of light, which was all they had dared to allow themselves, Freddy could see the deep emotion on the older man's face.

"It is Diane!" he managed to whisper. "I just saw her go in—in her dressing gown."

"Sh!" said Freddy, his hand trembling a little as he slipped the revolver in his pocket.

They opened the door and crossed the hall without noise, and there they took the positions which they had agreed upon, one on each side of the marchioness' door, flattening their backs against the wall as well as they could and waiting for the fly to try to come out of the web. They hadn't long to wait. There was the subdued noise of a door turning on its hinges, and a slight feminine figure in a Chinese dressing gown appeared between them. The next moment the three of them were struggling across the hall.

"Diane!" gasped the earl as the marchioness' diamonds dropped on the floor. "Be quiet! We don't want to hurt you! It's only your father ——"

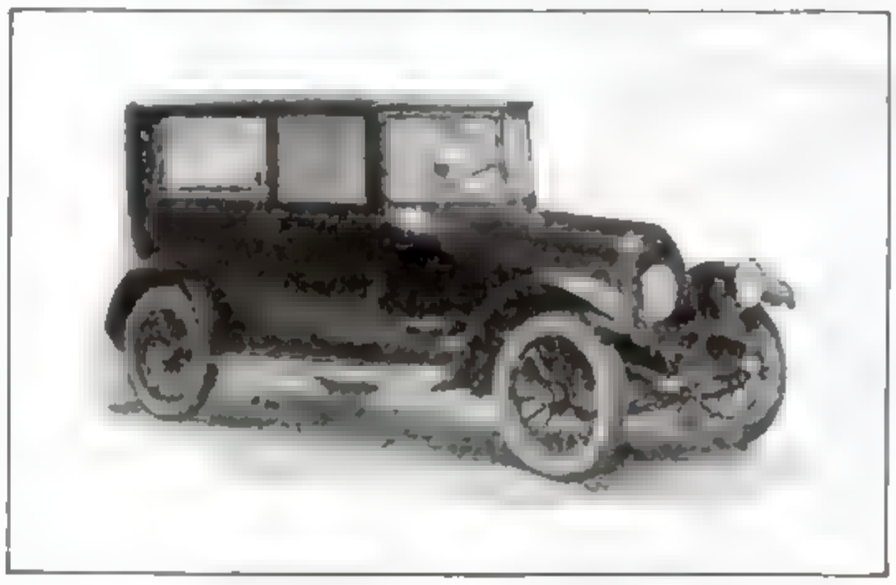
"Father be damned!" cried Freddy in triumph, grasping at their captive's hair and snatching off a wig. "I knew all the time it wasn't Diane! There! You see who it is?"

X

OTHER doors opened, the sleepers aroused by the noise and not yet half awake, and then Tibbets and Hedges appeared, both hastily dressed—and, oh, the joy on Tibbets' countenance when he saw the strange fly that Freddy had caught in his web.

"I knew all the time that it wasn't Diane!" repeated Freddy, almost incoherent with breathlessness and relief. "Last night somebody got in my room—looking just like her—and took a ring, and so this morning I began looking around to see who could make themselves up to be taken for Diane in a rather dim light. None of you girls could do it. For one thing you haven't her build—or her features. And then all at once I caught a

The FRANKLIN



The most comfortable car to ride in
The easiest and safest car to handle
The most economical car to operate

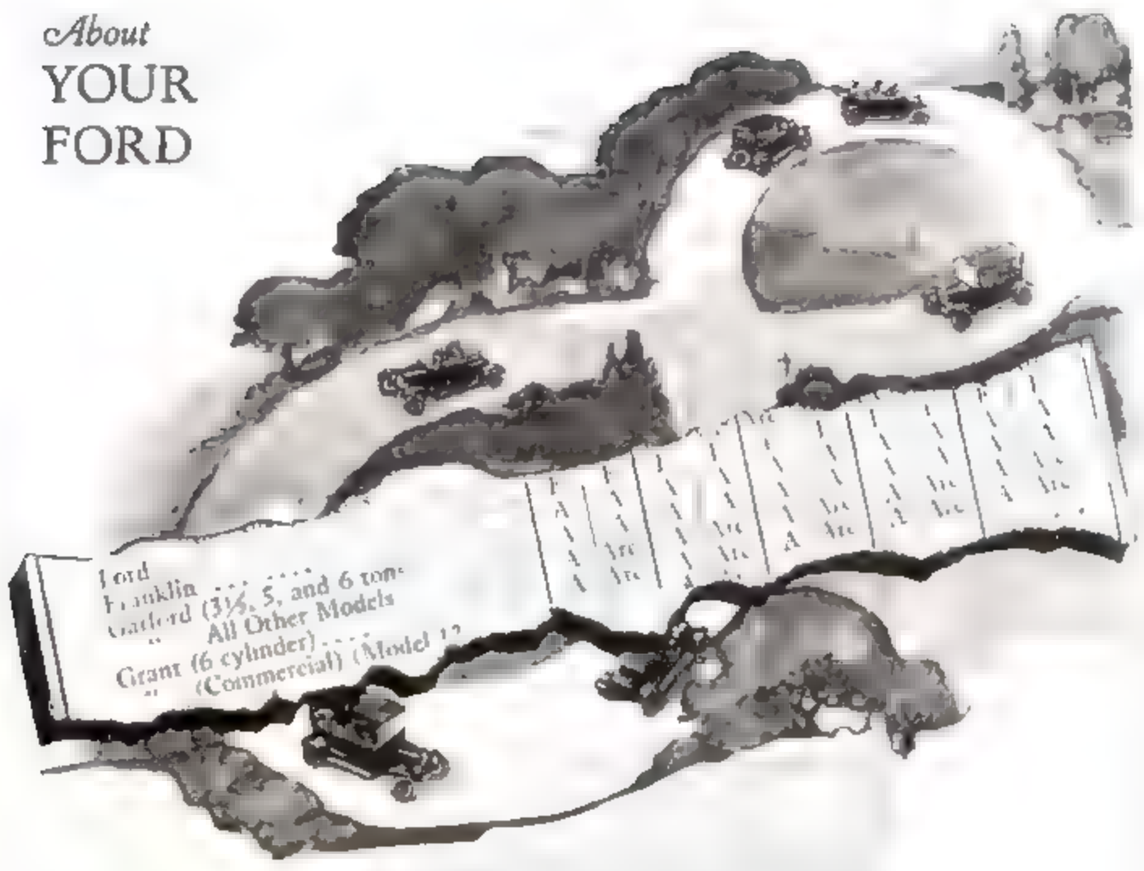
Any Franklin owner will substantiate these statements—any Franklin dealer can prove them.

But only actual ownership of the car will make you realize fully the other advantages which Franklin light weight, flexibility and direct air cooling give: greatest year-round usefulness and freedom from trouble, with least routine care.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

About
YOUR
FORD



Eight Vital Factors

THESE are the 8 vital factors in lubricating your Ford engine. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets each one of them with scientific exactness.

1 **Speed, Bore and Stroke.** Your Ford engine speed conditions require oil of definite characteristics. *Oil which distributes slower than "E" won't do.*

2 **Piston Clearance.** The design and fit of Ford pistons demand oil of correct body. *Oils heavier than "E" do not distribute as readily. Their use may cause trouble.*

3 **Lubricating System.** Your Ford splash lubricating system should have an oil which, like "E," atomizes readily and distributes properly to every friction point.

4 **Cooling.** For full protection against overheating, your oil must distribute freely to every friction surface. "E" does.

5 **Ignition.** Be sure that your oil burns as cleanly from the ignition points as "E." *Most oils do not.*

6 **Bearings.** Your lubricating oil must be of such body that it will work between the close-fitting surfaces and reach the bearing itself. "E" has that body.

7 **Carbon Deposit.** Choose only an oil giving the minimum of carbon—of a light non-adhesive character—easily expelled through the exhaust. "E" has this characteristic.

8 **Extreme Weather Conditions.** You want fullest protection against overheating in summer. You want an oil which will not congeal in winter. "E" meets both conditions.

* * *

For the differential of Ford cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Detroit
Buffalo	Indianapolis	Minneapolis
	Des Moines	Dallas

Kansas City, Kan.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

glimpse of this miserable little wretch of a Coutts-Allyn here—just about the same height and weight, and the same colored eyes. I remembered then that at Cambridge he had taken girls' parts in theatricals, and I remembered, too, a number of shady things I had heard about him lately, and how precious hard up he always is for money.

"And then it came to me of course that he might have been in the garden somewhere when I showed Diane the ring.

"It was only a vague idea as far as that—what the American Johnnies call a hunch. So the next thing I did was to call up the different places where these beastly robberies had happened, and as soon as I heard that Coutts-Allyn had always been a visitor at the time I began to feel that I was gettin' warm.

"Next thing it struck me that if he made himself up like Diane, and had copies of her clothes, he would have to keep part of his luggage locked up—on account of the servants. So I went to his room and found he had a Gladstone bag with two precious good locks upon it—closed up pretty tight, I can tell you, for I tried to open it.

"The only thing left was to catch him.

"Aw—the Marchioness of Stretton chanced to visit here to-day, and something told me he would try to get her diamonds to-night. And there you are! Rather jolly; what?" he beamed. "Especially when you see how cleverly Coutts-Allyn had planned it! By making up as a woman, even if the thief were seen, no one would suspect a man. For that matter it was part of his plan to be seen—to throw suspicion away from himself. He must have studied Diane's clothes, and copied them. I'll wager this Chinese dressing gown is just like one of hers. He has even stuck a beauty spot on the side of his mouth like hers, has penciled his eyebrows like hers, powdered his face, matched her hair and the way she dresses it, dropped one of her handkerchiefs in Lady Wemyss' bedroom ——"

"Why, damn him," cried the earl, advancing to the abject-looking creature that Tibbets and Hedges were holding propped up in a corner, "I'll give him a good hiding!"

"No, wait," said Freddy significantly. "We've got to find out where the other jewels are first. So first we'll give the marchioness her diamonds back, and then we'll take him in your room and see if he wishes to talk without a policeman being fetched. Aw—by the way, where is the marchioness?"

The others looked around, and in the silence which ensued a gentle—it might almost be called a whimsical—snoring was heard coming out of Lady Stretton's room.

"Jolly, what?" beamed Freddy again. "Clear conscience and all that sort of thing. When I get as old I hope I'll sleep as sound. That reminds me," he added, looking around, "has anyone seen Diane?"

To their growing surprise it was noted that Diane hadn't appeared, so Freddy went to her door and knocked.

"Are you there, Diane?" he asked.

"Yes," said a tremulous voice inside.

"Why don't you come out?"

"I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Has there been another robbery?"

"Yes, an attempt at one."

"Then I'm not coming out," she said with a tearful little catch in her voice. "They always try to fasten those things on me!"

XI

THE Honorable Freddy was up early the next morning. But Diane was earlier. He found her in the garden cutting flowers for the vases, and naturally enough he started to help her.

"You're early," she said, smiling at him as he bent over the mignonette.

"Aw—yes," said he. "Jolly, isn't it? I thought you might be down."

Each picked a flower, and when they placed them in the basket somehow their eyes met and seemed loath to part.

"I think you were splendid last night," she said at last in a low voice. "Dad was telling me about it after the others had gone back to their rooms—how clever you'd been—and how you'd stuck up for me even on your word of honor, and all that ——"

"Toh!" said the Honorable Freddy. "Any fool would have done it!"

"I don't know," she said with a suspicion of dew in her eyes. "You you were the only fool that did ——"

At that they looked at each other again, but this time Diane looked away, her eyes still bright, though not with tears, and her cheeks like roses. Perhaps it was that which gave Freddy his inspiration.

"Look here," he said. "Let's get some roses now, shall we? There are some beauties over in the arbor."

Diane glanced back at the Towers, but all the windows seemed deserted. She didn't see Tibbets, for instance, who was polishing the silver in the butler's pantry, pausing only from time to time to draw a deep breath of satisfaction.

"A rare old time larst night, Mr. 'Edges," he was saying. "They're sleeping late this morning."

"All but that young scallywag of a Coutts-Allyn," said the butler. "I don't think as he is sleeping any too well—wherever he may be."

"Lucky for 'im 'e didn't get jugged. Would have been, too, I think, if they 'adn't found the missing jewels in 'is bag."

He polished away again, vitissimo, his thoughts still evidently on the events of the night before.

"Strike me pink and pearly!" he suddenly exclaimed, looking out of the window.

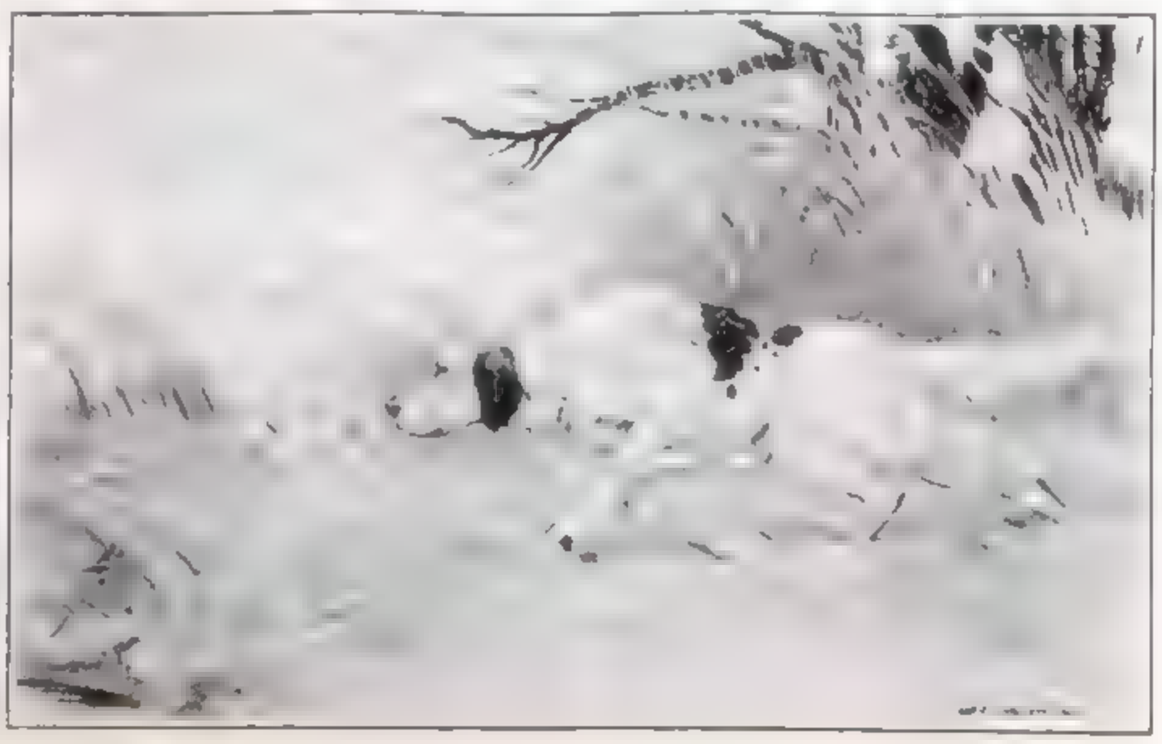
"Whatever's the matter now?" asked Hedges.

"I thought they were all in bed, and 'ere's Lady Diane and Mr. Blennerhasset walking in the garden together!"

"Where?" asked Hedges, going to the window.

"There—over on the other side. I tell you one thing, Mr. 'Edges: That young Mr. Blennerhasset, 'e knows 'ow many beans make five! See? Didn't I tell you? Steering her straight for the rose arbor, where they'll be nice and quiet, and only the birds to tell what 'appens!"

Hedges saw them then, and together the butler and the footman watched the disappearing couple. As they entered the arbor Lady Diane was walking shyly, and yet willingly—probably much the same as Eve once walked in the garden long ago; and by her side—so close, indeed, that they were hand in hand—was the Honorable Freddy Blennerhasset, the Honorable Freddy who had just conceived his clever idea for the day.



A Vision of *Your car skidding*

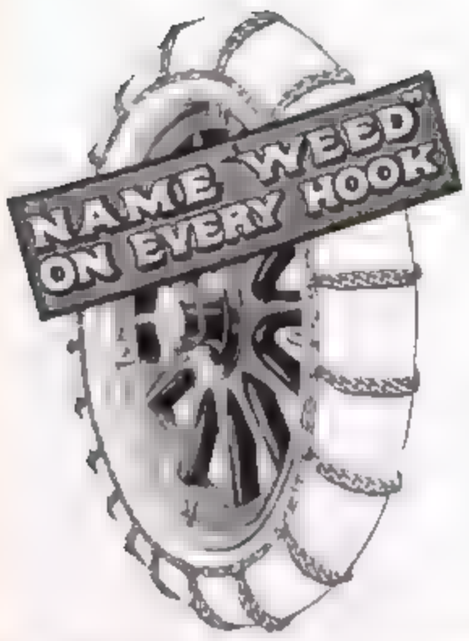
You have neglected to put on Weed Tire Chains. You anxiously view the slippery turn ahead and have *a mental picture of your car skidding into the school children.* Stop nursing anxiety and coaxing calamity. For Safety's sake—for your own peace of mind fully equip your car today with

Weed *Anti-Skid* Chains

THE ONLY *REAL* SAFEGUARD AGAINST SKIDDING

Safety demands that all tires be equipped with Weed Chains. It doesn't require the gift of second sight to see why this is true. *Rubber slips—never grips.* Rubber will agree to anything the road has to offer. It is the weaker element. It slides on wet pavements like a cake of soap rubbed on the moistened hands. Rubber lacks the bite-and-hang-on ability to prevent skidding.

Weed Tire Chains are diamond hard—many times harder than their opposing element—the pavement or road. Wheels equipped with Weed Tire Chains automatically lay their own traction surface. They grip without grinding—hold without binding. *No matter how muddy or slippery the road,* they hold on like a bulldog, prevent side-skid and drive-slip.



AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INCORPORATED

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

IN CANADA: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal Building, New York City

District Sales Offices: Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Ore. San Francisco

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CHAIN IN THE WORLD

Bero
REG. U.S. PAT OFF
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

QUALITY *without* *Extravagance*

YOU will make your first acquaintance with a Berg Hat because you are attracted by its style, but you will become "old friends" with your hat because it keeps its style. You will wear a Berg Hat longer, not only because of its sturdy character but because the Sta-Shape Brim* "retains the style-lines longer."

**Trade Mark Applied For*

At Men's Shops the Nation Over from $5 up

F. BERG & COMPANY

Established 1864 *in* Orange, New Jersey

General Salesrooms:

Albemarle Bldg., 1107 Broadway, New York
Boston, San Francisco

Bero
REG. U.S. PAT OFF
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

Diplomacy and Statesmanship

By BARON ROSEN

DIPLOMACY has been defined as "the art of conducting international negotiations." Such a definition, however, does not cover the whole ground of what constitutes the sphere of activity reserved for diplomacy as for that branch of statesmanship which deals with the foreign relations of the state. In this wider sense diplomacy has a task allotted to it which, although it primarily concerns the interests of the state in its relationship to other states, cannot be separated or differentiated from the care of the general welfare of the state which is incumbent on what is understood by the term "statesmanship." Diplomacy therefore must necessarily always be influenced by and be dependent upon the principle of government which in a given country determines the nature and the character of its statesmanship.

The principle of government prevailing until the end of the eighteenth century everywhere in Europe, with the exception of Switzerland and to some extent Great Britain, was the principle of absolute monarchy. This must not be lost sight of in endeavoring to trace the gradual evolution and final eclosion in its newest shape and character of latter-day diplomacy, the achievements of which a distracted world is beholding with—to put it mildly—mixed feelings. That period of the international development of Europe is a subject which has been treated with exhaustive mastery by Dr. David Jayne Hill in his great work, A History of European Diplomacy, in Volume III, under the title, The Diplomacy of the Age of Absolutism.

There is no need to follow the trusty guidance of Doctor Hill through all the mazes of political intrigues, combinations, coalitions, partitions, and so on, which characterized the period of European history subsequent to the termination of the Thirty Years' War by the Peace of Westphalia, and from which was evolved the Europe of the nineteenth century such as we have seen it and the coming generation will see no more. Suffice it to say that it was an epoch when—as Doctor Hill justly remarks—diplomacy rose to the eminence of a recognized profession and "assumed the form of intrigue, secret negotiation and conspiracy."

When War Was the Sport of Kings

The Treaties of Westphalia had indeed opened a new era in the political development of Europe; but—writes Doctor Hill—"as they were the result, so also they were the consecration of force. They imposed peace not as a legal or moral duty, but because there was no longer profit in war. They contained solemn promises to accept and to guarantee certain definite stipulations; but while they formed a code of honor for the sovereigns who signed them, they were in no sense based upon a recognition of the inherent rights of the state as a moral entity, or of peoples as forming the substance of the state. Still, the foundations of a European system had been laid; and so long as the balance of forces that was expressed in the terms of the treaties continued, peace among the signatories would endure. The task of diplomacy was to perpetuate the system thus created. . . . But the renewal of the struggle for preponderance was certain to occur."

This struggle for preponderance was not by any means an unavoidable logical outcome of the geographic, economic or political conditions in which the countries implicated in this struggle found themselves, such as might have hampered them in their legitimate development and from which the peoples concerned were anxious to seek an escape even at the cost of armed conflicts. It was entirely due to the personal or dynastic ambitions, the lust for power and conquest, for military and political supremacy, of individual rulers, such as Louis XIV of France, William III of England and Orange, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Maria Theresa of Austria, Charles XII of Sweden, Peter the Great and Catharine the Great of Russia, who during this whole period were the central figures of the wars and politics of Europe.

In these struggles, however, which were, strictly speaking, struggles between their rulers, the peoples had no concern or share, save that of furnishing the requisite cannon fodder for enabling their rulers to indulge their feuds, their ambitions and their selfish greed. The feudal system, although expiring, was not yet dead in Continental Europe, the bulk of whose population, the peasantry, were still serfs at the beck and call of their masters. The recruiting of the human material needed for the rank and file of the armies presented, therefore, no difficulties; nor did it entail any great hardship on the populations. Armies of those days were professional standing armies, necessarily limited in size, whose maintenance had to be paid for in hard cash. Frenzied finance with its orgy of colossal loans and unlimited issues of fiat-money paper had not yet made its appearance. As legitimate resources of states were limited, so had of necessity to be their expenditure for armaments, and consequently the size of their armies. Thus one of the decisive battles in the War of the Austrian Succession—1740–48—the Battle of Fontenoy, was fought in the presence of King Louis XV of France, with on both sides comparatively very small forces, when Marshal Saxe in command of the French Army of less than 60,000 men defeated the Duke of Cumberland with his 40,000 to 50,000 men of allied English, Austrian and Dutch troops. These small armies were commanded and officered by the nobility and gentry, descendants of the armor-clad knights of old. Dynastic interests and quarrels dictated their employment. War in these conditions has not inaptly been described as the sport of kings. But wars as they were waged in those days for dynastic interests and as they were fought between small professional armies did not assume the character of national wars—wars between peoples—and did not rouse the passions of hatred and of revenge such as wars are breeding in our time.

The question of nationalities and their self-determination, whatever that may mean, had not yet been raised. European mankind, which had been so bitterly divided by divergences of religious belief in the Thirty Years' War, which had exhausted Europe and devastated Germany, had not yet hit on racial differences as a ground for international hatred and strife. It was quite natural for a French king to intrust the command of one of his armies as a marshal of France to Count Maurice of Saxe, an illegitimate son of a king of Saxony, as it was natural for a prince of the House of Savoy to be in command of an Austrian army against the Turks. Had not one of my own ancestors been in the service of Louis XIV in the capacity of marshal of France, and another, and a direct one, in the service of Charles XII of Sweden in command of Swedish troops against Peter the Great in the Battle of Poltava?

Life Under the Old Régime

Differences of language between peoples belonging to different political entities were no more a cause of friction than were such differences of language between subjects of the same state. Indeed, the French language had become and remained the generally accepted common language of the courts, the aristocracy and polite society of Continental Europe, until in court and in ultra-smart circles English became the favorite, and in general polite society the knowledge of French ceased to be a criterion of good breeding and a claim to social distinction, and the use of the national tongue in preference to French became good form.

Taken all in all, European mankind in that period of its history—in spite of the many different nationalities which composed it and in spite of the frequent armed conflicts between the states which divided it politically—presented socially a picture of far greater unity than in our days. This was primarily due to the identity of the monarchical principle of government under which all the peoples of Europe were living, whether strictly absolutist, as on the Continent, or to some extent constitutionally limited, as in Great Britain. The Christian sovereigns of Europe addressed one another as "brother," and the members of their dynasties considered themselves as forming, so to speak, one family, elevated high above the level of common humanity.

Similar relations, a sort of social freemasonry, united the aristocracies of the various countries, the next highest stratum of the pyramid of European society, of which royalties constituted the apex. They were in every sense the privileged class in whom centered wealth and culture and political influence. Theirs were the palaces and castles replete with treasures of luxury and beauty; they were the Mæcenases, the patrons of literature and of the arts. Their lives were surrounded with all the refined enjoyment which an advanced and fastidious civilization could provide.

Talleyrand in his old age, recalling memories of a long-vanished past, used to say: "He who has not lived in the time of the *ancien régime* can have no conception of what the sweetness of life could mean." But this sweetness of life was the happy lot of the few, numerically an infinitesimal minority. The middle classes, in spite of the growing importance of trade and industry, had not yet acquired sufficient influence to be of much account in international politics, and the popular masses were politically inarticulate and largely illiterate.

The Old Game of Wits

Such were the conditions, broadly speaking, which prevailed in all European countries. International policies under these conditions were wholly under the control of sovereigns and their immediate surroundings. "Diplomacy, therefore, was then a game of wits played in a narrow circle." The players were all of the same circle, intrusted each with the promotion and defense of the interests of his sovereign, as well as with the care of his prestige and dignity. States being then practically regarded as the property of their sovereigns, questions of procedure and etiquette were treated as being of hardly less importance than questions of preservation or rearrangement of territorial boundaries. Thus the game was often played for objects of singular futility, but its stakes were sometimes whole countries or provinces, which were transferred from one sovereignty to another regardless of their inhabitants' feelings and wishes, which no one ever thought of consulting. The result was reflected in the kaleidoscopic appearance of the map of Central Europe and Italy.

It must, however, be conceded that wars in that period of Europe's history, although waged primarily for dynastic interests and ambitions, did not affect the welfare of nations to any disastrous extent. The range of warlike operations was necessarily limited by the, comparatively speaking, very small size of contending armies, and the devastation and destruction of material values caused thereby were of correspondingly limited extent. And, most important of all, just as wars originated, not in fierce and uncontrollable religious dissensions, as in the Thirty Years' War, or in undying international hatreds, as in our days, but merely in ambitions, intrigues and feuds of courts and their immediate surroundings, so also was the settlement of these wars within the undisputed power of the same narrow circles, untrammeled in their decisions and free from the pressure of the unreasoning passions of herd psychology. Settlements in obedience to the dictates of reason and statesmanship were possible.

Such as it was at the end of the eighteenth century, the community of European states had found a *modus vivendi*, imperfect in some respects, but based on a principle common to all its component parts—the monarchic principle—and therefore apparently justifying hopes and expectations entertained as to its stability and lasting character. These expectations, however, were doomed to disappointment when the outbreak of the French Revolution dealt the first, and that a staggering, blow to the fundamental principle of authority on which rested European civilization as gradually evolved from the chaotic conditions of the Middle Ages—the principle of the divine right of legitimate monarchy. The following two decades, filled with the clash of arms, were absorbed in a sanguinary struggle between the revolution and the

(Continued on Page 57)

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

"Bet your life, old pal-- nothing but P. A. in this pipe!"

Prince Albert awaits your call wherever tobacco is sold. Tuppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistened top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

Copyright 1921
by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co

GEE—how those Prince Albert-eers root for the national joy smoke! Meet 'em in the moose woods, down Main Street, around the corner or on the night boat! All one brand of right-arm enthusiasm that fairly zips out of the tobacco itself! Yes sir, regular double-deck-plugging that's churned-up by genuine HE joy—*close-to-nature-stuff you can't buy on phonograph records!*

Bend your ear when you're in such glad jimmy pipe company! Pass yourself a mental memo that *that man* is getting *his* personal hand-out of Prince Albert's wonderful, refreshing flavor; that he's keen-o for P. A.'s coolness and that he proves every time he fires up that Prince Albert is free from bite and parch because both are cut out by our exclusive patented process.

Now—You *KNOW* what Prince Albert hands other smokers. *That's settled!!!* The question before us is:—"*How're you sparking with YOUR pipe?!*" If you haven't got a pipe, go and GET ONE! Get down to brass tacks on smokes—via P. A.!

Yes sir, you'll pick a pal in Prince Albert that'll pass you a smoke-symphony guaranteed to hit high top C every time you get that little old hankering hunch to light 'em up again! And, that's what the encyclopedia calls *32nd-degree-smoke-sport!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

MO

Strips of mild, Supreme bacon!
What's a better way
to start your day?

R R I S

Supreme Bacon

Just right—its delicate, mild flavor is that way because the Morris Supreme cure is just right.

Note the label—the famous Morris Supreme yellow and black label that marks this mild-flavored bacon—Supreme-cured.

The same label distinguishes a great variety of good things to eat—all Morris Supreme; all supreme in flavor.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

PUMPS

AGRICULTURAL · INDUSTRIAL · MUNICIPAL · RESIDENTIAL

Modern Miracles and Pumps

PUBLIC utilities are great public servants. They provide the raw materials which make for modern living—water, gas, electricity. Without pumps, public utilities could not provide these vital commodities.

You rarely see these pumps. The chances are that you *never will* see them. But let them suddenly cease their tireless activity and you would be rudely reminded of the part pumps play in your every-day life.

Pumps have a hand in manufacturing the gas which cooks your oatmeal, fries your eggs, crisps your bacon.

Huge pumps, supplying millions of gallons of water daily to city water mains, make it possible for you to fill your dish-pan and your bath-tub merely by turning a faucet.

Thanks to the work pumps are doing in electric light plants, the push of a button floods your home with cheerful light—browns your toast at breakfast—cleans your rugs—irons your clothes.

Every time you talk into the telephone, ride on a trolley, or step into an elevator, you unconsciously make use of pumps—pumps that never take a vacation.

Without pumps, the prime movers of liquids, civilization in the sense that we understand it today would cease to exist. Not a city or town could light its streets at night. Not a trolley could run—or telephone ring. The skyscraper would become as extinct as the dodo.

Goulds Pumps are doing their full share of the work in public utility plants. In little villages and great cities, Goulds Pumps are distributing water—helping to make "batches" of gas—helping to generate the power that makes modern conveniences possible.

More than three thousand different kinds and sizes of Goulds Pumps are used in handling the liquids and semi-liquids required by industry and the home. For every pumping operation, whatever it may be, there is a Goulds Pump which does the work. When you wish information on pumps or pumping, consult Goulds engineers at Pump Headquarters.

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Seneca Falls, N. Y. *Established 1848*

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA ATLANTA PITTSBURGH
NEW YORK CHICAGO HOUSTON DETROIT

Agencies in all principal cities

THE world has traveled far since grandmother was a girl. In her day meals were cooked on a crude stove burning coal and wood Water was drawn laboriously and lugged long distances. Old-fashioned kerosene lamps furnished the dim light which passed for illumination Later, public utilities, dependent on pumps, ushered in the miracles which we take for granted today.

GOULDS

(Continued from Page 52)

monarchical principle, from which the latter, for the time being, emerged victorious. In the closing years of the eighteenth century and in the beginning of the nineteenth, European statesmanship and diplomacy had but one aim to pursue—an all-important one: that of creating and maintaining a united front against the forces of the newborn Jacobin republic first, and then against those of the usurper of the throne of France, Napoleon, as the personification of the principle of the revolution. After the crushing defeat inflicted on Napoleonic France by the coalition, it became the task of the Congress of Vienna to reconstruct the community of European states, so profoundly disorganized by Napoleon's arbitrary policies, in such a way as to secure some guaranty of the stability of the reestablished order of things. This guaranty was sought to be firmly established by the conclusion of the so-called Holy Alliance, the very name given to it testifying to the influence which the presence of the Emperor Alexander I and the mystical strain peculiar to his mind exercised on the decisions of the Congress. It has been described as "an unholy alliance of monarchs against the liberty of peoples." Such a definition, however, does not render justice to the lofty ideal which swayed the mind of Alexander himself, imbued with the most liberal ideas of the Swiss Laharpe, whose pupil he had been. The Holy Alliance in his mind's eye was to pursue an aim which he deemed essential for the salvation of Europe—the reassertion of the principle of authority, faith in the sanctity of which had been undermined by the French Revolution and the teachings of the philosophers who had originally inspired this great upheaval.

The Congress of Vienna

The history of the world seems to show that no civilization can endure that is not based on a principle of authority unquestioningly believed in by contemporaneous mankind. This is a point brought out with convincing force by the historian of the greatness and decline of the civilization of the Roman world, Guglielmo Ferrero, when he attributed one of the main causes determining the advent of the chaotic conditions in which that civilization was to perish to the final elimination by the Emperor Septimus Severus of the Roman Senate, the personification of the only principle of legitimate authority by which the Roman world had been held together, and the waning faith in which had been the canker eating away its vitals.

A similar menace to the civilization of Europe could not but be seen by her leading statesmen in the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy in France in the name of the novel, untried and vague principles of democracy and sovereignty of the people. To reestablish on a secure foundation the principle of authority, which had been so rudely shaken by the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, was bound to be the prime preoccupation of the congress of the victors. This nowadays much-decried congress, inspired and led by statesmen of the caliber of Alexander I, of Castlereagh and Wellington, of Metternich and of Talleyrand, although it sanctioned the final partition of Poland, was not primarily concerned in the division of the spoils of victory. Amidst the usual scramble for territory and power the main task of the Congress—that of the reconstruction of Europe on the basis of the monarchical principle—was not lost sight of and was accomplished, after the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty on the French throne, by the admission of France on a footing of equality to the conclave of the four allied powers—Austria, Russia, Prussia and Great Britain—which had undertaken the settlement of the affairs of Europe. The triumphant entry of defeated France into the charmed circle of her conquerors was secured by the supreme intellectual endowment, superior diplomacy and skillful maneuvering of Talleyrand, her representative at the Congress.

Thus the Big Four of those days had become a committee of the five great powers which claimed and exercised the right to settle everything of importance affecting every state in Europe, and this arrangement set the precedent which has been followed ever since. It is, indeed, a flagrant breach of the fundamental principle of the equality of all the powers admitted to participation in a congress; but, since every state, great and small, once admitted, has an equal voice, it is difficult to see how this principle, equitable in theory, could be established in practice. The disappointing results of the Hague conferences were in fact due more than anything else to the admission on equal terms of a crowd of very unequal powers. To the same cause—not to mention any others—will always have to be attributed the impotence of any league of nations, as constituted by the Treaty of Versailles, unless dominated by a power or powers strong enough to enforce obedience to their dictates.

The Congress of Vienna has been reproached with having failed to institute any new system of securing the stability of European polity and duly to recognize the new forces of liberty and democracy unchained by the revolution. These reproaches cannot well be said to be quite fair and really deserved. The adoption of a new and quite untried system of securing such stability, instead of a reassertion of the fundamental principle of authority which had rescued civilization from mediæval chaos and had stood the test of time, could hardly have commended itself to the sober judgment of experienced statesmen of the old school. Nevertheless, when the greater part of Poland was incorporated in the Russian dominions as a separate kingdom, it was given the promise of the grant of a constitution of its own. This was obviously a concession to the spirit of the age, as had been the grant to the French people of a constitutional charter by Louis XVIII on his accession to the throne of France. And then it must be conceded that Europe was not yet ripe for the full recognition of the claims of nationalism and liberalism. What it wanted most of all was peace, and by establishing something like a territorial equilibrium the Congress did much to secure to the nations of Europe that breathing spell which was the crying need of all. Nor can it be denied that for a period of forty years, until the outbreak of the Crimean War of the Franco-English coalition against Russia, peace between the great powers of Europe was not disturbed—a result which in justice should be placed to the credit of the statesmanship of the Congress of Vienna.

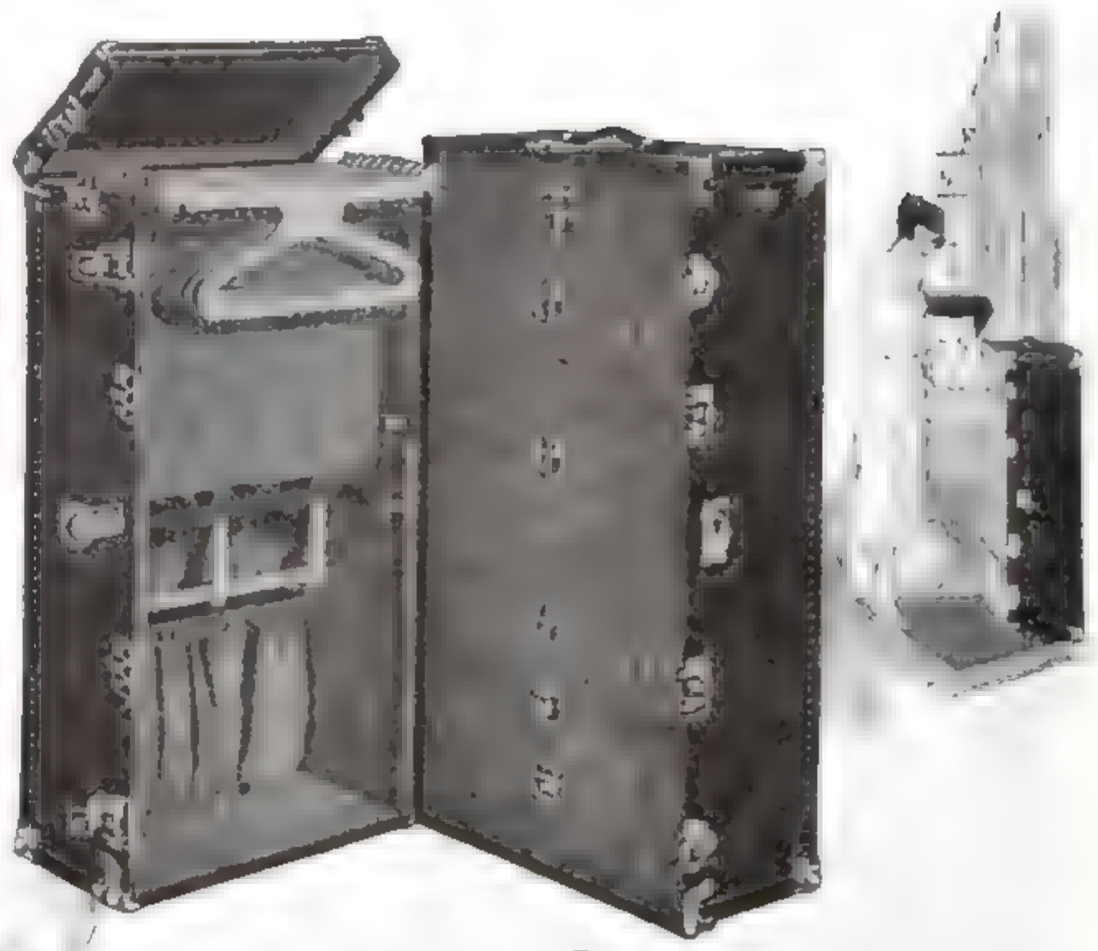
The Monarchical Principle

The congress had done what it could to reestablish formally the principle of authority represented by the legitimate monarchy, but it was beyond its power to revive in the popular mind the faith in its divine sanction, a faith gravely impaired by the events of the revolution as well as by the teachings of philosophy. Henceforth monarchy in France rested on the precarious foundation, first, of foreign-imposed necessity, as under the restored legitimate Bourbon dynasty; next, of utilitarian convenience, as under Louis Philippe of Orleans; and last, of the plebiscitary Cæsarism of Napoleon III. It no longer represented an unassailable principle of authority deeply rooted in the hearts and the consciousness of the people, and at last, after a military collapse, it made room for the parliamentary republic in which the French nation appears to have found a régime best suited to her mentality and to the state of her political development.

It could hardly have been expected that the course of events that had shaped the destinies of the foremost nation of the European Continent would have remained without exercising a powerful reflex action on her more backward and weaker sister nations, who were historically and psychologically far from ripe for a similar development, and who, overcome by a complete moral, political and military collapse, find themselves now in a condition perilously approaching a state of irretrievable chaos.

Apart from the monarchical principle as the principle of authority governing the state, there was intimately connected with it another principle of authority deeply affected by the intellectual movement in which the revolution had its genesis, the authority of revealed religion. It would be impossible to overrate the influence which waning faith in revealed religion is bound to exercise on the historical development of human society. No one, however unbelieving, could possibly deny that the marvelous spread of the Christian religion and its powerful hold over the minds of men are proof sufficient of the truth that it satisfied the craving for consolation and moral support in the trials of life.

(Continued on Page 60)



This Striking Value is one of the beautiful BELBER Wardrobe Trunks

PEOPLE used to think of "living in a trunk" as a hardship.

That was before BELBER made the Wardrobe Trunk *practical*.

Even today you must get a BELBER WARDROBE if you want the last word in convenience and in protection to your clothes.

Here is one of the remarkable BELBER *values*. Smart, well-built, completely equipped throughout—every inch a thoroughbred, but most moderately priced.

A practical accessory wardrobe for travel—visiting—vacation trips—or in steady year-in, year-out service at home.

Make sure of the BELBER trade-name. Your assurance of *highest, practical money's worth* at whatever price you pay. Hand Luggage—$10 to $100. Wardrobe Trunks from $50 for this model No. 999 to $250 for the luxurious model No. 1040.

$50.

the new model—No. 999

"every inch a thoroughbred and practical to the last degree."

If your dealer cannot supply you this Trunk, send your check or money order to US. We will arrange to have the Trunk delivered to you.

The BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

Ask

Note: New Brunswick Records are on advance sale at all Brunswick dealers' on the 16th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS FOR OCTOBER

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records

30016	*Impromptu in A Flat* (Chopin) Pianoforte Solo . . . . *Leopold Godowsky*	2127	*Tuck Me To Sleep* Tenor *Billy Jones and Strand Male Trio* *If You Only Knew* Baritone . . *Ernest Hare*
10037	*Air des Bijoux* (Jewel Song from Faust) Act III (Gounod) . . . *Florence Easton*		
10035	*Marechiare* (Neapolitan Song) (di Giacomo —Tosti) Baritone, in Italian . *Giuseppe Danise*	5063	*Down At The Huskin' Bee* *Criterion Male Quartet* *A Little Close Harmony* . *Criterion Male Quartet*
10015	*Jahrzeit (In Memoriam)* (Silberta-Silberstein) Soprano, in Yiddish . . . *Dorothy Jardon*	2123	*Peck's Bad Boy* . . . . *Strand Male Quartet* *Annual Protest (Off to School)* Humorous Recitation . . *Frieda Peycke*
10041	*Spanish Dance* (Granados-Kreisler) Violin Solo . . . . . *Max Rosen*		
13027	*Pale Moon* Baritone . . . . *Richard Bonelli* *Mah Lindy Lou* Baritone . . *Richard Bonelli*	2126	*Down At The Old Swimmin' Hole* Tenor and Baritone . . *Billy Jones and Ernest Hare* *Mimi* Tenor . . . . . *Billy Jones*
13026	*Minstrel Boy*—Irish Air Tenor *Theo. Karle* *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* *Theo. Karle and Crescent Male Trio*	2130	*All By Myself*—Fox Trot *Bennie Krueger's Orchestra* *Saturday*—Fox Trot *Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*
5063	*Ben Bolt* Contralto . . . . *Elizabeth Lennox* *Robin Adair* Contralto . . . *Elizabeth Lennox*		
2124	*Woodland Echoes* Violin-Flute-Harp *Gondolier Trio* *Juanita* Violin-Flute-Harp . . *Gondolier Trio*	2123	*Sweetheart*—Fox Trot . *Carl Fenton's Orchestra* *I've Got The Joys*—Fox Trot *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*
2128	*Sweet and Low* Soprano and Contralto *Irene Audrey and Emily Earle* *Honolulu Honey* Tenor and Baritone *Chas. Hart and Elliott Shaw*	2129	*Last Waltz* (Oscar Straus) *Carl Fenton's Orchestra* *Mississippi Cradle*—Waltz *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*

Prices of Brunswick Phonographs range from $65 to $775. Fourteen models in various finishes, including authentic Period designs.

BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS

Musicians, Composers-Teachers

INQUIRE among the *knowing*, and they will tell you:

The Brunswick is recognized as the accepted instrument of the musical world—the phonograph in the homes of greatest musicians, both in Europe and America.

And they will tell you, too, that because of an entirely *new* Method of Interpretation, Brunswick Records have assumed the same supreme position.

Note what critics say

"An amazing advance over anything heretofore accomplished in recording . . . . tones are almost unbelievably true, sweeter and more beautiful."

"The musical fancy of the day, due to a refreshingly unique *method of interpretation*."

"Music that brings the dance tingle to your toes." "It's not hard to understand, *once you hear*, why the whole dance world yielded to the lure of Brunswick interpretation."

Hear them at their best

To hear Brunswick Records on any phonograph is a revelation. Hear Godowsky, Chamlee Danise, Easton, Rosen and other world-noted Brunswick artists. *But to hear them at their best, hear them on a Brunswick.*

This is why

The Brunswick embodies an *exclusive* Method of Reproduction, by means of which perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones is achieved—tones beyond the scope of the ordinary type of instrument

The piano, the harp, the human voice are obtained in unmistakably *true* reproduction, and even Soprano High "C" reached without slightest "metallic" suggestion or vibration.

This method, known throughout the musical world as the *Brunswick* Method of Reproduction, is obtainable on *no other make* of instrument. Hence it is generally conceded, by authorities, that buying any phonograph, without at least *hearing* The Brunswick, is a mistake.

For a demonstration, at which you will not be urged to buy, call on your nearest Brunswick dealer. The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph. Hear—compare—then judge for yourself.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago
Manufacturers—Established 1845

Hear these Brunswick Super-Feature Records

If your fancy turns to dancing—hear

25 015 — *Emaline-Juanita*—Fox Trot, *Isham Jones' Orchestra*; *Ti-O San—Idling*—Fox Trot, *Isham Jones' Orchestra*

2130 — *All By Myself*—Fox Trot, *Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*; *Saturday*—Fox Trot, *Bennie Krueger's Orchestra*

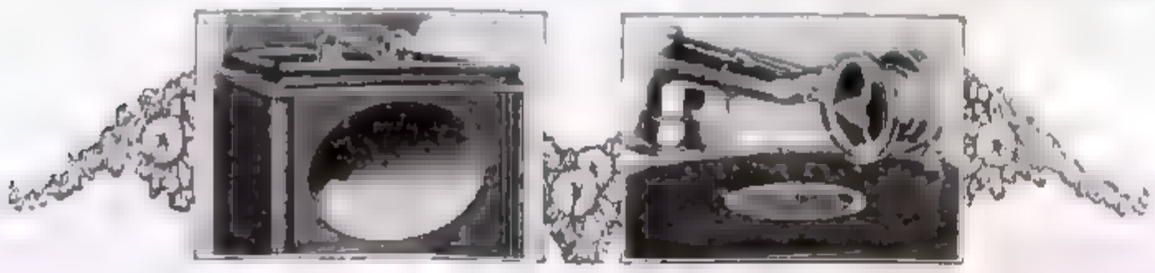
2129 — *Last Waltz*, *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*; *Mississippi Cradle*—Waltz, *Carl Fenton's Orchestra*

But for the seriously beautiful, by all means hear

10037 — *Air des Bijoux* (Jewel Song from Faust), *Florence Easton*

10035 — *Marechiare*, Neapolitan Song, *Giuseppe Danise*

The Exclusive Brunswick Method of Reproduction



The Oval Tone Amplifier

Made entirely of seasoned wood, like a fine old violin—no metal. Rounded at the "throat" like the human throat, expands into an oval like the mouth and is responsible for the famous Brunswick Tone. Does away with "metallic" sounds

The Ultona

Plays all makes of records at a turn of the arm. Not an "attachment" but a part of The Brunswick. Cushions the path of the needle by proper suspension. Hence, sweeter tones, a surprising reproduction of all "scratching" [illegible] get lasting records

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records

© B. B. C. Co., 1921

BRUNSWICK AND RECORDS

Buy Clean Coal

THERE is a saying among Government mining experts that one carload of coal out of five goes nowhere. It is the way they sum up fuel losses through inefficient coal production and careless use. If American industry utilized only clean coal, it would mean an enormous reduction of our national coal bill.

The reputation which CONSOLIDATION COAL enjoys among American industrial consumers is due in no small measure to the uniform cleanness of our product. Unvaryingly, in rush times and in slack, in shortages and in over-production, The Consolidation Coal Company ships from its mines bituminous coal from which all possible waste and non-fuel substances have been eliminated. The result is that users of CONSOLIDATION COAL effect dollar saving in that they do not pay freight rate and mine price on substances without power value.

The purchaser of coal often finds first costs a misleading guide.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

DIME BANK BUILDING, DETROIT, MICH. UNION TRUST BLDG., WASHINGTON, D.C.
137 MARKET STREET, PORTSMOUTH, N.H. FISHER BLDG., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
CONTINENTAL BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD. UNION CENTRAL BLDG., CINCINNATI, OHIO
STATE MUTUAL BLDG., BOSTON, MASS. MARION-TAYLOR BLDG., LOUISVILLE, KY.
LAND TITLE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Continued from Page 57)

In order to estimate the sinister import of an impairment in the minds of the people of their faith in the efficacy of the consolation and support which religion offers to suffering mankind, it is sufficient to keep in mind—what the more fortunately situated minority is but too apt to forget—that an inexorable fate condemns the overwhelming majority of mankind to a life of incessant toil, joyless monotony and anxious insecurity, whose hardship may be mitigated, but from which there can be no escape. Unable or unwilling to realize that there is not, and never can be, in existence a sufficiency of the good things of this world to be equally distributed among all, the toiling many are but too easily persuaded by insidious propaganda that their enjoyment is withheld from them by the selfishness of the few. A growing emancipation from the restraint of religious belief would necessarily develop in the minds of the toiling masses a receptive mood, ready and eager to absorb the alluring doctrines of socialism with its delusive promises of general welfare and prosperity to be attained through the destruction of the so-called capitalistic system. That was the warning conveyed to thinking statesmanship by the slow but steady spread of the philosophic materialism of the end of the eighteenth century.

Another and hardly less fatal heritage was that left by the wars of the revolution and of the Napoleonic Empire in the shape of the system of conscription by which the needed human material for carrying on these endless wars was provided by the republic as well as by the empire. It was perfected by Prussia after her total military collapse and the limitation of her armed forces imposed on her by Napoleon at the conclusion of peace, by the introduction of the system of general compulsory short-time military service, devised in circumvention of the stipulations of the peace treaty. This Prussian system having proved its efficiency in the Prusso-Austrian and Franco-Prussian wars of 1866 and 1870–71 was subsequently adopted by all the great military powers of Continental Europe. Its general adoption was destined to impart to modern warfare a peculiarly catastrophic character by turning operations of war between comparatively moderate-sized armies, as practiced theretofore, into war between whole nations armed to the teeth and bent on mutual destruction.

The Influence of the Press

These ominous conditions confronted European statesmanship of the nineteenth century in spite of the victory won over revolutionary and Napoleonic France, a victory which meant, indeed, no more than a temporary setback to the revolution, whose onward march was only a question of time. The true meaning of the French Revolution, which had its origin in the intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, was the triumph of the bourgeoisie over the landed aristocracy; in other words, the transfer of power in the state from a class whose misrule and failure to advance with the spirit of the age had rendered its downfall inevitable, to a class better fitted to wield the reins of power at the threshold of a new era which was to see a development of progress such as mankind had never dreamed of before. It was the triumph of the middle class, but it had, for consistency's sake, to be proclaimed to be the triumph of democracy, whatever may be understood by this sufficiently vague designation, which is evidently a misnomer if it is taken to mean the rule of the "demos"; for even in Bolshevist Russia it is not the "demos" that rules but a small group of the self-appointed pretended representatives of the proletariat. Incidentally it might not come amiss to mention here that the Bolshevist tyrants of Moscow, with their brazen, cynical outspokenness, declare democracy to be a hollow sham invented by the bourgeoisie for concealing from the proletarian masses their own enslavement, by conceding to them the illusion of power in the shape of the right of suffrage; and the bourgeoisie to be, therefore, the real enemy whose extermination must be the aim of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Apart from the rising tide of democracy a new disturbing element, which, as far as Continental Europe was concerned, had been absent from the political life of the preceding century, made its appearance and gradually acquired an overshadowing importance. That element is the influence of the daily newspaper press. Lest I be reproached with inconsiderate exaggeration in applying the term "overshadowing" to the undoubted importance of that influence, I must endeavor to make clear my meaning and the reason why the experience of the last seven years has convinced me of the reality of its overshadowing character.

In trying to analyze the nature of the influence exercised by a daily newspaper and the means by which it is achieved, it is necessary to take into account the motives inspiring its proprietor and editors as well as the psychology of its readers. As a business proposition it stands to reason that a newspaper which is not a party organ supported from party funds or an organ of some powerful individual or corporate financial interests is dependent for its financial prosperity on the extent of its circulation. It must therefore necessarily endeavor to conform to and to reflect the views, the tastes, the sympathies or antipathies of as large a circle of readers as possible. On the other hand, it will also be able to impress on its readers its own views, for whatsoever motives entertained, by skillfully veiled tendencies in serving up its budget of news and in coloring its comments in its editorial columns. In the intellectual relationship which in the nature of things establishes itself between a newspaper and its readers, the preponderating influence will be found to be that of the newspaper, for the same reason that a party leader is able, or should be able if a real leader, to impress his views on the rank and file of his party, belying the dictum attributed to some astute political trimmer: "I must follow them, for I am their leader."

Ready-Made Opinions

The explanation of the docility which renders the mass of newspaper readers so easily amenable to the influence of political journalism must be sought for in the first place in a certain intellectual sluggishness common to the majority of mankind. Most people, instead of thinking out for themselves their political views, seem to prefer to have them served up to them ready-made by their favorite newspaper every day with their breakfast. In times of great political excitement, as in wartime—when not only the liberty of the press everywhere in belligerent countries is suspended but also the liberty of thinking and reasoning is taboo when proceeding on lines not approved of by the majority who deem themselves possessed of the monopoly of patriotism—unthinking herd psychology comes into play as well as moral cowardice. The apprehension of being found not to be thinking as everybody else is thought to be thinking affects newspapers as well as their readers, who, reacting on one another and thereby aggravating the importance of their fears, help to create a more or less fictitious public opinion, of which spurious statesmanship stands in trembling awe. The extent to which the power of a certain newspaper press, with its propaganda of hatred and strife, has grown during the years of the war and continues to influence the policies of governments is one of the most alarming symptoms of the situation, and is one of the principal obstacles in the way of the final pacification of the world for which all mankind is yearning and without which economic recuperation is impossible for victors as well as for vanquished in the Great War. Against this evil, censorship, even if governments dared practice it in the sense required, would be no remedy, since its object would be to suppress opinions the propaganda of which they had themselves fostered by every means in their power, thereby raising a formidable ghost they seem now powerless to lay. The only conceivably efficient remedy would be the restoration of the absolute liberty of speech and of the press, and of a change of heart in those who still believe that hatred of a former enemy is a prime requisite of patriotism. The only way to counteract the propaganda of hatred and of strife effectually is by the propaganda of conciliation and of peace.

Having tried to outline succinctly the main features of the situation which confronted the statesmanship of Europe in the nineteenth century, I shall have now to attempt to examine the question of how far European statesmanship has been successful or been found wanting in its dealings with the difficulties with which it has had to contend. (Continued on Page 63)

STOP PAYING *these needless expenses*

Do you know that an average of one dollar out of every three spent in running a car goes for repairs?

Do you realize that one-fifth of the investment in the average motor car is lost each year through rapid depreciation?

These are tolls—needless expenses—that motorists are paying *largely because of faulty lubrication*—the use of oils poor in quality or wrong in type.

Think of this tremendous waste—especially now when need for greater economy is urgent—when you want a dollar's worth for every dollar you spend!

How can you eliminate faulty lubrication with all its evils and wastes? The only answer is—buy lubrication instead of just "oil" by making certain the oil you use is the right lubricant for your particular engine.

Motorists who use SUNOCO, the six-type non-compounded motor oil, take no chances. The use of Sunoco guarantees proper lubrication for any design of engine—winter or summer.

Sunoco is the highest quality and most scientifically accurate motor lubricant possible to manufacture. It is the latest and greatest achievement in motor lubrication—entirely different from ordinary oil. It is made in six types but *only one quality*—no "seconds" to confuse you.

Sunoco eliminates the trouble and expense of carbon—gives greater power and mileage on less gasoline and oil—reduces repair bills and adds greatly to the life of your car.

Put Sunoco to the test. Have your crankcase drained, cleaned and filled with the type of Sunoco specified for your particular car by the dealer's "Sunoco Lubrication Guide."

Make certain, also, that you get *genuine* Sunoco. Examine the container from which Sunoco is drawn, or better still, buy it in sealed cans or drums.

Every motorist should have a copy of "Accurate Lubrication"—a booklet that tells how to operate your car with greater economy and efficiency. It is free. Ask your dealer or write us for a copy at once and give the name and address of your dealer.

SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Gasoline and other Petroleum Products

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week — **Philadelphia** — *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 32 Principal Cities*

SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

TO THE TRADE: A wonderful sales opportunity is open to dealers who will specialize in lubrication. Write for the Sunoco Sales Plan.

IN APPEARANCE the Moon meets the keen desire for outward distinction and beauty. Every detail expresses the best practice known to the science of engineering. The soundness of its mechanical design and its dependability in operation are verified by the satisfaction expressed by thousands of owners in America. Patronage accorded the Moon this year surpasses all previous years. The car of proven units.

Built by MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *St. Louis, U. S. A.*
Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

MOON

$1785

F.O.B. ST. LOUIS

Sedan—5-passenger $2785
Coupé—4-passenger $2785
Brougham—$2785

Photographic Brochure Sent Upon Request

c c B

(Continued from Page 60)

We have seen how the Congress of Vienna endeavored to reëstablish the principle of authority of the divine right of legitimate monarchy shattered by the revolution. The so-called Holy Alliance between the five great powers who had undertaken to settle the affairs of Europe was to have secured this sacred principle of authority on an unshakable basis. How loose, however, and precarious was the bond created between these powers by the Holy Alliance was sufficiently demonstrated by the fact, since disclosed, that even before the congress had separated a secret understanding had been concluded between Austria, France and Great Britain for the mutual protection of their interests against possible ambitions of the remaining two copartners of the alliance—Russia and Prussia. A further loosening of the bond meant to be sealed by the creation of the Holy Alliance was marked by the withdrawal from it of Great Britain, when it became merely the Grand Alliance, under the leadership of the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia, destined to disappear definitively from the field of European politics with the outbreak of the Crimean War, and to be replaced after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris by the vague conception of what was termed the "European Concert." But the monarchic principle, as the basic principle of authority on which European civilization had been built up in the course of centuries, undermined by the rising tide of democracy and weakened by the dissensions and feuds among those who should have been its defenders, received its death blow by the suicidal policies which led up to the World War and the collapse and passing of the three great empires of Eastern Europe.

No greater insight was displayed by European statesmanship in gauging the importance of the genesis and growth of revolutionary socialism, nor any greater competence and skill in dealing with and in devising means of paralyzing its increasing menace. Though it was perfectly plain that the widening contrast between the life of luxury and ease reserved for the propertied classes and the life of perennial want and anxious insecurity which is the lot of the toiling masses was the real source of the discontent that predisposed peoples' minds to receptivity in regard to the propaganda of the alluring doctrines of socialism, governments continued unconcernedly to waste on ever-growing armaments untold millions, which might have served to lighten the burden and improve the lot of those who by their labor helped to build up the nations' greatness and prosperity. Thanks to the spread of education and knowledge, it could not long fail to be understood by the popular masses that these armaments were destined to serve policies inspired by ambitions of conquest or glory, prestige, military and political supremacy; in all of which they, the plain people, could not have any concern, but for the satisfaction of which they were expected enthusiastically to shed their blood and sacrifice their lives if need be.

Discredited Statesmanship

When I was in England in the summer of 1916, the very aged, venerable and experienced head of one of the greatest industrial establishments in the country, when I was introduced to him, said to me solemnly, emphasizing every word: "If I had my way I would take some sixty or eighty of these so-called statesmen of all nations and have them hanged by their necks until they were dead."

It is, indeed, such leadership as that to which he alluded in such striking terms that in the eyes of impartial history will bear the whole responsibility for the guilt of the war and for its indefinite prolongation when the French victory of the Marne had made it abundantly clear that the war was bound to turn into a long-drawn-out agony that could end only in misery and ruin for all concerned.

That the same statesmanship that was unable to prevent the outbreak of the war and to end it by negotiation, when every consideration of common sense and foresight commanded such a course, should show itself incapable of bringing about a real peace two years after the conclusion of a treaty dictated after its own heart's desire to a completely defeated and collapsed adversary is, indeed, not to be wondered at.

But at a time when the boundless liberality and unparalleled devotion to a high ideal of Christian charity of a great and generous nation, directed by the wonderful executive ability of a man of genius, provides for the feeding of three million five hundred thousand starving children in Central and Eastern Europe—exclusive of unhappy Russia—it is a truly pathetic spectacle to see leading statesmen of great nations sitting in solemn conclave, engaged in the fatuous occupation of trying to make two and two produce twelve, or, perhaps, by compromise, eight, according to Mr. Keynes; or else of trying to cut in slices a soap bubble for distribution among themselves, as an Italian statesman is said to have expressed it.

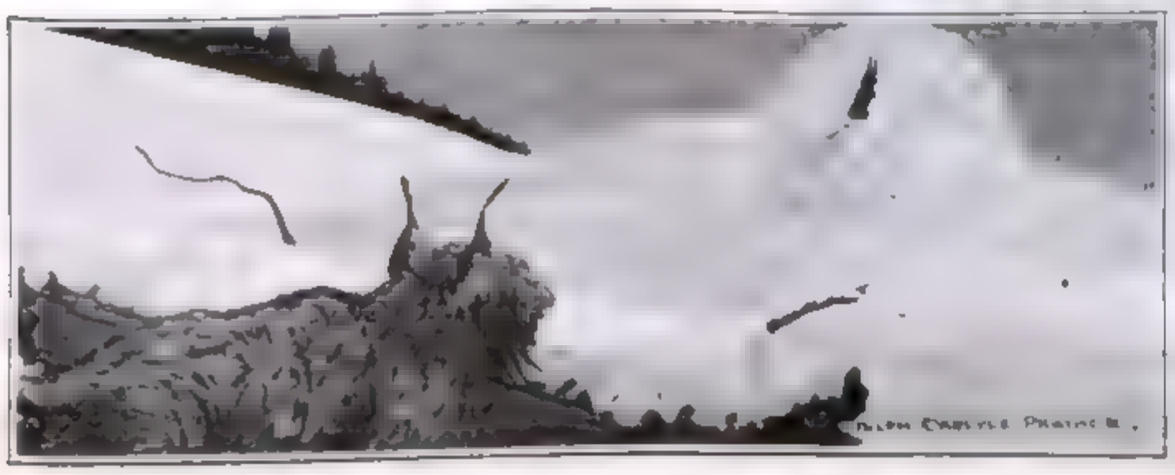
Give Business a Voice

One thing stands out in bold relief, and it is this: That as long as the most momentous decisions are taken not because they answer the crying needs of a continent—nay, of the whole civilized world—but because they have to serve the political interests of this or that statesman temporarily in power, who undoubtedly would vastly prefer not to be compelled to play the reckless game of demagogy—in a word, as long as demagogy, mass psychology and hysteria are trumps, and reason and statesmanship have to take a back seat, so long can there be no peace and no economic recuperation. It would seem to be about time for Europe to return to sanity if her civilization is to be saved from sharing the fate of so many civilizations that have preceded hers in the history of mankind.

Peace is the only air in which the producing interests can breathe freely—business and labor alike. They are partners. They create the greatness and prosperity of countries. Nonproducing elements—so-called statesmen, politicians, rhetoricians, writers, journalists, strategists, militarists, and so on—alone can thrive in an atmosphere of hatred and of strife. It is time for business, supported by labor, to take its place, and to take in hand the direction of the world's affairs.

In conclusion I must quote from Mr. Maynard Owen Williams' article on Czechoslovakia, Key Land to Central Europe, the following illuminating lines:

"In Uzhorod we saw an interesting side light on what one writer has called the 'United Hates of Europe.' . . . We saw an excellent football game between the Uzhorod team and a Hungarian eleven from Budapest. The Hungarians won, and in the hotel dining room that evening these huskies celebrated their victory by singing some of their national songs. Yet the audience in Uzhorod not only allowed their late enemies in war and sport to live, but roundly applauded their singing as they had their play. . . . Propaganda bureaus are doing their best to perpetuate hate and a paper shortage in all countries of Central Europe; but if the politicians aren't careful the peoples are going to fraternize until it will take a lot of persuading to get another big army into the field."



SOLAR
Self-Closing
RECEPTACLE

The
Silent Sentinel
of Cleanliness

SOLAR Self-Closing Receptacle curbs carelessness in the disposition of waste, litter, soiled towels, used drinking cups—*all refuse.* In the home, in offices, factories, hotels, depots, rest rooms, department stores—*EVERYWHERE*—Solar Self-Closing Receptacle says quietly but insistently, "Don't throw it there—put it here." Its very presence is a silent appeal to cleanliness that keeps the premises neat and clean.

Opens at a Touch—Closes Silently by Gravity

The swinging top opens at a touch of the hand—from either side—and swings shut automatically after the refuse is deposited. A lining of paper, burlap or duck receives all deposits and permits removal of contents at one operation. Metal liner provided for wet deposits. Solar Self-Closing Receptacle is constructed of steel throughout. All sizes and colors—white, green, gray or oak or mahogany grain finish. Carried in stock at convenient shipping points over the country.

A note to us will bring you full information on this better refuse collector.

Solar-Sturges Mfg. Company

Plants: Columbus, Ohio • Chicago, Ill. General Offices, Chicago

Largest Manufacturers of Milk and Ice Cream Cans in the World.
Established 1865.

Our Contribution to Save the Public Millions

The Oliver Typewriter

Cash Price: **NOW $49.50** Standard Model

Monthly installment price $55

The Oliver Typewriter Company announces a further reduction in price of the latest and best Oliver No. 9—formerly $100—lately $64. Our sales and plant capacity have quadrupled since the price was cut. Over 900,000 Olivers have been sold. Now we are making further reduction in a field where for years $100 was and is the standard price of a standard typewriter.

IN 1917 we announced a new sales policy. Up to then the Oliver had sold at $100, the standard price for over 25 years.

It was then the best typewriter in a dozen ways, as it is today. So it held a dominant place in the typewriter world, and our price cut was a sensation.

What we said was this: We are going to dispense with thousands of Oliver salesmen and agents. We are going to close up expensive Oliver branches in over 50 cities.

We shall sell Oliver typewriters direct from the factory to the users, at the lowest possible price. Every saving we make will go to the users.

We shall send the Olivers on trial, letting them sell themselves. And all we save in selling cost shall be subtracted from our price.

The public response was amazing. The demand was overwhelming. Oliver sales multiplied four-fold. Our factory was enlarged. In dull times and good times the demand kept up.

A sensational success

We proved that such a typewriter—conspicuously supreme—needed no salesmen to sell it.

We maintained then, as we do now, that a stationary price of $100 or more is unnecessary. And thousands upon thousands see the logic of our arguments.

And ask themselves: "Why should I pay double to have some anxious salesman come and sell me a typewriter, when for a 2c stamp I can be my own salesman and save $50.50?"

If any typewriter is worth $100 or more it is this sturdy, proven Oliver No. 9. Compare it with other standard typewriters costing $100 or more. More money can't bring a finer typewriter.

Yet we announce this the lowest conceivable price because we anticipate lowered costs of production and multiplied sales. Furthermore, our factory facilities have been largely increased. New buildings, added machinery and greater shop efficiency aid us in making this further saving for the public.

What is your answer?

The issue is plain: A standard typewriter for $100 or a standard typewriter for $49.50? Do you care to pay us a double price and support expensive branch offices and forced salesmanship? If not, read the opposite page.

To the Individual User

MAKE comparisons. Note how much more $49.50 (or $55 payable monthly) brings you in an Oliver than in any other. Note the easy operation of the Oliver. Test its speed. It is built to operate 50 per cent faster than human hands. Note the lighter touch.

Observe the sturdy construction of the Oliver Nine and its beautiful finish. And its simplicity. Ordinary care will keep it new indefinitely. It is built to endure hard usage.

See the many improvements—the inbuilt tabulator, double color ribbon, the type-bar that insures permanent alignment, the handy back-spacer, the disappearing indicator, the vertical and horizontal ruling device and the numerous betterments, many of which are exclusive inventions.

To Users of Many Typewriters

BIG businesses, whether needing 1 or 100 additional typewriters, can save hundreds and thousands of dollars because of this announcement.

An absolutely new typewriter, fully guaranteed, at a cash price of $49.50 offers an unparalleled opportunity. Especially with the value unchanged.

Upon request we gladly furnish you with a list of many of the leading businesses of the country which use Olivers, together with their experiences. Their testimony will interest and convince you.

We suggest that purchasing agents or buyers of large concerns using typewriters in quantity write to us at once for full particulars regarding this branch of our business.

The Coupon Brings This Brand New Oliver Typewriter

No Change in Model—The Identical $100 Oliver

Direct from the Factory

Send No Money

FREE TRIAL

Easy Terms

to your office or home

The price *alone* is changed—*not* the Oliver No. 9, our latest and improved model. It is a 25-year development. It is the identical model we formerly sold for years at $100. Now it is sent direct on approval. Five days' free trial. And over a year to pay. Read about this simple plan that saves you half. Then mail the coupon at once for *either* a Free Trial Oliver or for Further Information.

THIS offer is based on the fact that the Oliver readily sells itself. Its supremacies are many and conspicuous. Its attractions are resistless.

In any comparison it will win your approval. So we ask you to be your own salesman.

A five days' free trial will convince you that the Oliver holds first place in its field. So we send it upon approval—no money in advance.

Don't buy because of the price alone. Compare it with any other standard typewriter priced at $100 or more.

Accept it only when you agree that it is the finest typewriter any price can buy.

Then, if you want to buy it, send us only $49.50 in cash. Or if you wish to buy it on installments, send us but $3, then $4 monthly until you have paid $55.

Or send it back at our expense if you decide against it. We will even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So the test will not cost you a penny.

This saving of $50.50 is due to a saving in selling expense. Our sales policy alone is changed—not the machine. The Oliver has not been cheapened in any manner.

The machine is new and fresh from the factory. It is not second hand, not rebuilt. It is our latest and best model—the famous No. 9—identical with the machines we formerly priced at $100. Not a feature is omitted. *In fact we are building a finer and better typewriter than ever before.*

This is our new-day way of selling. It means that we pay *you*, instead of a salesman. And all you do is to accept the Oliver on five days' free trial and let it sell itself.

A national favorite

The Oliver No. 9 is a 25-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. We ask you to prove these statements.

You will find that the Oliver is preferred by some of the foremost businesses in the country. The New York Central Lines, Hart, Schaffner & Marx, U. S. Steel Corporation, N. Y. Edison Company, National Cloak & Suit Co., Morris & Company—we could name a hundred—such distinguished concerns give it first place, after careful comparisons.

Act at once

The coupon below gives you the new saving. Fill it out and mail at once. Note that it brings EITHER a Free Trial Oliver or Further Information. Note also that you may accept the cash price or the installment price.

This offer is as daring as it is liberal. It makes you the sole judge. You need not be pursued and importuned by an anxious salesman.

Thousands of people have bought Olivers this easier way. Thousands will buy from this very advertisement. So must you, if a tremendous saving has an appeal.

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1017 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

You save $45 on our time payment plan. It costs us $5.50 to carry your account for 14 months.

If you pay cash you

SAVE $50.50

This Easy Way

Check which one you wish

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
1017 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver No. 9 Typewriter for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $55 as follows: $3 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. If I make cash settlement at end of trial period I am to deduct ten per cent and remit to you $49.50
If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

My shipping point is _____

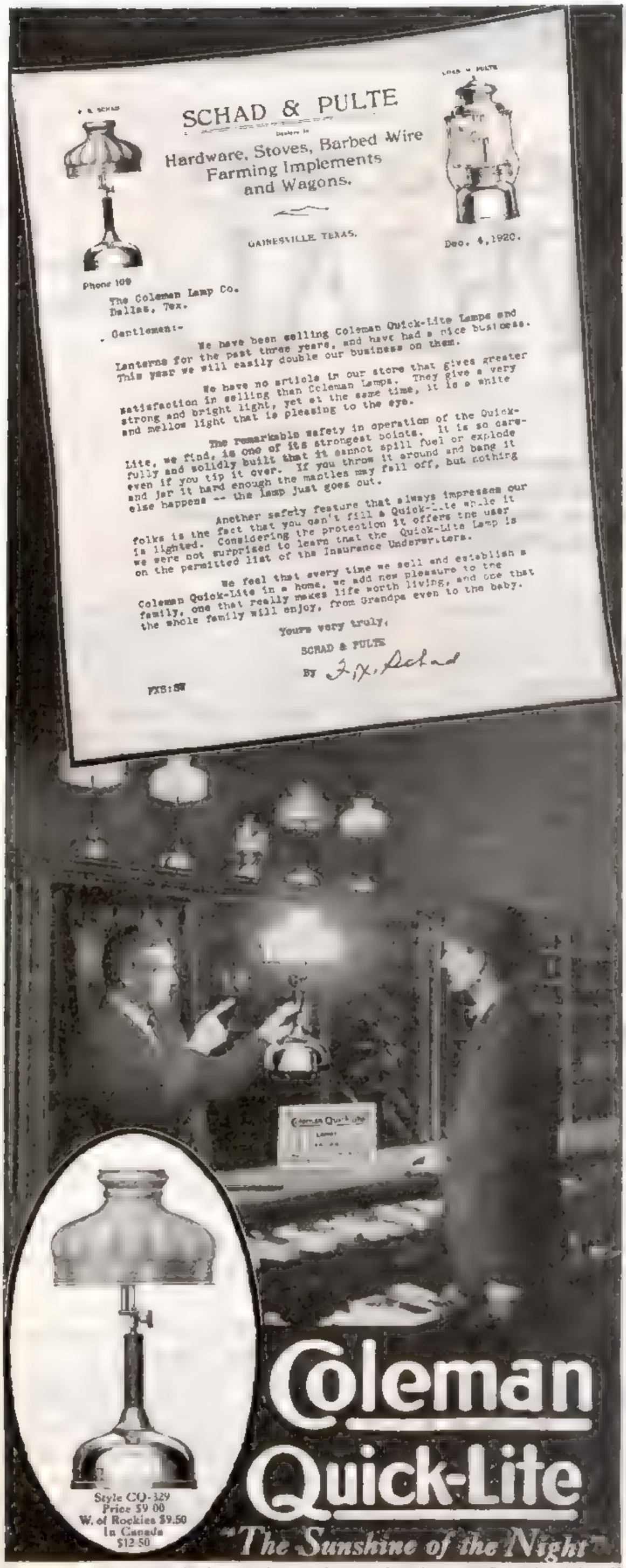
☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation or Business _____


SCHAD & PULTE
Hardware, Stoves, Barbed Wire
Farming Implements
and Wagons.
GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.
Dec. 4, 1920.
Phone 109
The Coleman Lamp Co.
Dallas, Tex.
Gentlemen-
We have been selling Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns for the past three years, and have had a nice business. This year we will easily double our business on them.
We have no article in our store that gives greater satisfaction in selling than Coleman Lamps. They give a very strong and bright light, yet at the same time, it is a white and mellow light that is pleasing to the eye.
The remarkable safety in operation of the Quick-Lite, we find, is one of its strongest points. It is so carefully and solidly built that it cannot spill fuel or explode even if you tip it over. If you throw it around and bang it and jar it hard enough the mantles may fall off, but nothing else happens -- the lamp just goes out.
Another safety feature that always impresses our folks is the fact that you can't fill a Quick-Lite while it is lighted. Considering the protection it offers the user we were not surprised to learn that the Quick-Lite Lamp is on the permitted list of the Insurance Underwriters.
We feel that every time we sell and establish a Coleman Quick-Lite in a home, we add new pleasure to the family, one that really makes life worth living, and one that the whole family will enjoy, from Grandpa even to the baby.
Yours very truly,
SCHAD & PULTE
BY F. X. Schad
FXS:SW
Style CO-329
Price $9.00
W. of Rockies $9.50
In Canada
$12.50
Coleman
Quick-Lite
"The Sunshine of the Night"

20,000 other Merchants sell Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns. If yours can't supply you, write Factory Branch, Dept. 15

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY

Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Atlanta Chicago Canadian Factory: Toronto

THAT NEW GOSPEL

(Continued from Page 21)

nations and fifteen hundred million people and a huge agglomeration of afflictions. If I try to take all that into my mind it just confuses me—like staring at the Milky Way. All that most of us have to work with is just a common garden variety of intellect. We can't work out problems in higher mathematics and these heroic remedies that you talk about.

"For example, a United States of the World—all nations united under a single government. How on earth are you going to bring all nations under a single government? Here are France and England, to take only a mild case. They are brothers in arms, and allies, but they can't agree three days in succession. Try to imagine getting Soviet Russia and sore Germany and flayed France united in a single government. Or even the United States and Japan. Looks like a pipe dream to me.

"You say, too, that we must have a new gospel to unite all men in one creed. Well, who's going to invent it? Who's going to make other people accept it? As I understand it, practically all mankind believe that the various gospels they now have are sufficient. And everybody knows that all those gospels are cheerfully disregarded in a pinch. If 'Love your enemies' and 'Resist not evil' doesn't keep Christians from war, how is any new gospel going to do it? I admit my limitations, but it looks like a pipe dream to me. Trying to comprehend how we are going to get world states and new gospels is like trying to comprehend relativity."

Speculation and Collapse

"Then your remedy for the world's ailments," said the professor ironically, "would be just to do nothing; sit still and see what happens."

"Well, not that either," the host replied amiably. "But if I am to apply a remedy I've got to have one I understand. Take relativity now. I've never been able to make head or tail of it. I read half a dozen popular expositions of it and then I bought a book on the subject because it was recommended by a distinguished American scientist, who said that though details of the theory would remain obscure to laymen this book set forth the essential principle so clearly that only the meanest intelligence could fail to grasp them. Those were his words. So what I got out of the book was the satisfaction of knowing that I have only the meanest intelligence, for I understood Doctor Einstein as little when I finished the book as when I began."

"Bet a new hat he doesn't understand himself," the lawyer put in.

"But I don't have to understand relativity," the host went on. "My business will go on exactly the same, and my practical everyday experiences will be exactly the same whether that theory is right or wrong, or whether I understand it or not. You remember we used to have a conundrum: How old is Anne? For ordinary people relativity is like that—something altogether outside of you. It doesn't make the least practical difference whether you get the answer or not."

"But these world problems are not outside of you," the professor reminded him. "You say yourself they have a hand in your pocket and a fist under your nose. They affect everybody in the United States. For everybody they are a practical problem—as much as whether you are going to do this or that in your business to-day."

"That's true," the host replied. "They do step on all our toes and have a hand in all our pockets and a fist under all our noses. The world has come into our dooryard, as you put it—a little piece in everybody's dooryard as a practical everyday problem. Now ordinary people cannot understand relativity, but I am as sure as I am of anything that ordinary people do have sufficient common sense to deal with their practical everyday problems. Only you've got to get this world problem down to dimensions that the ordinary man can work with. That's easy enough too; and starting that way, using his common sense and experience, any ordinary man, I believe, can get the hang of world ailments and see what the remedies are."

"Whadda you mean by that?" the lawyer demanded.

"Well," said the host, "suppose we begin by halving the proposition, and taking an ordinary man's common-sense look at what ails only the Western Hemisphere, instead of the whole globe. My company used to sell a good many machines in Cuba and South America. We aren't selling any now to speak of. One of our men has been down there looking it over. They sent his report up here to me yesterday. Take Cuba. You know of course that sugar is its great staple. Its prosperity is made by the sugar crop and the price of sugar. You know what war did to the price of sugar. In the last year of war the average import price of raw sugar at New York, which means substantially the Cuban planter's price, was 140 per cent higher than in 1914.

"Probably Cuba could have stood that. But as soon as we got war off our hands, you remember, we went in for a hectic boom all along the line. In the after-war boom year of 1919 the average import price of sugar was 180 per cent higher than in 1914. Before the war we used to import around $130,000,000 worth a year from Cuba. In 1919 we imported over $400,000,000 worth and owed the island on net balance of trade, payable in gold, $140,000,000. Gold mine for Cuba, you see."

He turned to the professor with, "Those are big figures for Cuba, you know—with a population about equal to Chicago in numbers, but far below Chicago's in industrial efficiency. It was a gold mine. Of course you know the condition down there the last six months if you read a newspaper—laws suspending payment of debts, some banks failing, others tottering, all trade flat, and a general welter of bankruptcy and near-bankruptcy. That after-war boom led to wild speculation, scandalous overindulgence in credit and collapse.

"In the after-war boom, as it happened, it was Japan that first blew her bubble till it burst. You probably remember the stories in the newspapers in 1919 about the steam fitters' and bricklayers' eighteen-dollar silk shirts. Japan was selling the raw silk. In less than two years the price rose about 400 per cent. Gold mine for Japan. Her merchant fleet was earning great profits; profits on every bush. Also, wild speculation, overindulgence in credit, panic and collapse. South America, generally speaking, is in much the same condition from exactly the same cause. Before the war our imports from Argentina ran around $30,000,000 a year. In two boom years they averaged over $200,000,000 a year, and on the two years' trade we owed Argentina $166,000,000 payable in gold. Same gold mine; same bust."

What Cooked Our Goose

"Nothing at all mysterious about that, you know; no relativity about it. It's plain abuse of credit. When you see a wabbly gentleman trying to unlock a blank wall with a cigarette holder you don't need a college of eminent scientists to tell you what's the matter with him. Whether he's a brown man or white, in Tokio, Havana or Boston, it's the same cause producing the same effect. Essentially this world trouble of boom and collapse is as simple as that.

"As you mentioned a moment ago, the worst symptom of what ails the United States is that four or five million able-bodied persons are out of work. We trotted around the same cycle of boom and collapse. It wasn't the war itself. What cooked our goose was the hectic boom after the war. When the war ended, in November, 1918, discounts of the Federal Reserve Banks stood at $2,000,000,000. There was a let-up after the armistice. By February, 1919, the discounts had fallen. The after-war boom began then, and a year later Federal Reserve discounts had risen to $3,000,000,000.

"You can put it this way: Twenty months of floating the war loans and financing the nation through the war used $2,000,000,000 of reserve credit. Twelve months of after-war boom used another $1,000,000,000 of reserve credit. I'm speaking, you understand, of the discounts of the Federal Reserve Banks—that amount of credit which they extended to the commercial banks of the country to enable those commercial banks to extend credit to their customers—to you and me. As a rough-and-ready sort of rule, when the Federal Reserve Banks are extending a dollar of

(Continued on Page 69)

For Making Home Made Candy

FOR making bon bons, delicious fudge and candies of all kinds, as in all other cooking, Carnation Milk is convenient, economical and pure. It is just cows' milk evaporated to the thickness of cream, then sterilized in air-tight containers. Your grocer is the Carnation Milk Man. Send for our Cook Book containing 100 tested recipes.

Fudge—2 cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/16 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ cup water, 2 squares of chocolate. Put sugar, Carnation Milk, water and cream of tartar in a sauce pan. Stir thoroughly. Boil slowly; when nearly done, add chocolate and continue cooking until the candy forms a soft ball when dipped in cold water. Remove from fire. Let it partially cool, then stir vigorously. Turn into a greased pan.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 1032 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 1132 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

Carnation Milk

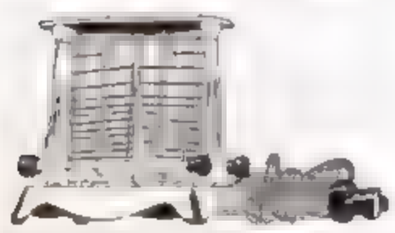
"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario

THERE are many Westinghouse Appliances for the Household, most of which turn electrical energy into some convenient and economical form of heat. Several of these are illustrated below, but there would not be enough room on the entire page to picture all of them.

The Westinghouse Type M Iron



The Westinghouse Turnover Toaster

The Westinghouse Curling Iron

Cozy Glow Time Is Here!

Hop out of bed and slam down the windows to shut out the frosty October morning air. Snap the switch on the Cozy Glow and dress in comfort before the cheery ruddy warmth.

Little Brother to the Coal Pile! In the early days of Fall before last Winter's ashes are cleaned out of the furnace, in the Winter when the chilly winds bring cold corners to every room, in the late Spring after the coal in the bin has melted away, the Westinghouse Cozy Glow fills a positive need.

The Cozy Glow isn't a fire. It makes no fumes, nor does it stale the air. It's perfectly safe even if upset. It throws the heat in any direction, a cozy glow where and when you want it.

Pick it up and carry it to the room or the corner that is chilly. Or send one of the youngsters to get it. Like all Westinghouse Heating Appliances, it makes a lot of heat for its weight. It's a convenience, of course, but a winter necessity also. Get a Cozy Glow now from your electrical dealer, and have warmth when you want it right through to next Summer.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO. (Offices in Principal Cities - Representatives Everywhere)

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

(Continued from Page 66)

credit to the commercial banks the commercial banks will be extending five dollars of credit to their customers—to the public, that is. In fact, in the fiscal year 1919–20 credit extended by the commercial banks to their customers increased $5,000,000,000. And in the short after-war boom, along with this great extension of credit, prices were rising quite as fast as they had risen during the war. That is what sent us to the lamp-post. It was reckless spending and reckless use of credit."

The professor here interjected, "Who was it that used credit recklessly and so got us into the mess?"

"That's just what I am getting around to," the host replied. "There is plenty of evidence on that point. If you will excuse me a minute I will show you a bit of it."

Our host has accumulated flesh with advancing years. His rapid progress into the house might be described as a waddle. He returned in a moment with a thin book bound in hard red cloth, and lit the electric lamp on the little table against the wall.

"In November, 1920, which was about the culminating point of the boom," he explained, "the Comptroller of the Currency got statements from all the national banks showing the business or occupation of the concerns and individuals whose paper they then held. The table in his report covers about 70 per cent of the total loans. I will read it to you, in round figures:

Loans to farmers, agriculturists and livestock raisers	$1,999,000,000
To manufacturing corporations, firms and individuals	2,862,000,000
To merchants and mercantile corporations, firms and individuals	3,581,000,000
To bond and stock brokers and dealers in investment securities	664,000,000
To railroads, shipping companies, electric railway, light, heat and power companies	225,000,000
To professional men, including chemists and engineers	375,000,000

"Of the loans to farmers, agriculturists and livestock raisers 83 per cent were made by country banks and 17 per cent by reserve city banks. Of the loans to manufacturers 28 per cent were made by country banks and 72 per cent by reserve city banks. Of the loans to merchants and mercantile concerns 40 per cent were made by country banks and 60 per cent by reserve city banks. By reserve city banks the comptroller means those in the sixty-six chief cities of the country; other banks are classed as country."

Our Hectic Boom

"The table shows who was using up credit during the boom. But you don't really need any table. All you need is to look around at home. Everybody knows we were all in that reckless spending and reckless use of credit—rural communities with their land booms as much as city communities, steam fitters as much as war millionaires. We were all in it. Control of credit in the United States is in pretty nearly everybody's hands." He turned the leaves of his thin red book.

"On the first page of his report the comptroller says, 'On June 30, 1920, there were 20,520,177 deposit accounts in all national banks. This was an increase of 2,279,877 over June 30, 1919. There is now approximately one depositor in the national banks for every five of our population.' That's what the Comptroller of the Currency says. If the population, as statisticians assume, is divided into families averaging four and a half persons each—father being the half person, I suppose—there are almost as many deposit accounts in national banks as families.

"Of course there are duplications. My company keeps an account in five banks, for example. A lot of companies have accounts in more than one bank. Sometimes two or more members of the same family have a bank account. There are many duplications. On the other hand the comptroller is dealing only with the national banks. There are more state banks in the country than national banks, and they hold a greater total of deposits. They include mutual savings banks with 9,500,000 depositors and over $5,000,000,000 of deposits, and stock savings banks with 2,500,000 depositors and over $1,000,000,000 of deposits. But aside from savings deposits the state banks hold billions of checking deposits—more than enough, I should suppose, to overcome all duplications among deposits. Looks as though, aside from savings deposits, at least 20,000,000 separate corporations, firms and individuals had bank deposits subject to check, or to immediate withdrawal.

"These 20,000,000 have an immediate control over credit that is not limited to the amounts they have on deposit, for nine times out of ten a bank account in itself is sufficient basis for credit. That is true even of savings-bank accounts. But as a matter of plain everyday experience, control over credit is not limited to 20,000,000 commercial-bank depositors and 12,000,000 savings-bank depositors. In the United States getting credit is as easy as catching cold. We were all in that hectic boom; every one of us practically."

He turned to the professor with, "That's exactly the point I have been laboring around to, you see. What ails the United States? Why, we do—you and me and 40,000,000 other grown-up, more or less self-supporting citizens. So far as its trouble is a domestic proposition, we got it into the trouble. Nobody else can keep it out. If you begin with the world—why, who the deuce can think through all that higher mathematics and relativity? Nobody can really. Get it down to workable dimensions by saying the world consists of fifteen thousand millions myself. Take it that way and you get your problem by the tail with a downhill pull."

Putting on the Brakes

The professor laughed and replied, "I'm afraid finding jobs next week for 5,000,000 idle men would be too great a strain on me."

"Well, you got 'em out of a job," the host answered. "Why can't you get 'em back? We were all in the hectic boom that cooked our goose. But the United States stopped its boom before it reached the stage where it couldn't tell a doorstep from a folding bed. It didn't go plumb into the ditch. And if you ask how that happened—what checked the boom here before it did go plumb into the ditch—the common answer is that buyers struck; plain ordinary people, scattered all over the country, got tired of paying constantly mounting prices for everything and began to stop buying what they could get along without. That's the common explanation of what stopped the boom, and it looks to me at least as plausible as any other. Only a week or two ago I read some interesting testimony on that point by Henry Ford, whose product isn't bought by Wall Street or big business. In June, 1920, if you remember, to all outward appearances the boom was on, full tilt, prices at the highest, bank loans at the biggest. But in that month, Ford says, the demand for his cars began falling off at a great rate; and it kept falling off until, early in the fall, he cut prices.

"That surely looks like a buyers' strike by plain everyday people all over the country. Prices had been going up hand over fist, you know, to the affliction of everybody. If you look back through the newspaper files you will see that a lot of distinguished people were making a lot of distinguished gestures about that. But nobody was really helping the actual affliction of this week's expenses. So, as I see it, ordinary people everywhere began helping themselves—using their common sense and taking the readiest means at hand. Common sense would say, 'If prices are outrageous, stop buying or buy as little as possible.' So far as the record shows, it was just that common sense, acted upon by millions of ordinary people everywhere, that stopped the boom before we got into the ditch. Apparently this buyers' strike did actually control prices after all patent schemes, including government control, had failed.

"I say, if ordinary common sense can check a boom before it gets into the ditch it can go further and check it earlier, so the readjustment will be less drastic. One symptom of the hectic boom was rapidly rising prices. People knew about that, for they paid the prices. Another symptom was rapid expansion of credit. People generally didn't know much about that. Intelligence of that nature is tucked away in the back part of their newspapers where few ever see it. But the essential things about the credit situation are perfectly simple. They can be expressed in the simplest language and grasped by the meanest intelligence, like mine.

"Now a certain, very limited amount of basic economic information, simply expressed and readily understood, is far more important to the ordinary citizen—whether he's a city man, country man or working man—than four-fifths of the political questions to which newspapers devote much space and which the ordinary man feels bound to keep more or less informed about. We need greater diffusion and everyday discussion of the simple, basic economic news of the day—more popular education about it and more popular interest along that line. That doesn't look like a Utopian proposition to me.

"You say you can't find jobs for the 5,000,000 men that you chevied out of jobs—with their own powerful assistance in the chevying out. Federal Reserve discounts, the touchstone of the credit situation, rose to $3,000,000,000 at the height of the boom. They have now fallen to but little over $1,500,000,000. Prices have fallen away back from the peak—gone clean back over the postwar boom and even further back than that. The boom is all over; credit is contracted to very safe limits. A man who has the means and the intention—sometime or other—to build a house or buy a car or make any like expenditure or investment would better do it now. Big business is still pretty flat. The output of steel, which is a fair gauge of the state of big business, is only about one-quarter the capacity of the mills; but, as I read the other day, the plant that makes the most widely used automobile is turning out more cars than ever before. Evidently a whole lot of plain ordinary people are buying—and putting those idle men back in jobs. The tremendous bases of prosperity are there. The common-sense confidence of ordinary people will start a rational up-swing. But we ought to make that common sense more effective by better day-to-day popular education in simple, basic economic news."

The professor wore an expression of polite boredom, and the host laughed, saying: "I know that doesn't suit you. You can't see any world states or new gospel in just that; and unless you can see world states and new gospels—something vast and vague and far away—you're not interested. 'Take it home to yourself' simply bores you. But I want to ask you candidly what gospel, old or new, ever was or can be worth a whoop unless it was and is finally just 'Take it home to yourself'? Not even an economic gospel can be worth much finally unless it is essentially that."

The sea was shining then in the last of the twilight. The Mayflower must have passed within sixty miles or so of the seascape under our eyes. Presumably that occurred to our host.

Hard Times in Pilgrim Days

At any rate, after an introspective moment he remarked: "Pretty show they had down at Plymouth the other day in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. I don't go back to the Mayflower, but I go back to within fifty years of it. In an amateur sort of way I've spent a good deal of time on the Pilgrims. Everybody knows they brought the old Gospel to savage New England. But they brought some other things that probably aren't so well known, and among those other things was this very cycle of boom and collapse. They'd hardly found their way through the woods before they enjoyed a full-fledged typical boom, panic and depression.

"If you remember, several years passed after the landing at Plymouth before the bigger settlement up the bay began really to flourish and increase rapidly in numbers. After only a decade of prosperity—in 1640—Governor Winthrop wrote that merchants would sell nothing except for cash, men couldn't pay their debts, prices of land and cattle had fallen to a quarter of what they were before. The General Court came to the rescue with laws to assist debtors through the hard times.

"During ten prosperous years, you see, settlers came in rapidly from England. Usually they had little ready money, but there was a great deal of land to be parceled out and other natural resources to be exploited, on the strength of which they got credit in England. They went in debt head over heels, borrowing money and buying on long time. So long as new settlers streamed in, opening up new lands, there was a fine boom with rapidly rising prices. But presently the outlook for Puritans in England improved. For that and other reasons immigration stopped. English creditors began demanding payment

Big Pay for You as an Expert Accountant

The need for men trained in expert accounting procedure has become universal. Production and selling costs must now be determined to the fraction of a penny; taxes must be accurately figured—often on business operations involving millions of dollars; sales and financial policies must be formulated that will send business forward to success. The one man to whom all business looks for guidance is the man who possesses and can interpret the facts. He is the expert accountant. His services have become so indispensable to successful business management that salaries of $3,000 to $10,000 a year are not unusual. Many Certified Public Accountants and heads of Accounting firms have incomes ranging from $15,000 to $25,000 a year.

Why not get in line for a career in this attractive field? In the quiet of your own home you can learn the science of Accounting without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay. Thousands of ambitious men, thru LaSalle accountancy training, have doubled, tripled and even quadrupled their salaries. Many did not even have a knowledge of bookkeeping to start with. We trained them from the ground up. They simply decided to make more money—recognized what they needed—and took the short, sure route to the big-salary positions.

Learn by the "Problem Method"

LaSalle prepares you by its famous "Problem Method," under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A.M., C.P.A., former Comptroller and Instructor University of Illinois, Director of the Famous Sprague Correspondence School of Accountancy, and a staff of Certified Public Accountants and members of the National Association of Cost Accountants. He is assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants.

Under the direction of these experts you learn to handle problems taken from the everyday experience of successful accountants—problems in cost accounting, auditing, finance, law, income tax, etc. You are given special preparation for the C.P.A. examinations. In other words, you master the principles underlying the theory and practice of the profession. The training becomes more practical.

The coupon will bring you full information concerning LaSalle training, particulars of the moderate cost and easy payments; also a free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book which has inspired thousands of ambitious men to higher achievement—all free and post-paid, with no obligation involved.

We need not urge you to act—if you are business material. You know that the thing to do is to *get the facts*. The coupon below will bring them to you. Mail it today.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
Dept. 1071-HR Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

☐ **Higher Accountancy**
Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.

Other LaSalle Training Courses

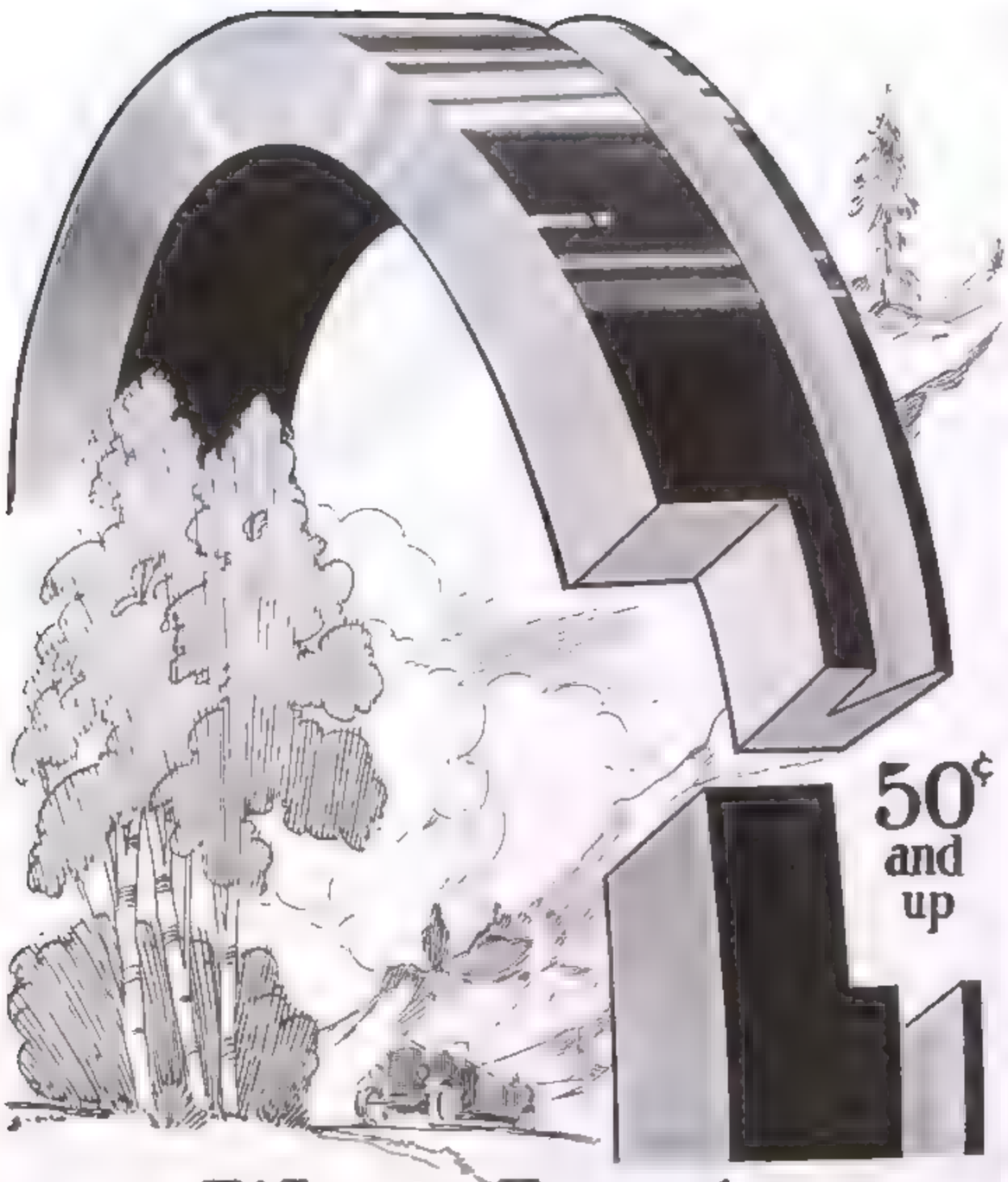
LaSalle is the largest business training institution in the world. It offers training for every important business need. If more interested in any of these courses, check here:

☐ Business Management
☐ Traffic Management—Foreign & Domestic
☐ Railway Accounting & Station Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management Efficiency
☐ Business Letter Writing
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

Name _____

Present Position _____

Address _____



Won't Leak Because They're Sealed With Oil

Read This Sign

Remember it.—Look for it. It marks a Garage or Supply Store that is "Live" and Dependable. Even if your Garage Man doesn't display it, tell him you must have NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS for your next overhauling. **Write for free book—** *The Piston Ring Problem and Its Solution.*

Swear off heavy gas bills and the knock-click-knock of carbon choked cylinders—a sure sign of leaky piston rings.

Get No-Leak-O Piston Rings—they won't leak.

A packing of oil—formed by the "oilSEALing" groove—a specially cut groove found only in No-Leak-O—seals the combustion chamber tight.

So tight that every drop of gas must explode with full power because none can trickle away as waste.

And no oil can work up to form carbon in your combustion chamber—because it can't get by the "oilSEALing" groove of NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS.

NO-LEAK-O
Piston Ring Company
Baltimore, Maryland

Seven years of continued success.

NO-LEAK-O
PISTON RINGS

and our pious forefathers simply went bust. Same old story in miniature.

"Certainly those New England settlers not only had the Gospel but studied it constantly. I suppose no body of men ever set out more energetically to govern themselves by the Bible. They decided questions of civil law and even land titles by it. In Massachusetts Bay, you know, only members in good standing of the official church could vote at political elections. Candidates for church membership were put through a theological third degree that would probably floor most modern church members. Of course ill-natured people said the clergy and church leaders made admission to the church difficult in order to rivet their own hold on the government. It was, in fact, a church state, a theocracy.

"That didn't save Massachusetts Bay from overindulging in credit, and collapse; nor from other faults that have got the modern world in a mess. They were overbearing and aggressive toward other colonies in the best style of the modern militaristic state. Their land hunger and lack of consideration helped nag the Indians into a bloody war against them. Nobody has ever questioned that their earnest wish was to live by the Gospel, which says 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,' and 'Love your enemies.' But when they were acquiring real estate and engaged in intercolonial politics they weren't minding those verses. The question is not only What's in a gospel? but How are you going to apply it? Unless the cover is stamped 'This means you, to-day,' it really doesn't matter much what's inside the cover. Whether it's the old Gospel or a new gospel, if any particular good is to come out of it you've got to take it right home to bed with you personally.

"Except when engaged in real-estate transactions or in politics those Massachusetts men did very well with their Gospel when applying it individually, each one to himself. In strictly personal affairs they were honest, virtuous, temperate, industrious. But they fell down dismally when they attempted to apply the Gospel to other people—as by banishing Christians of a different creed; whipping Quakers through the street at a cart's tail and finally hanging them as heretics. There was the sachem Miantonomoh, now. He had befriended them when they were weak. When they were strong they handed him over to death. I think their real motive for taking that ungrateful course was that Miantonomoh had also befriended the heretics in Rhode Island. Of course the Founder of their religion told nobody to hang heretics. All that he said would have forbidden it. But prescribing for somebody else has always been terribly apt to lead into trouble. Everybody knows of the religious wars and persecutions among Christians that soaked Europe in blood."

On Being a Democrat

He again smiled at the professor, saying, "There are world ailments, and you think we need a new gospel. But the argument I am trying to make is, don't start at world ailments or new gospels from the point of view of what you think somebody else ought to do, or of what you think you ought to do to somebody else, or would like to do to somebody else. To start right, start at home. The chief reason why I can get no encouragement out of current radical gospels is that they aim to teach the disciple what he ought to do to somebody else—usually something that couldn't fail to be unpleasant to the other person. You see, whenever you get to dealing coercively with somebody else you are on ticklish ground because you can't possibly understand anybody else except by taking him substantially as yourself, and if you don't like him that's a hard thing to do. Every one of us, you know, is awfully given to the conceited trick of imagining that people who are not altogether like ourselves or with whom we sharply disagree must be essentially different from ourselves. We put 'em in a different class and paint 'em black. We're always working that trick."

That reminded me of something which I mentioned to the company. I grew up to the age of ten in an unquestioning impression that Democrats and Catholics constituted a class of beings essentially different from myself and my folks and other folks whom I knew with any degree of intimacy. Celia, who did the family cooking and washing for about two dollars and a half a week, was a puzzle to me. Her good nature was daily exemplified to us children by contraband supplies of ginger cookies, doughnuts and apples at the kitchen door. It was impossible not to have a sympathetic feeling for Celia. Yet there was a strange fact about her: She went to mass. The fact was mentioned in the family in subdued tones; whispered, indeed, like something to be charitably covered up so far as possible. When not going to mass Celia seemed to be as human as anybody; yet there was that alien trait, as though she'd had furry ears, or paws concealed in her shoes.

Celia belonged to a tribe inhabiting some lowlands south of town. "Tribe," I think, was the word by which I usually heard them designated. At least it appeared to be a jovial tribe. Bewhiskered uncles and cousins were often to be seen at the kitchen door, and when not seen their presence there was often disclosed by roars of laughter. Apparently laughter was one of the tribe's stigmas. With the natural gregariousness of children we should soon have got on sociable terms with any other frequent callers at the back door; but we attempted no familiarity with these callers. They were not only Catholics but Democrats. My notion was that being a Democrat was the natural state of a Catholic, or being a Catholic the natural state of a Democrat, just as running a laundry and smoking opium was the natural state of a Chinaman.

Painting Others Black

As I recollect it, Celia had vanished from the kitchen for some time when I reached the third or fourth grade at public school and was under the instruction of a gaunt and grim-browed spinster who, however, must have had a very good heart and a natural sympathy with children, for she was the only public-school teacher of my experience who ever attempted to get into a human relationship with her pupils. Every now and then, at recess or before school, as occasion offered, she would gather several of us about her and talk to us just like folks, about topics not connected with school work. One day she solemnly confided to several pop-eyed pupils, myself among them, that she quite expected to have her throat cut some night when the Catholics rose to exterminate their Protestant fellow citizens, and that all of us, being Protestants, might reasonably anticipate a like fate.

She had been reading something about the prospective rising, with evidence that seemed quite convincing to her. According to her gloomy account of the matter, Catholics had always been addicted to the disagreeable pastime of rising in the night and slaughtering their Protestant neighbors.

Undoubtedly my poor teacher was somewhat cracked. From before that day down to this, in bidding for brains, public schools have always offered a price which corresponds to that offered in the wheat market for "no grade." The price is predicated upon an idea that any headpiece which can contain the multiplication table is good enough to instruct the rising generation.

That was only one school-teacher, doubtless a bit cracked, and three or four pupils. It cannot be taken as typical; but that general sort of attitude toward Democrats and Catholics was quite typical of that region at that time. Under continual sunshine it evaporated quite harmlessly.

"But it doesn't always, by a long shot," the host observed. "Dividing people off into classes and painting the other class black is a trick that we're always playing. Probably you can't get up a really disastrous row without it. I suppose Europe couldn't have pretty much wrecked itself in four and a half years' war without the people on one side of a given line imagining that those on the other side were quite different from themselves—dividing 'em off in a different class and painting 'em black. No military clique could get up a war between Indiana and Illinois, because Indiana and Illinois think of themselves as the same. A military clique couldn't have got up the World War without a state of European mind—practically everybody's mind—that thought of European humanity in different national classes, and was quick to take offense and give offense across the class lines of national boundaries. Every war is a class war. You've got to get two classes and paint one of them black before you can have a war.

(Continued on Page 72

They *keep* you looking your best

Clothes are like men. Some are staunch and courageous under adverse conditions—others crumple and give up under stress. Adler Collegian clothes hold their shape and their character in rain as well as sunshine.

It is strange how such an apparently minor item as thorough "double shrinking" of the fabric before making should have so much to do with character in clothes.

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70

Made by DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY – Milwaukee

Makers of stylish GOOD clothes since 1849

Unity of American Banking

The basic strength of our financial structure rests in the thousands of local banks which constitute the first line of American banking. Such a bank is a bond of union between its own community and world markets. It provides a safe and orderly process for collections and payments, whether local, national or international. It has access to national credit resources requisite for local needs and in turn merges the surplus of its community into the national pool of capital.

By the very nature of its purpose your bank is vitally interested in and essential to your financial welfare. Its success depends on yours; your problems are the problems of your bank. It understands your business—its needs and opportunities.

The collective power of these local banks focuses in another sort of bank which serves the country as a whole, supplementing rather than competing with local banks. The National Bank of Commerce in New York, an example of such a bank, operates on a world-wide basis, maintaining relations with the great banks of foreign countries and representing local banks in matters outside of their fields.

By reason of its vast resources this bank of national scope is able to serve those great industries whose credit needs are beyond the legal loaning capacity of local banks.

Thus, American banking constitutes a finely balanced, highly efficient machine adequate to the needs of business, whether large or small, national or international.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is in the broadest sense a national and international commercial bank.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

(Continued from Page 70)

"Probably you see what I mean," he added to the professor. "If you're going to give us a new gospel let it begin with 'Stop thinking in classes; this means you.' You see in the newspapers that war between England and the United States is 'unthinkable.' But it is no such thing. I know men in the United States who think it right now. If enough Americans and enough Englishmen think it the war will come along easy as rolling off a log."

"Reminds me," the lawyer put in, "of a talk I had with a woman only a few days ago; fine woman too; one of the finest I know. She's lived in California the last twenty years. What she thinks of the Japanese in California is no fit stuff for a Sunday-school class. Guess they are pushing, acquisitive little cusses. Couple of million white residents seem to be a good deal irritated by 'em. But this fine woman I speak of is sure that war between the United States and Japan is inevitable. She rather thinks the sooner we go at it and have it over with the better for all concerned. It jarred me more or less, for I'd been supposing that everybody in this country had had enough of war."

"The United States has had enough of war," said the host. "It is the most pacific nation in the world—because it has no territorial ambitions, no fears and no grudges. It doesn't want anything internationally but to be let alone and treated with some decency. And to imagine that Japan wants war with the United States is to imagine that Japan has gone insane or decided to commit national hari-kari. Then there's Yap. As I get it, Yap is a bit of rock somewhere or other in the Pacific Ocean. The alleged peacemakers at Versailles handed it over to Japan, and that became a subject of diplomatic consideration at Washington.

"Now if there had been the same state of mind in the United States generally respecting Japan that there is in some few spots in California, and a corresponding state of mind in Japan respecting the United States, anybody can see what would have happened about Yap. We'd have got ourselves all worked up about it, imputing all sorts of evil designs to Japan and taking mortal offense at the evil designs which the Japanese press imputed to us. Japan would have been working herself up about us, until each side had the other painted black, and both nations, purple in the face, would have perished rather than yield an inch of Yap. Conventions and treaties will not make peace or war between the United States and Japan. Nothing will make either except the way you and I and Hashimuro Togo and Jitsutu Harada think. In calm moments any American or any Jap will see that neither nation has anything to gain by war with the other. War is out of the question unless millions of plain ordinary people on both sides let themselves get all het up, forget their common sense and paint the other side black. Before there can be war, you and I have got to work ourselves around, or let ourselves be worked around, to using the tar brush. If I were obliged to concoct a new gospel I should set down in the fore part of it, 'Beware of the busy little tar-brush brothers, the teachers of division and classes.'"

He chuckled at the professor and added: "Seems kind of odd to me. Some of you very forward-looking chaps, you know, are quite enthusiastic about a new gospel for the purpose of uniting Frenchmen and Germans and Russians and Turks, and so on, in brotherly, international bonds; but you seem to be still more enthusiastic over dividing Frenchmen and Germans and Americans, and so on, into truculent, warring, capital and labor classes at home.

"Seems to me that just a little of the old Gospel—only a few of the easiest verses—would go an enormous way toward curing world ailments, if only every one of us would really take it home to himself: 'This means you, to-day.' Some of the verses are terribly hard. For example, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.' So far as I am aware no large community of Christians ever made the slightest attempt to live up to that—except, maybe, as they put some vague, convenient metaphysical interpretation upon it. Nineteen centuries seem to show that that, literally taken, is too tall an order for frail humanity. But there is the simple injunction to be moderate in all things. Looks as though frail humanity might be equal to that—each one of us really taking it home to himself. Just that simple easy little verse would go a long way toward preventing hectic, squandering, grabbing, busting booms.

"There's 'Love your enemies,' and 'Resist not evil,' and 'Be ye therefore perfect.' They're terribly hard. I was brought up in the Christian religion and have lived always in Christian communities. Those hard verses floor me, and I've never personally known a Christian whom they didn't floor—although I've heard of a few afar off. On the other hand, 'Do unto others' sounds like a practical everyday rule that frail humanity might keep step with if it would make a reasonable effort each one strictly taking it home to himself: 'This means you, to-day.' As a conservative man I should say, before getting up new gospels let's give the old one a trial, beginning—each one for himself—with a few of the easiest verses. I believe that would get us a long way."

Holy Trinity Monastery in Thessaly, Greece, Built in the 16th Century, Is Accessible Only by Ropes and Ladders

Serve
Sunshine Hydrox Biscuit
with Fruit

Everymeal – Everyday

Sunshine Biscuits

Did you ever plan desserts backwards?

It isn't half so hard as the usual way, especially when you know a variety of small cakes, cookies, and wafers. Let the kind of biscuits you use suggest what you will serve with them.

Sunshine Hydrox Biscuit are an example. They suggest fresh or canned fruit, ice cream or puddings, steaming cocoa or fragrant tea.

Let Sunshine Biscuits from the Thousand Window Bakeries help you plan desserts and other courses in many of your meals. Make selections from the Sunshine Display Rack at your grocer's.

Sunshine Hydrox Biscuit
This original Sunshine creation is two round, crisp, wafer-like chocolate biscuits pressed firmly together with generous portions of fragrant vanilla cream filling. Such a great favorite, it is today the largest-selling sweet biscuit of its kind in the world.

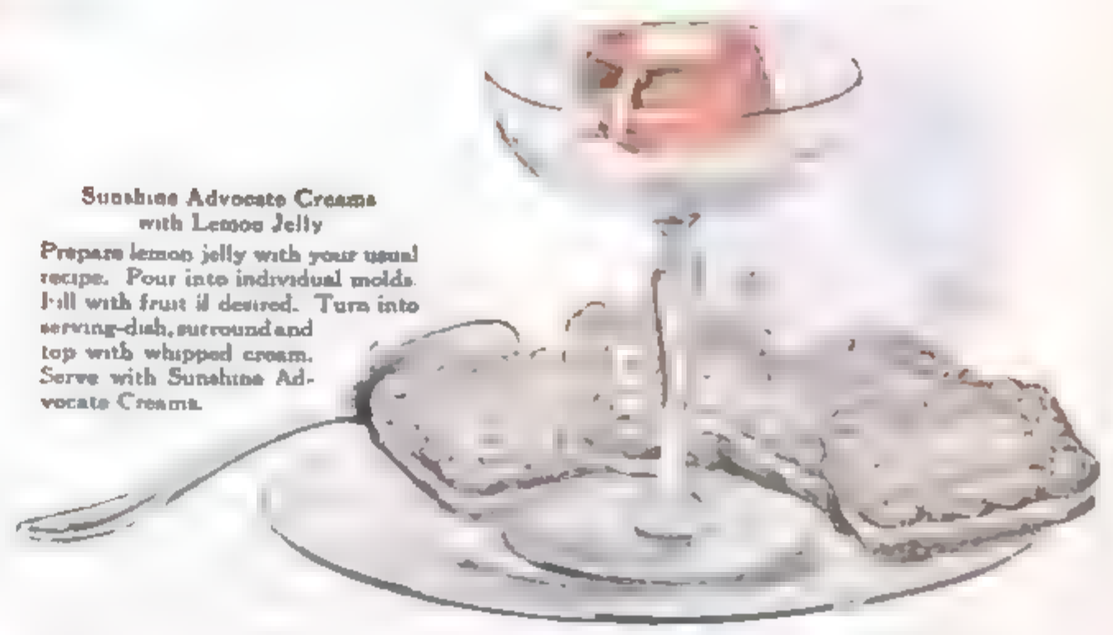
Sunshine Advocate Creams
Two crisp, delicate, wafer-like vanilla biscuits; square in shape. Savored with vanilla; contain arrowroot flour, sweetened slightly. These delightful biscuits are enhanced with the rich vanilla flavored cream filling. Interesting reading matter embossed—printed in the dough.

Sunshine Creamel Biscuit
Two short, crisp biscuits—oblong in shape, rich as the crust of a cake, held together by a filling of chocolate and vanilla cream. These dainty biscuit bonbons belong wherever cakes are served.

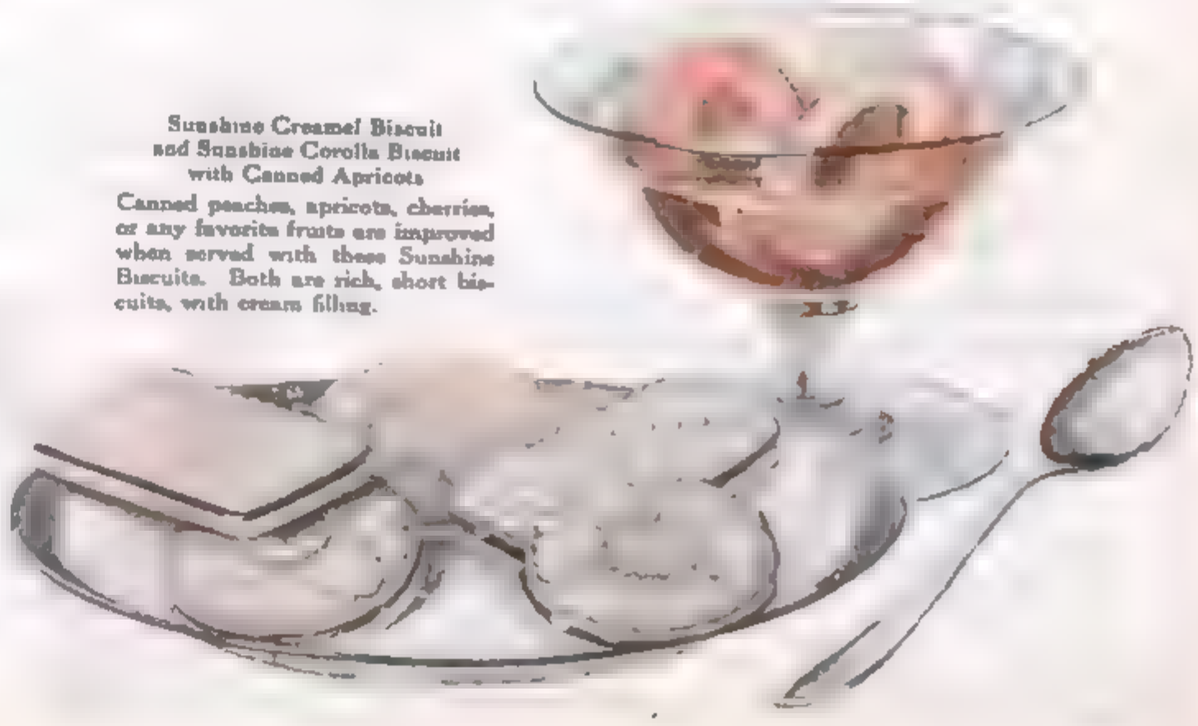
Sunshine Corolla Biscuit
Two delicious round cookies held together by a rich milk chocolate filling. Note the flower designs on all of these biscuits. "Corolla" means the center of a flower.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*



Sunshine Advocate Creams with Lemon Jelly
Prepare lemon jelly with your usual recipe. Pour into individual molds. Fill with fruit if desired. Turn into serving-dish, surround and top with whipped cream. Serve with Sunshine Advocate Creams.



Sunshine Creamel Biscuit and Sunshine Corolla Biscuit with Canned Apricots
Canned peaches, apricots, cherries, or any favorite fruits are improved when served with these Sunshine Biscuits. Both are rich, short biscuits, with cream filling.

Let Famous Valspar Boiling Water Test

"It's my turn to Valspar now!"

IT'S so easy! Anyone can do it! A smooth sweep of the brush—and immediately the pattern shines forth like new.

And Valspar does more than beautify. A coat of this tough, durable varnish gives linoleum, Congoleum or oilcloth a sturdy, protective surface that greatly prolongs its life. It fortifies these floor coverings against wear. It makes them proof against spilled liquids, hot or cold—even against hot greases.

In the same sure way, Valspar protects and beautifies floors and furniture—woodwork of all kinds, indoors and out. A Valsparred surface firmly resists water, weather and "accidents."

Anything that's worth varnishing—is worth Valsparring.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

This coupon is worth 20c

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 15c in stamps, we will send you a 35c sample can of Valspar or Valspar Varnish Stain—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out the coupon.

Dealer's Name_____

Your Name_____

Your Address_____

Saturday Evening Post—10-8-21

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

OLGA, OR RUSSIAN GOLD

(Continued from Page 26)

electric candelabra the ranks of vellum-bound books in the wainscoted walls rose over them, and the familiar skull smiled its perpetual welcome from the refectory table beside another ribboned box of chocolates.

"We haf there decidedt," continued Olga in her quaint, precise, cultivated foreign speech, "since, when it vill be free, thees goldt shall be dedicate to you—to thees your effort for the internationalism of the whole vorld that all haf in heart—we have decidedt that you should know all, so far as shall be possible, you understandt, vith all regard for others also."

Her hearers murmured, looking at her exotic face, sensing her foreign atmosphere.

"You vill hear now many times the stories that you shall not believe now—of my country, my Roossia," the speaker was continuing in her soft, well-modulated voice—"yet not efer one strangaar than thees one that I now shall geeve to you. Vich is true!" she added, looking at them.

There was a certain mysteriousness about her, a foreign charm, her hearers could not but observe, in her manner, the dressing of her hair, her simple Russian gown of rose, which she wore since her return. She was more Russian, more mysteriously exotic than ever before.

"My friendts," continued Olga Olgovska, going on in her low, sad, beautifully modulated voice, "I haf done wrong. I haf deceived you—one-half."

"One-half?" repeated Vera McBride.

"Yess," the other confessed, slowly raising her eyes and eyelashes, longer, it seemed, and blacker than ever before. "Thees that I haf, there above," she said, now looking cautiously about her in the corners of the room—"thees Roossian goldt—it has been half Bolshevik perhaps."

"Half Bolshevik!"

"And yet half not!"

"Half Bolshevik and half not!" exclaimed Vera McBride sharply. "How?"

"I shall tell you," said the contrasting voice of the speaker, so calm, so suggestive of quiet and of mystery. "I shall tell you now at length."

They waited.

"My father," said the Russian at length, raising again her long black lashes very slowly—"I vill not geeve his name, for reasons that shall be very plain to you. Yet he was one of the old nobles, the *Kazaenik*, as ve say. And one also of the generals of the war in 1877."

"With Turkey," interjected Vera McBride understandingly.

"Yess," replied the speaker, going on with her low, level voice, but thanking her nevertheless for her help by a glance from her unusual eyes. "Yess. Ve leef at our country house—in that part you shall in English call perhaps the south provinces—in the Ukraine, the Little Russia. In my father's retirement. My mother is early dead. My father vill not recover ever from his vounds. There are also we two children, Fedor and me—I," she said, looking up, and suddenly stopped.

"Ah," she continued, raising her great and beautiful black eyes, "those were happy days. Ve two study then, vith a tutor—our *Sazar*, as ve say—a funny, fierce little Frenchman, he is. Ve go vith our dog, our ponies, our little *snoriks*, roaming free all over. After us vill ride our father in the *britzska* of the family, all through the great, the vonderful plains, the steppes. Flushing the blackcock, hearing the song of the little Russian skylark, the leetle *smoozak*, high, high in the sky, when spring comes and the daisies, that what you call dandelion, the first *sniblinka* come out on the steppe—the boundless, the endless steppes of my Russia! Oh, friendts," she said, giving way to her sad joy, "what memories of my Russia! How free! How vonderful! The larks, the air, the steppes!"

They were silent with her for a moment.

"But enough!" she said, now going on. "It did not last. It could not so continue. It shall suffice to say my father at last is deadt; my brother, older ten years than I, is in the gymnasium, the university."

The speaker stopped while Penelope Barnum very quietly, without distracting her attention, reached over and took another chocolate.

"Unfortunatelee," the low, sad voice was going on, "while there—or fortunatelee, who shall say?—he fell into the company of the radicals."

"The intelligentzia," suggested Vera McBride quickly.

"Yess," said Olga with an appreciative and grateful smile. "One of vich will be a young man named Lenine."

"Lenine!" cried Vera McBride at once. "Nikolai Lenine!"

"No."

"His brother?"

"Yes. You haf said it," answered Olga, directing her sad, slow smile again at her prompter. "But the rest I vill not go into—not too much detail. It is too much. You may perhaps guess it!" she said, now setting her sad, lustrous eyes on those of Miss McBride.

"Only it is in thees," she then went on finally, "in the same revolution, the same moment, where Nikolai Lenine lost his brother I also haf lost mine."

"Oh," said Penelope Barnum with quick sympathy.

"I was a child then, but just a little child," the speaker went on; "yet it has wakened me so early to the injustice, the wrong of the old régime, of my own class."

She looked down now, thinking.

"So vell I remembaar," she continued, "as who would not?" she said, her voice, her whole manner now changing, quickening. "My brothaar! He comes at midnight! For days then—I cannot say how many days—he sells all, turns all he can into money, in Roossian goldt, in rubles. This goldt," she said softly, her mysterious eyes following her gesture as she pointed upward.

"I remembaar how vell, the night ve two buried it alone beneath the great lime tree by the fish pond of the carps, vith our own hands.

"'Feex most vell in your mind, leetle sister, *katchuska*, this place, for it vill soon be all, ven I am gone!' I remembaar, too," said the speaker, "how I sprang upon him, stammering, crying: 'You go—from me—my Fedor! No, nevair!'"

She passed her long, white hand across her beautiful staring eyes.

"I vill not further go in thees," she told them. "You can for yourselves imagine. It was the work of the Black Hundreds! Our property, it was confiscate. My brothaar, he is taken away; and vith Lenine's brothaar, all the rest, he was——"

"We understand, dear," said Penelope Barnum, reaching over and placing her warm hand upon hers.

"I remember so vell," she went on, recovering herself, "the parting—that vich he said at parting: 'Leetle seester, Olga, *katchuska*,' said my Fedor, 'remembaar, ven I am gone—if in trouble, you vill find a friendt always—in Nikolai Lenine.'"

"Nikolai Lenine!" cried Vera McBride aloud.

"Yess. Of course then," explained Olga Olgovska, "I did not know him. But Fedor told me all—of Nikolai Lenine. 'He has suffered,' he say to me. 'He has escaped. His brother is now deadt. But Nikolai is not. He vill return, you mark me, with vengeance too. He is a remarkable man—a practical man—no dreamaar! Sometime!' he said—and stopped, his eyes turning up. 'Oh, my Russia!'

"That was all he said," continued the speaker after a moment, "but I, child as I vas, I understood. Soon after he had pushed back my hair and looked into my eyes for that last time, 'Olga, *katchuska*, good-by,' he said. 'Remembaar, Lenine—Nikolai Lenine!'"

"Lenine!" repeated Vera McBride. "Nikolai Lenine!"

"Yess," said Olga. For a moment she did not speak, but sat, her long and curving lashes turned down, her long, white hands against her dark cheek—exotic, melancholy, scarcely breathing.

"You vill guess," she now continued, "maybe. I go then from him—vith relatives who vill keep me. I learn, I study. I go to school. I also come more and more, most naturally, vith the radicals, the intelligentzia. Yet not so far, so much advanced, no Bolshevik like Lenine—more the Menshevik. Though, of course, naturallee in Roossia, there are many men, you vill say, of many minds."

"I know," said Vera McBride.

The foreigner sat up now a little straighter.

"Comes the var!" she said, speaking faster. "Comes the revolution—of March.

(Continued on Page 77)

If you carried your Shells in a Minnow Bucket

A LOT of hunters would say it couldn't be done—or, anyway, never *is* done. But the test of a shell is, *could* it? and there is one shell that *can.*

Remington
Wetproof Shells

All Remington Shells—the famous Arrow, Nitro Club and New Club Shells—are treated in crimp, topwad and body with the exclusively owned and patented Remington Wetproof process.

Remington Shells are wetproof against all dampness. You know when the dealer hands you a box that the powder in them is in the same condition as when they were loaded at the factory, insuring uniform pattern and penetration.

And if you happen to leave them in the bottom of a leaky duck boat, or carry them around all day in the pocket of a soaking-wet hunting jacket, or even in a minnow bucket—

They will work through your autoloading or pump gun smoothly, and never broom out or jam.

Always dry on the inside whatever the outside conditions may be.

On sale by over 92,000 dealers—wherever you see the Remington Red Ball sign.

Remington
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY
(Incorporated)
Cunard Bldg., 25 Broadway, New York City
REMINGTON U. M. C. of CANADA, Ltd.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

Ordinary shoe lasts are based upon only four measurements. Every Brown Shaping Last conforms to 18 scientific measurements, each designed to preserve the natural beauty of the feet and to contribute to their proper development.

First Because of the Last

BUSTER BROWN Shoes differ from all other shoes for children because they are made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts.

These lasts provide the exact space for the proper development of the growing feet—and insure the natural functioning of each bone and muscle.

Made from superior leathers, by the Goodyear Welt Process, Buster Brown Shoes are unequaled for wear and for service.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and up, according to size and style. Many styles in latest leathers. The book "Training the Growing Feet" mailed free on request.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Brownbilt Shoes, Burton Brown Shoes for Men, Barbara Brown Shoes for Women, and Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls.

Style No. F-93
Girls' Mahogany Calf Shoes

(Continued from Page 75)

The revolution then of November. And Lenine! I go to him at last. I must—to safe myself, my friendts. I come to him finally through lines and lines of soldiers. I tell him all—of my brother. At first I am in doubt. He looks severe—suspicious. Then he come—he kiss me twice upon my forehead. 'I vill be your brother then,' he say to me."

"How wonderful!" sighed Penelope Barnum.

"And so now you vill see," said Olga, concluding.

"What?" asked Vera McBride.

"You vill see, though I am not Bolshevik, still I am in Lenine's care," said Olga, stopping now and gazing back at her hearers.

"How inte esting!" said Miss McBride.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Penelope Barnum with a sigh.

"It ees most strange, ees it not?" asked Olga Olgovska. "Yet you vill hear many, many strange stories from Russia."

"But the gold?" prompted Miss McBride.

"Oh, yess," went on Olga Olgovska, now in a more businesslike manner. "You will see perhaps now vat I mean. You must know then that Nikolai Lenine—een spite of what you will hear—ees not a monstaar. He is a hardt man, but a just man. He vill not murder, steal, keel leetle children, except for discipline. He vill allow much, and he then, as I have shown you, was very much to me—he vas, so to spik, my brother's brother, from the early revolution.

"I shall not longer detain you, except for thees—for vich you no doubt vait. The goldt—for what I say of it. It is half Bolshevist—half not; the half—the real goldt was mine. And I am not Bolshevik at heart. Lenine vould know this.

"You see," she said to her silent, inert listeners, "that this I should say. By rights, ven Lenine knows it will be all the state's, this goldt—the new Government of Russia. But by a quiet understanding all personal, it may remain my secret. Though Nikolai Lenine, of course," said Olga Olgovska, with an oblique look of her meaning eyes, "he vill know all—from me!"

Her hearers nodded deeply.

"That is now all—nearly all," said Olga, moving toward the end. "Comes now the last trouble there—of March—of Kronstadt. Nikolai Lenine—his rule is in danger. In the midst of all he send to me.

"'The goldt,' he say; 'your goldt.'

"'Yess?' I say.

"'Would you to the state, the worldt, do now the greatest favor that you can, vith it? And yet haf it as your own?'

"I bow my head. He sits looking down now very somber, very sad. 'Russia,' he said then, 'who can say? Since this breakout in Petrograd, in Kronstadt?'

"'Ees it so bad then?' I ask.

"'Of thees I do not know. No one can tell. But you vould better go—away—from here.'

"'And you?' I ask.

"'I stay. But you must go—and take your goldt with you.'

"'My goldt?'

"'Yess,' he said to me. 'After all, it vas yours, in a vay. And if then our state should fail—still more so! For after all, though you are not Bolshevik, you haf at heart the great belief—the belief in the pipple—the real internationalism of the pipple. I know you. I haf watched you—through others,' he said, looking at me with those eyes of his; little eyes, yet that see through you—everything.

"'And eef I let you go, you vill promise me thees, I know. Your goldt,' he said—'our goldt, it vill be used for the great cause of internationalism everywhere—no matter vat shall come now here in Russia. You vill do this?' he asked.

"So I promise, naturallee.

"He pinched my ear. 'Go then, *katchuska*,' he said with those small eyes squinting in mine. 'Luck be with you!'

"'But vere then shall I go with it?' I asked him now.

"'To New York,' he said right away then. 'It vill be safest there. I vill geef instructions by international wireless of you to our commissioners—in New York.'

"So now you see vat I mean," said Olga Olgovska, now coming to her final explanation. "The money—it ees mine—yet not mine. I must, to a degree, consult with the commissioners, the secret commissioners of Russia now here in New York. And yet the goldt, the Russian goldt, stays here—in this house now. And now it vill be dedicate to your cause—my cause—your vork, vithout reserve, to what you vish."

Her hearers did not evidently even yet understand.

"For The Earth, I vould say, it is dedicate to that. I have convinced Them also—the others, the commissioners. They haf given their consent. It vill be dedicate to that, at once, immediately it is free from your Government. For now it is free of Them, it is no longer the Bolshevik goldt, you see—not Russian goldt—not American goldt—but the goldt of the great coming internationalism. And all without reservation, without condition!"

"Isn't that wonderful—isn't it strange!" said Penelope Barnum, now looking at Miss McBride, who, however, was looking at the speaker.

"But what," asked Miss McBride in her searching, practical way, "will you do? Left here with no money—if you give this all up?"

"I shall vork, perhaps," suggested Olga Olgovska quietly, "or so I hope, with you others, upon the making of The Earth also—if they vill vish to haf me."

"I congratulate you," said Vera McBride, standing up and now extending her hand with a characteristic gesture—the frank, almost manly motion of friendship, of one who has held responsibilities and dangers equal to any man across the earth and can appreciate therefore a fine act when she sees it. "I congratulate you. You are a fine woman," she exclaimed.

Olga Olgovska acknowledging this bowed in her quiet, foreign, courteous manner.

"But you, my friends, must do something more for me also," she suggested then.

"What?" they both inquired.

"First of all, you must not spik of thees—that I now tell you, excepting to the very, very few."

"Naturally not," responded Miss McBride.

"That I shall first select."

"Of course."

"And then, neither you nor the others, perhaps for now—shall spik to me of this again—until I spik first. That I think vill be better for me, for you, for all. For in many ways the less that shall be known of me, of thees by all, the better—in case of any trouble. Oh, I expect none, you understand," said Olga Olgovska quickly. "I hope there shall be none. But you can nefer tell. And yet that brings me to my second favor that I would ask you."

"Yes?" said Miss McBride.

"I would not alarm you—yet I must still spik. It ees nothing, no doubt, yet to-night, and one other night also—I haf seen suspicious things. Suspicious things," she said, her great luminous eyes enlarging. "I haf seen those lurking outside here in the street—men. I cannot tell you. It may be nothing. Yet you know how much the officers of these United States and others seek, seek for the Bolsheviks—for the Russian goldt!"

Miss Barnum gave at this a slight start.

"You see," said Olga, "I vould not embarrass you, for the world endanger you through the presence here of this goldt—these Russian rubles—in case of any trouble. I should nevair, nevair then forgive myself."

"I see," said Penelope Barnum slowly. "Yes."

"Thees second thing I vish—that I vould now suggest—is that I should move it soon from here—until we understand that vich is best to do, at last finally."

"Move it, where?" inquired Miss McBride.

"Would you mind if I suggest again?" said Olga after a little hesitancy.

"Certainly not."

"You haf here the vaults, no doubt—the banks of safety, for such things?"

"The safe-deposit vaults," said the other woman. "A very good idea! We can take you there," said Vera McBride.

But the Russian was still hesitant.

"Vould you allow me then one more suggestion?"

"By all means."

"Ve are but vomen, after all."

"Yes," said Vera McBride a little stiffly.

"Vould it not be vell for all of us," suggested the Russian, "to haf a man also in our councils—a man of great American affairs who will be trusted and yet able to help us—to advise us?"

"Perhaps," answered Vera McBride, considering.

Federal Farm Loan Bonds

Safe Tax Exempt Rate 5%

The Federal Farm Loan System is a National co-operative mortgage loan agency from which farmers who need more capital can secure money on long-time loans, at an interest rate they can afford to pay. It provides a safe tax-free investment to those seeking the best form of security. This System is under Governmental supervision.

Federal Farm Loan Bonds are national in their purpose—to provide funds for a greater agricultural development. A prosperous agriculture will stabilize the prosperity of the entire country. Agriculture is our basic industry—every person is directly interested in the success and welfare of the farmer.

Federal Farm Loan Bonds are *safe*—they are instrumentalities of the Government of the United States—so declared by law. These Bonds, issued by Federal Land Banks, are secured by massed first mortgages on productive farms, tilled by their owners, and these mortgages can never in any case exceed 50% of the value of the farms. Further, they are guaranteed by all of the 12 Federal Land Banks with a combined capital of $25,000,000.

Buy Federal Farm Loan Bonds

Denominations: $100, $500, $1000 and $5000
Both Principal and Interest Are Tax-free

Federal Farm Loan Bonds pay 5% interest per annum, payable twice a year. These Bonds are exempt from taxation, likewise the income. They are quickly convertible into cash, and are A-1 security for bank loans to merchants, millers, manufacturers, farmers and others. To those having close business relations with the agricultural industry these Bonds should make an especially strong appeal.

The U. S. Treasury accepts Federal Farm Loan Bonds as security for Government deposits, including Postal Savings Funds. They are lawful investment for fiduciary and trust funds under the jurisdiction of the United States Government, and, under the laws of most States, for all public and private funds, including those of Savings Banks.

Federal Farm Loan Bonds require no watching—they are safe, care-free and tax-exempt. There is no better investment for the small investor or the millionaire. Buy Federal Farm Loan Bonds and buy them *now*.

Send for Farm Loan Bureau Circular No. 12.

FEDERAL FARM LOAN BOARD

TREASURY DEPARTMENT • WASHINGTON, D. C.

or address any of these 12 Federal Land Banks:

Springfield, Mass.	St. Louis, Mo.	Louisville, Ky.	Columbia, S. C.
New Orleans, La.	Berkeley, Cal.	St. Paul, Minn.	Houston, Texas
Wichita, Kansas	Omaha, Nebr.	Baltimore, Md.	Spokane, Wash.

Emery

SHIRT WEEK
October 6 *to* 13

See the new Shirt Styles now at the better shops in your own city

THIS is Emery Shirt week. Look for the store with the Emery poster in the window. You will find a comprehensive showing of the best of the correct Fall fashions in men's shirts.

Emery Week opens the new style season. Now is the time when the foremost men's stores throughout the country display their new stocks.

Men who aim at faultless attire rely on Emery Week for guidance as to what's what in the new patterns and colorings.

They know that Emery Shirts have smart, original, authentic style; that Emery fit leaves nothing to be desired; that Emery fabrics mean fine appearance and long service; that Emery refinements in workmanship and finish are to be found only under the Emery label.

They know Emery shirts are equal to custom-made; and they look for Emery when they buy shirts.

The New Emery Bedford Cord Shirt

is illustrated above. You can only appreciate the rich, distinctive fabric and its superior wearing qualities by seeing and examining the shirt.

You can get this shirt in blue, lavender, golden tan, [illegible] and pink.

And it has every nicety of Emery finish Different sleeve lengths, sleeve plaquets, perfectly balanced patterns, preshrunk neckbands, patented Nek-Ban-Tab, and so on.

$3.50; at better-class shops.

$2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and up. If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct and we will see that you are served.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.

Makers of Emery Shirts

PHILADELPHIA

"Would I presume too much then to ask you further?" said Olga, still more hesitant.

"Certainly not."

"Vill you feel it wrong then if I suggest your fiancé—your Mr. ——"

"Mr. Fairweather! Just the thing!" said Vera McBride with quick enthusiasm.

"And may I tell him everything—all your romantic story?" she asked the foreigner then.

"Yess," consented Olga Olgovska. "That is vat I should say—vat I vould desire; someone beside—someone to whom I could con-fide everything!"

XII

"YOUR story interests me very, very much," said the tall young man, leaning over.

"Ah, it ees only such a leetle part that you hear," his companion replied, in a low foreign voice.

They made a wonderful contrast as they sat there in the beautifully upholstered limousine, a little apart—with the uncouth wooden box between them—he, though perhaps not young, yet with his frank, open, almost boyish face, and his little soft blond mustache—the typical Anglo-Saxon, fair and tall and slender and well groomed; she so dark, so foreign, so exotic—the dark, inviting flower of a mysterious race.

"You must tell me all—everything," he said to her.

"Lataar, perhaps, my friendt; who knows?" she said, lifting her long dark lashes, arching her black eyebrows, speaking softly with that soft tone of melancholy which marks the Russian, of all the European races. "But now," she said with a sudden defensive impulse, "you must tell me of your great vork upon vich you are now so engaged."

"My work?" he said, in doubt, but still pleased that she should look at him as she now did.

"For the Jugo-Slavs. Your American commission that you founded for the justice to the Jugo-Slav."

"Oh, that!" replied Archibald Fairweather modestly. "What is there to say?"

"Very, very much, I think," said his companion, lifting her dark earnest eyes to his and letting them for a moment—but just a moment—rest there. "Why should it be indeed established by you? For it was by you established, vas it not?"

"By me—and others," responded Mr. Fairweather.

"By you most of all," she said; "ees it not? Tell me," she breathed up to him.

The faintest of faint fragrances, barely detected—a Russian perfume, perhaps, or one at least unknown to him before—filled the small inclosure of the limousine. Or was it just herself?

"It was merely this," said Archibald Fairweather. In spite of his tried democracy, his ways, his speech had evidently been early trained upon the English manner. "We merely felt that the governments of Europe did not have the machinery, the viewpoint to understand, to do justice in this complicated problem."

"I see," breathed the bearer of the wonderful foreign fragrance. Or was there a fragrance? It was so faint, as far away, as far and elusive as the isles of sandalwood.

"The United States was, unfortunately, out of the League of Nations," went on Mr. Fairweather, explaining his commission.

"I understand."

"So then I—we, as American citizens, decided we must take it up, see ourselves that justice was done the Jugo-Slavs. That was all."

"I see, yess." Her sibilant assent came to his pause.

"So then I—we went ahead and organized the American Commission of Justice for the Jugo-Slavs," said Archibald Fairweather, now talking more freely under the influence of her evident interest. "We called the witnesses from Europe, we took the evidence, and in the end we shall make our findings!"

"Yess"

"Upon the evidence, you understand—as given."

"Oh, yess."

"It was difficult, I admit, at times," said Archibald Fairweather, lifting his long gloved hand from his cane to pass it over his forehead. "The case was very puzzling—involved in many ways—by racial and commercial and economic interlacings. At first I felt that we should never entirely grasp it."

"But now," suggested his companion, "that is done. The finding nearly issued!"

"You know then," said Archibald Fairweather, encouraged by the intelligent way in which this unknown and foreign woman from so far away had been following his work.

"Oh, yess, yess! All. It ees vonderful. All spik of it! But you shall not allow your vork to stop there—vith just the Jugo-Slavs?" she asked with evident anxiety.

"No. No," he said, with slow consideration, resting his handsome, rather long chin upon the crook of his polished cane, looking forward at the backs of the chauffeurs. "We have changed our commission now into the Unofficial American Court of World Justice. We shall take up the other larger affairs of justice between nation and nation from time to time; but only," he said, now turning his handsome, long profile toward his dark companion, "in such disputes as we find the machinery of the European government not competent to cope with in fairness and intelligence and justice. Then we will step in and act, call our witnesses, make our findings."

"And what next after thees—thees great decision bringing the justice to the Jugo-Slavs?"

"We are not sure," replied Archibald Fairweather. "And yet we are—fairly so. We have thought of taking up India, as being next. A very interesting, complicated problem. A great, long-standing injustice."

"Oh, yes," said his companion, regarding him with deep attention and sympathy.

And it seemed to him as he watched her that though she spoke so little yet no one—nothing in all his life—had so promoted speech and confidence in him as her strange, stimulating understanding.

"It is a tremendous duty," he said very gravely to her; "the peace of the world, for every really civilized man. A great enthusiasm."

"Yess," she barely whispered in her sympathetic understanding.

"Could anyone have a greater?" he continued, borne on, speaking in spite of himself. "I am proud to be able to devote my life to it. And if India is to be taken up next, for example, as it will most probably be, I would be willing—yes, glad—to go there personally—to bury myself, to understand its problems thoroughly, and bring back my knowledge for the service of the court.

"I've often thought of that of late, since the session on Jugo-Slavia," he said, going on with a speech already exceptionally long for him—"that in this and in all cases like this it would be none too much for a member of the court to bury himself beforehand in the land whose problems are to come before the court—to understand its geography, its customs, its religions."

"You are vonderful—vonderful you Americans. You American men!" she sighed.

He smiled faintly and shook his head, while his chin still leaned upon his cane.

"It makes my leetle goldt, my leetle gift, my box below here, look all so small," she said.

And now raising her entire lashes she let her mysterious, intelligent eyes rest full on his.

But suddenly her companion withdrew his from them.

"I am surprised!" exclaimed Archibald Fairweather.

"Why?"

"We are here, at the safe-deposit company. It seems impossible," said Archibald Fairweather.

His companion murmured something that he did not catch.

"But now we are here," he said, "I will go on in and see them; make all arrangements. And later we will see it in together; if you are not afraid," he added, "to remain here as the sole guardian of your treasure."

"Oh, no," said Olga, with her sad, meaning smile, like one recalling many memories. "I should scarcely have terror here, in this much civilized place."

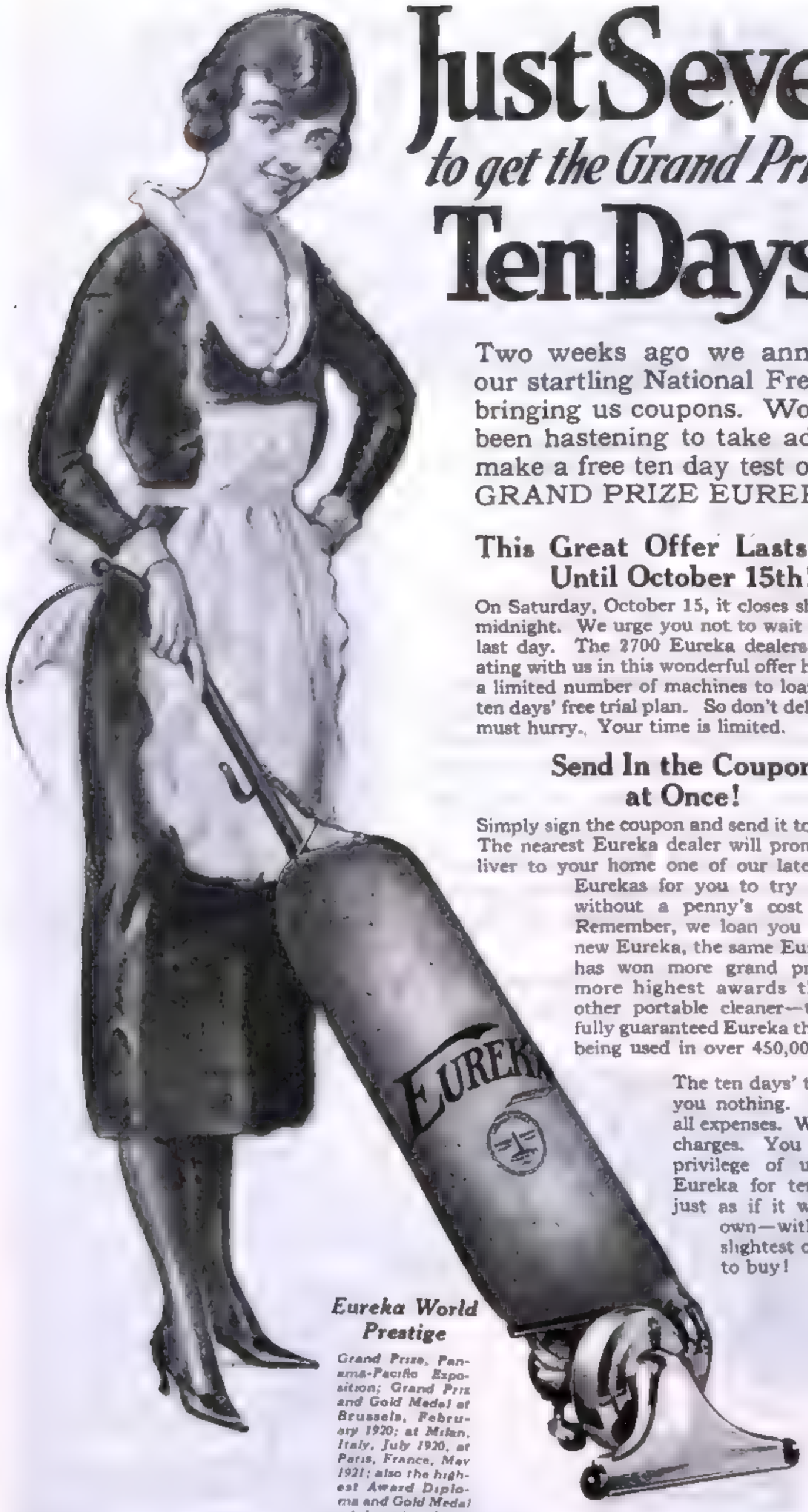
"I imagine not," he answered, smiling his frank, courteous smile beneath his small, soft, English military mustache.

"Yet you must come back soon," said the Russian, looking once more into his eyes a look of trust.

"Oh, yes," said Archibald Fairweather.

Squaring his shoulders, he walked with unaccustomed energy into the high ornate entrance to the bank.

Continued on Page 81



Just Seven More Days

to get the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner on

Ten Days Free Trial!

Two weeks ago we announced in The Saturday Evening Post our startling National Free Trial Offer. Every mail since has been bringing us coupons. Women in every section of the country have been hastening to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity to make a free ten day test of our latest model, INTERNATIONAL—GRAND PRIZE EUREKA in their homes.

This Great Offer Lasts Only Until October 15th!

On Saturday, October 15, it closes sharply at midnight. We urge you not to wait until the last day. The 2700 Eureka dealers co-operating with us in this wonderful offer have only a limited number of machines to loan on this ten days' free trial plan. So don't delay. You must hurry. Your time is limited.

Send In the Coupon at Once!

Simply sign the coupon and send it to Detroit. The nearest Eureka dealer will promptly deliver to your home one of our latest model Eurekas for you to try ten days without a penny's cost to you. Remember, we loan you a brand-new Eureka, the same Eureka that has won more grand prizes and more highest awards than any other portable cleaner—the same fully guaranteed Eureka that is now being used in over 450,000 homes.

The ten days' trial costs you nothing. We bear all expenses. We pay all charges. You have the privilege of using the Eureka for ten days—just as if it were your own—without the slightest obligation to buy!

Try the Eureka Before You Buy

We are making this generous offer because we want every woman in America to try a Eureka in her home absolutely without cost. We want you to make the test a thorough and genuine one. Use it on the carpets and rugs; on the upholstery, mattresses and pillows; test it in the nooks and hard-to-get-at corners. We want you to see for yourself how quickly all dust and dirt are whisked away, how easily lint, ravellings and clinging hairs are removed into the bag.

Only $5.00 *If You Decide to Buy* After Ten Days' Free Trial

Then Pay the Balance on Easy Monthly Payments!

Fill in the coupon! Get the Eureka for ten days. Use it and test it as we want you to! Then if you aren't delighted the cleaner will be called for with a smile. We cannot state too strongly that the trial is absolutely and unconditionally free!

But if you decide to keep the cleaner, a first payment of only $5.00 will be sufficient, and the balance can be paid in easy installments thirty days apart. Remember, if you send us the coupon at once you get a new, fully guaranteed, international grand prize Eureka cleaner at the National Free Trial Offer price. No extra charge for the ten days' trial. We give it willingly because we want you to learn for yourself just how much of the housework the Eureka does and just how wonderfully well it does it!

Your Time is Limited!
Mail Us the Coupon Now!
Send No Money!

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Canadian Branch: Kitchener, Ontario
Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher St., Holborn, London, W. C. 1, Eng

(14

Eureka World Prestige

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition; Grand Prix and Gold Medal at Brussels, February 1920; at Milan, Italy, July 1920, at Paris, France, May 1921; also the highest Award Diploma and Gold Medal at Amsterdam Holland, July 1920

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER

FREE COUPON OFFER

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Mich.
Dewey and Greenwood Aves.

Gentlemen: Have your nearest dealer send me the GRAND PRIZE Eureka for 10 days' free trial, without any obligation whatever to me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

CHLOR-E-DIXO

The Tooth Paste for an Acid Mouth

Will not harden in the tube and prevents the accumulation of film on the teeth

HOPE HAMPTON, *now appearing in "Star Dust," First National Production, writes:*—Night and morning when an acid mouth will do much damage to the teeth I brush my teeth with CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste.

OSCAR SHAW, *starring in "Two Little Girls in Blue," New York's greatest musical comedy success this year, writes:*—I consider the care of my teeth of the utmost importance, and so I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste.

ALICE TERRY, *Metro star, appearing in the Rex Ingraham Production, "The Conquering Power," writes:*—I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it leaves a most refreshing taste in the mouth.

CARMEL MYERS, *Universal star of "A Daughter of the Law," writes:*—I have never found anything equal to CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste as a cleanser and as a mouth antiseptic.

Why GREAT STARS *Use* CHLOR-E-DIXO

TOUCH your tongue to your teeth any night or morning and you will find the teeth covered with a slight coating of film.

If this film is allowed to remain, harden and accumulate day by day it will discolor your teeth, produce tartar, cause the gums to recede and lead ultimately to the destruction of your teeth.

Unless film is guarded against, a beautiful set of teeth will become ugly and repulsive.

Great stars who know that beautiful teeth are an asset of immeasurable value protect their teeth by the use of Chlor-e-dixo Tooth Paste night and morning.

You can preserve your own teeth and keep them beautifully white if you follow their example.

Whitens the teeth like Peroxide

A.D.S.

American Druggists Syndicate
Laboratories
New York City

Sold only at Stores Showing A.D.S. *Products*

(Continued from Page 78

He was soon out again, the arrangements all complete. The two followed slowly the flushed faced and reluctant servants of the limousine as they again personally bore the rough and foreign box into the entrance, upon the elevator at the right, and finally to its compartment behind the round smooth bars of the cage of the safe-deposit vault.

Mr. Fairweather next introduced the new depositor to the finished, well-groomed official in charge.

"Certainly," said the courteous official with a politeness that was almost amorous. "In every way, in every way we will extend the courtesies of the institution."

"It may be," Olga Olgovska warned him in the slow interesting diffidence of the foreigner which she manifested when addressing strangers for the first time—"it may be that I shall too often embarrass, surprise you while coming to see—to make changes in thees; changes you may not understand. Eccentric acts."

"By no means; not at all, miss. Nothing will surprise us. The bank—everything is yours!" said the deeply serviceable keeper of the safe-deposit vault, smiling ingratiatingly—still smiling and bowing as they left.

"I can nevair enough thank you!" said Olga Olgovska, giving her hand in the delicate European way to Mr. Fairweather, who was now compelled to place her in her limousine and go.

"But I shall see you again before long!" stated Mr. Fairweather quite definitely.

"I hope so, indeedt," said Olga simply.

Pressing her gloved hand Mr. Fairweather walked away, his shoulders up, his cane swung briskly forward, tapping at the pavement with unusual sharpness as he strolled away.

Relieved of her mysterious box at last Olga Olgovska rode home behind the more than usually erect and rigid uniformed backs upon the front seat.

"Then you got it there all safe?" inquired the maternal accents of Penelope Barnum when she had come in and sat down upon the hard surface of a monastic chair in the living room.

"Yess," said the Russian, taking off her hat, with the fringe of veil upon it. "You think still I did right to go weeth him alone?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, yes, I think so," responded Penelope Barnum. "Why not?"

"I only deed not vish to drag you into eet - you two - to embarrass you further by any possibilities. You or Mees McBride."

"I know," said Penelope Barnum. "I understand your motive fully. We all do. You are just as nice and thoughtful as you could be."

"But ees he not a vonderful man, your Mr. Fairweather? So strong, so able," said Olga enthusiastically. "Miss McBride is indeedt to be congratulate on such a husband. But ven," she asked, the thought suddenly striking her—"ven vill it be that they marry? I have forgot," she said, looking up now sharply—"or did I know—ven vill be the end of the waiting time, of the *nisi?*"

Miss Penelope Barnum laughed and laughed as the other stood watching her, smiling, somewhat embarrassed always by her reception of her quaint speech.

"In only ten days now," replied Miss Barnum kindly.

"In ten days?" repeated the other thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Miss Barnum, still laughing.

Almost simultaneously another conversation was going on upon the premises.

"You saw it, did you?" inquired the despondent-faced footman of the chauffeur in the garage, coming up quite close and speaking out of the side of his mouth nearest to his hearer.

"Saw what?" asked the hard, cynical chauffeur.

"We know what's in it now; or one thing anyhow."

"What is?" inquired the unconciliatory chauffeur.

"Sand! You saw it!"

"I saw something trickling out a little."

"Sand!" repeated the pessimistic footman.

"It might," stated the caustic chauffeur; "and then it might be something else."

"What?"

"Sawdust," said the chauffeur, raising the balls of his cold, sneering eyes a small and deeply significant fraction of a second.

"Sawdust?"

"Yep. That's what they use in dynamite," said the hard-faced chauffeur.

"I read that myself," said the footman, "somewheres. Dynamite," he said after a short pause, "in the bank!"

"It's none of my business," said the cynical chauffeur darkly. "But somebody wants to keep their lamps right on that bird with the long Egyptian clothes on."

"You said something there!" conceded the pessimistic footman.

XIII

"SHE is a very remarkable woman, Vera," said Mr. Fairweather, seated with Miss Vera McBride in Miss Barnum's monastic living room. "Most intelligent, and yet with an atmosphere all her own. I can't catch it all quite. I can't describe it, but there is a certain mystery about her, a certain fascination."

"So you said before," replied Miss McBride, with a quick, merry laugh.

"So exotic, so Russian through and through," continued Archibald Fairweather, after looking at her for a moment. "A type you would recognize as Russian anywhere."

"I should think you would, the way you stare at her always," responded Miss Vera McBride, laughing still more heartily.

"You don't mean," said Mr. Fairweather, with another glance in her direction, "that you ——"

"I mean you're funny, that's all," said Miss McBride, now stopping laughing suddenly and rising; for now the subject of their conversation was entering in her simple, flowing, rose-colored gown, beside Miss Barnum in salmon pink.

Mr. Fairweather stopped where he was and watched Vera's abrupt, decided movements as she passed to meet them.

"You must go right over to see Archibald, my dear," Miss McBride said archly to Olga Olgovska. "He has been calling violently for you."

"Oh—you are here!" breathed Olga Olgovska, going toward him with her hand delicately extended, speaking in her low, cultivated voice. He could not but feel a certain sense of contrast between the newer, the more American manner, and the older type of women's ways—of the older civilization of Europe.

But now while these two greeted each other the hostess and Miss McBride were going forward to welcome the expected visitors, Mr. Bloodgood and Mr. Dibble, of the staff of The Earth.

After the first greetings they separated into groups again, Miss McBride engaging Mr. Bloodgood in professional and editorial conversation, while Mr. Fairweather and Olga still kept on their previous conversation, whatever it might be. The third pair, the young poet and his hostess, were also soon by themselves.

"Come over here," Penelope Barnum had said to him; and waving him to the other end of the refectory table had pointed out the ribboned box of chocolates upon its surface.

The poet was in a happy mood that evening.

"Oh, my dear lady!" he said, reaching both his small white hands toward the confectionery.

Together they took the box with them and sat side by side upon the hard and simple bench which was the nearest approach to a sofa in that severe but beautiful monastic room.

"What luxury! What sinful luxury!" exclaimed the poet, first feeding Miss Barnum and then selecting a confection for himself.

"I thought you would like them. They are your favorites," stated Miss Barnum, happy in seeing him so happy.

"Isn't he really charming to-night, Vera?" Mr. Bloodgood watching Mr. Fairweather and Olga was inquiring in that tone of confidential intimacy which he employed in commenting on those about him. "He's a beautiful, beautiful creature!"

"And she knows it!" responded Vera McBride.

"Why, Vera!" said Merle Bloodgood in quick surprise. "What a strange, almost cattish remark!"

They talked on for several moments more of many things—of Russia, of The Earth, of the failure of idealism in America, of the hope for the great work of the Unofficial American Court of World Justice. But finally their conversation flagged.

"Pardon me, Vera, won't you?" asked Merle Bloodgood, whose attention had been recently somewhat wandering. "Just a moment!" And he arose and passed with elastic steps over across the room to where

THE TRENTON POTTERIES CO.

Silent SIWELCLO Closet

"TEPECO" Trouble-Proof!

THE installation of the Silent Si-wel-clo has extended from the residential section of cities into the heart of the hotel and commercial sections.

This is not so much because the silent feature holds the same degree of appeal in the office building as in the private home, but because architects and builders have come to recognize the unusual strength of construction of the Si-wel-clo. It may be conservatively said that eighty per cent of the trouble experienced by the house owner with water closets lies in the faulty operation of the tank fittings and the breaking down of the working parts. In the Si-wel-clo the quietness of the operation has been perfected, it is true, but equal pains have been taken to make the outfit "trouble proof."

We assume that everyone's natural inclination would be to install the Silent Si-wel-clo. Unfortunately we cannot manufacture this toilet at a price within the means of everyone. But we always have made other closets. "Why not," thought we, "perfect one closet of each type as it has never been perfected before, so that people who cannot afford a Si-wel-clo can be assured of getting the best value for their money?"

Tepeco water closets offer no price advantage. But sanitary engineers and architects tell us we are offering what you cannot be sure of getting elsewhere—a combination of closet construction which the measuring tape demonstrates to assure the best water closet, a tank of glistening white china with its surface unaffected by stain, acid or soil, and *trouble-proof* working parts.

We believe that it will pay to buy, according to your means, these outfits.

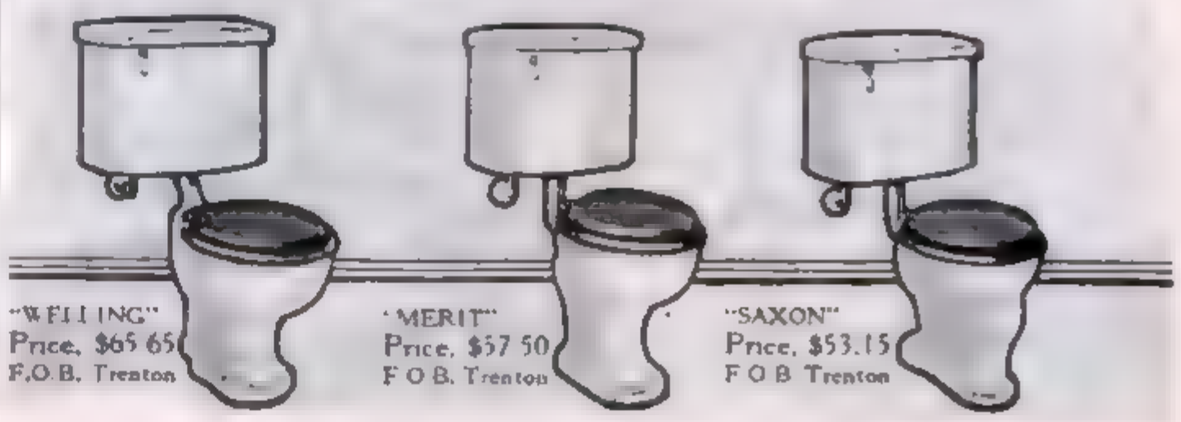
We have published a new booklet telling the difference between the types of closets. We want you to send for it, asking at the same time for our bathroom plan book—"Bathrooms of Character," Edition D

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures



"WELLING" Price, $65 65 F.O.B. Trenton

"MERIT" Price, $57 50 F O B. Trenton

"SAXON" Price, $53.15 F O B Trenton

Badger De Luxe All Season TOPS

Fit the Car on Which They are Used

THE satisfactory permanent top for any car must fit, not alone in dimensions but in its action as the car is driven over the road.

Just as the builder of quality bodies allows flexibility in the body frame to accommodate road distortion, so the Badger De Luxe "All-Season" Top is built to accommodate itself to the body flexibility of the car on which it is used. This is shown up in actual service by an entire freedom from rattles.

The strength of the finest enclosed construction is secured with notable light weight—the Badger 7-passenger model for large cars adds but eighty-five pounds to the weight of the car.

These two features alone are sufficient to make Badger your choice. But added to them are many exclusive features of design and appointments which establish Badger superiority in the judgment of the most exacting taste.

Appointments include cut glass dome light, silk side drapes with roll curtain at the rear, shower curtains with special compartment, drop side windows for ventilation and a sun and storm visor.

Interior linings are of the finest fabrics, exterior is of choice long grain art leather furnished in a wide range of colors.

Now Made for:

Buick	2, 5 and 7-passenger,	1918-21
Cadillac	4 and 7-passenger,	1918-21
Chandler	4 and 7-passenger,	1919-21
Cleveland	5-passenger,	1920-21
Dodge	2 and 5-passenger,	1920-21
Dort	5-passenger,	1920-21
Essex	5-passenger,	1919-21
Franklin	2, 4 and 5-passenger,	1919-21
Gardner	5-passenger,	1920-21
Hudson	4 and 7-passenger,	1918-21
Hupmobile	2 and 5-passenger,	1920-21
Nash	2, 4, 5 and 7-passenger,	1919-21
Oldsmobile	4, 5 and 7-passenger,	1919-21
Reo	5-passenger,	1920-21
Studebaker	2, 5 and 7-passenger,	1919-21
Velie	5-passenger,	1920-21

Prices:

2 passenger Models	*$185*
4—5 passenger Models	*275*
7 passenger Models	*285*
Special Cadillac 4 pass $375, 7 pass	*390*

Prices f. o. b. Racine, Wis.—War tax and installation extra

Write for descriptive booklet

WISCONSIN TOP COMPANY, Inc.

Consolidation of
McAvoy Brothers & Co. and Wisconsin Auto Top Co.

Racine, Wisconsin

Also makers of a complete line of Auto Fabric Accessories sold through 4500 dealer connections covering the entire country.

Mr. Fairweather was seated, leaning toward Olga Olgovska.

"Do you really? You surprise me!" he was saying to her when Mr. Bloodgood stood beside them.

"Just a moment," said the latter, with his quick, ingratiating smile, "but I had to come over and speak to you—of that wonderful, wonderful gown you are wearing, Olga." For he now of course addressed her by her first name—as did all the others within the group.

"Do you think so indeedt?" inquired Olga, raising her dark eyes toward him with evident surprise.

"Come on over," called Mr. Bloodgood to Vera McBride, with that gesture of free comradeship which marked all their relations.

Miss McBride after a slight hesitation arose and came over, her face somewhat flushed.

"I wanted you to help me tell Olga how much I admire her costume," he explained. "It's Russian, isn't it?" he asked her with expectant interest in his eye.

"Een a way, yess," she told him, resting her deep, dark eyes on his.

"I knew it. It goes so well with you. There is line in it; actually line," he said, turning brightly now to Miss McBride. "A thing that you almost never see to-day. Isn't that true, Vera?"

Her answer was lost in his continuing enthusiasm.

"And lure; actually lure. Exotic lure; mysterious, most appealing, delightful! It is simply wonderful, isn't it?" he asked, again appealing to Miss McBride. "Wonderful—isn't it, Vera?"

"Quite wonderful," replied Miss McBride succinctly.

"Do you know, I think you are quite a wonderful person anyway," exclaimed Mr. Bloodgood, still addressing himself to Olga Olgovska.

Miss McBride's eye, tiring of this scene, now wandering about the room, marked where Miss Barnum and Mr. Dibble still sat side by side upon the monastic bench, still eating chocolates.

"You'd better!" said Miss McBride, now suddenly returning and taking the lead in the conversation from Mr. Bloodgood on the subject of Olga. "You're likely to see a great deal of her from now on."

"Am I really?" asked Mr. Bloodgood, with a surprised but obviously delighted smile.

"She is going to be with us on The Earth."

"Really? How splendid!"

"May I tell him—just him alone?" asked Miss McBride, now looking toward Olga Olgovska for consent.

"That ees for you to judge," Olga replied to her. "Eef you wish, yes. But only him," she concluded with her grave smile.

So Miss McBride told him, in strict confidence, the plan for the Russian gold.

"When it shall be free, of course!" cautioned Olga Olgovska.

"Of course. That's understood," said Miss McBride.

"And eef also you shall vant me on The Earth—among you!" said Olga, with her quaint self-depreciation.

"Want you? You?" said Mr. Bloodgood, his eyes deep in hers.

"Eef you could use me in the vork!"

"Use you?" said Mr. Bloodgood, his gaze in hers growing more and more sincere. "Of course we could use you! We could make you very, very useful," he breathed, coming nearer and nearer to her and now taking her hand. "Don't doubt that ever!"

"Especially when her gold is free!" Miss McBride broke in jestingly.

"You aren't joking?" asked Mr. Bloodgood, glancing from one face to the other anxiously.

"Not at all," Vera McBride reassured him, and Mr. Fairweather shook his head, smiling.

"Because in that case," said Merle Bloodgood, now quickly turning from large-eyed earnestness to that spirit of light and casual jest which all took always when money was mentioned, "we certainly will never let you go! And that brings up," he continued, keeping on now, not letting the conversation flag at all, "the main business of the evening.

"I'm very sorry," he called across the room, "to break up this happy party in this way, but business is business. May we intrude so far? We'll have to," he said, now leading the way toward the poet and the hostess, still side by side on the monastic sofa with their box of chocolates.

"That bothersome note again!" exclaimed Ernest Dibble, passing the box back into her lap and waiting while Mr. Bloodgood outlined the situation concerning that matter of continuous interest on The Earth, its note in the bank.

"It's larger than it was before," said Penelope Barnum, watching him, "I suppose?"

"Somewhat, dear lady, yes," returned Mr. Bloodgood. "A few thousand dollars."

"It seems to increase," said Penelope Barnum a little reproachfully, "every time."

"Hush!" said the poet. "Don't think of such trivial things," and silenced her with a chocolate of his own selection.

"It does unfortunately," said Merle Bloodgood. "And unfortunately, too, it must be met—unless we wish The Earth to go definitely on the rocks—by next Tuesday."

"Is that when the note comes due?" asked Mr. Fairweather's rich, rather English voice.

"Yes. And we must face it," returned Merle Bloodgood, with his quick, jesting, financial smile, "unless we wish The Earth to fail—go down—be ruined. Or accept the alternative, of course, of succumbing to the blandishments of the advertising man—and becoming just another member of the kept press."

The voice of Olga Olgovska unexpectedly followed him out of a little silence.

"Haf you the papaar—the note here?" she asked, regarding him. "Veeth you?"

"I have, dear lady. Yes," replied Merle Bloodgood, producing it quite quickly from his pocket.

"What I vould ask ees—vat eet should be—the amount?"

"A hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"That is for ten thousand dollars more than before," commented Penelope Barnum.

"Mustn't worry, mustn't worry!" said the poet to her. "So bad for nerves and digestion!"

"I'm not worrying, Ernest," said Miss Barnum, patting his white hand where it lay upon her own somewhat darker one. "Far from it!"

Two other voices were starting simultaneously.

"I ask ——" began Olga Olgovska's.

"Now I should say ——" exclaimed the louder, more penetrating voice of Miss McBride, which stopped, however, at the sight of the long, lifted hand of Mr. Fairweather across from her.

"Your friend was speaking, Vera," he was saying to her.

Their eyes met now in that startled look of a first misunderstanding, which may sometimes lead into a first lovers' quarrel.

"I'm sorry. I apologize," said Vera McBride with elaborate politeness, flushing suddenly as she had not flushed for years.

Then both ladies were silent until Olga Olgovska was at last induced to go on.

"Eet ees not I that should do thees," she said at length. "My part in all is so leetle—so inconsequential. Yet I, was merely, after all, about to ask a favor."

"Do!" exclaimed Mr. Fairweather, leaning over, regarding her with continuous interest.

"You are so kindt," she said, lifting her long dark lashes toward him. "All I vould say—vould ask—ees thees: My leetle contribution—eet is not ready; neither yet ees it much, all together. But all I desire to ask for now—as a favor only—ees if I might not sign the note vith all the others. It should not be so il-legal, should it?"

"Indeed, no," Mr. Fairweather assured her.

"You shall do it! Splendid! Splendid!" cried Merle Bloodgood.

"I am so relievedt," said Olga. "So gladt. You are all so kindt."

"It is you who are kind, dear lady," said Mr. Bloodgood.

"And now shall ve sign?" asked Olga Olgovska, looking up at Mr. Bloodgood for instructions.

"By all means," returned Mr. Bloodgood.

"Wait—just a minute," called the voice of Vera McBride, now breaking in. "You know what I told you, Archibald?" she asked, now addressing herself to Mr. Fairweather. "What we agreed?"

Continued on Page 85

Suppose I had said "No, I don't play Auction"

"HERE was the very man I had been trying to see for a year; on the same train, for an eighteen-hour journey, and a mutual friend right at hand to introduce me. Here was the opportunity not only to meet him but to see his real self revealed in a game of cards; also to show him my own mental capacity and incidentally my grasp of his business and certain requirements of that business which my concern was prepared to fill. Suppose I had said 'No, I don't play Auction.'"

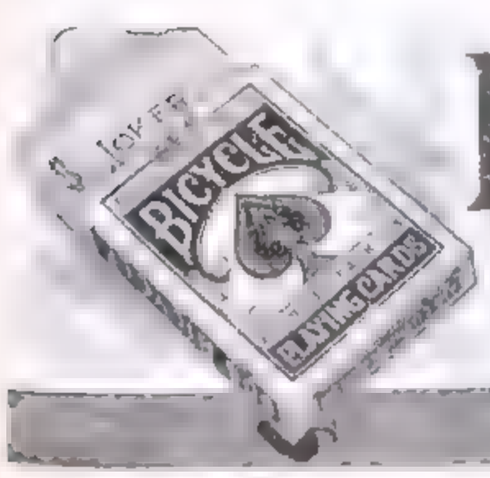
How often do similar opportunities present themselves to you! Follow this suggestion—

Play cards for wholesome recreation

and you will find the accomplishment a continual help in business and social life. Play cards often—you will improve your mind and you will become the alert kind of player that worth-while people like to play with.

Send for a copy of "The Official Rules of Card Games," giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing. Check this and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required postage stamps to

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. A-1, Cincinnati, U. S. A., manufacturers of



BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)

Auction at a Glance

PARTNERS AND DEAL—4 players, 2 against 2, using 2 packs. Remove jokers, shuffle one pack and draw for partners. 2 lowest cards play the 2 highest. Lowest deals first. His partner shuffles the other pack, and places it at his right, ready for next deal. Player on dealer's right cuts, and 13 cards are dealt to each player, one at a time. If a misdeal, same player deals again. Deal passes to left.

BIDDING—There are 5 bids: clubs lowest, then diamonds, hearts, spades, no-trumps. Dealer must bid at least "one" in a suit, or no-trump, or he may pass. Each player in turn to the left may pass, or bid the same number in a higher suit, or more in a lower suit. Highest bid allowed is seven. The bidding goes round until three players in succession pass.

DOUBLING—Any player may double opponents' bid, and either opponent may redouble or bid something else. Only one redouble is allowed. The double increases value of tricks and penalties in scoring but not in bidding: 2 spades will overbid 2 hearts doubled.

THE PLAY—The declarer is the player who *first* named the winning suit. His partner is "dummy." The one at left of declarer leads any card; then dummy's cards are laid face up on table, sorted into suits. Dummy takes no further part in play. Each player must follow suit if he can, otherwise trump or discard. Cards rank from A down to deuce, and trumps always win. Highest card played wins the trick; winner leads for next trick. First 6 tricks taken by declarer are his "book." All over the book count toward game. If declarer has bid 3 he *must* win 3 over his book, or 9 tricks.

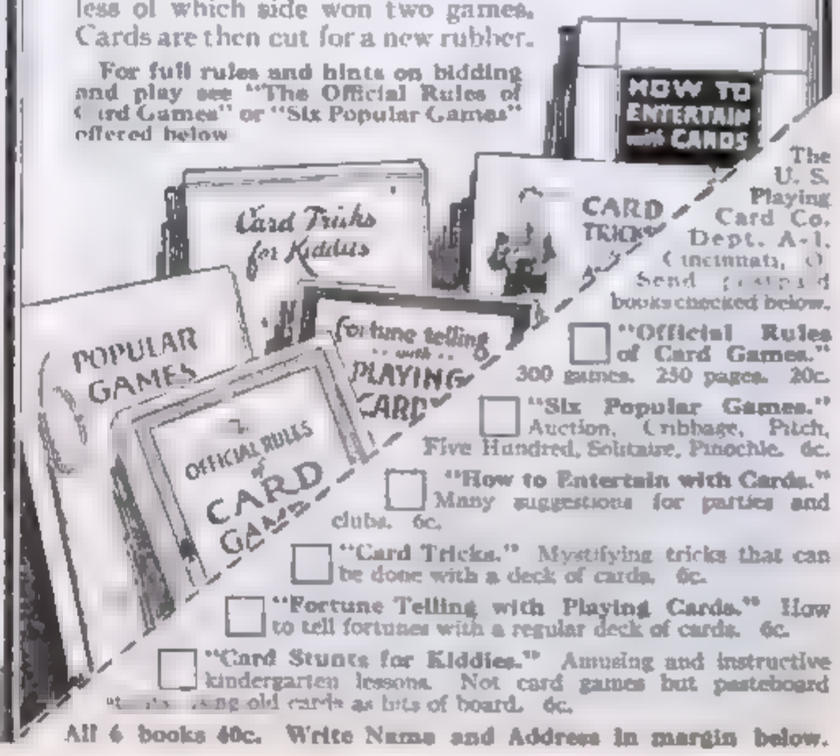
SCORING—Only the declarer's side can score toward game. (Opponents score only honors and penalties.) Declarer scores for each trick over his book, 10 points at no-trumps, 9 at spades, 8 at hearts, 7 at diamonds, or 6 at clubs. These trick scores are all put "below the line" on score pad. 30 points is game, but all over 30 is scored. Draw a line under a game won. Partners winning two games ends the rubber.

HONORS AND PENALTIES—Besides scores toward game, there are honor scores and penalties, which go "above the line" on pad. Honors are A K Q J 10 of the trump suit, or the 4 aces at no-trump. Credit goes to original holders of these cards, on either side. 3 between partners have the value of 2 tricks, so that 3 in spades would be worth 18; 4 honors same as 4 tricks; 5 honors same as 5 tricks, but 4 or 5 in one hand count double, and 4 in one hand, 5th in partner's are the same as 9 tricks. In spades, this would be 81 points.) At no-trumps, 3 aces count 30, 4 aces 40, and 4 in one hand, 100. For winning 12 tricks, add 50; for grand slam, 13 tricks, 100. For winning rubber, add 250. If contract is doubled, trick scores have a double value, or quadruple value if redoubled. Spades doubled count 18 a trick to declarer, if he makes his contract; if redoubled, 36. He also gets 50 in honors for fulfilling doubled contract, and 50 for each trick over contract. If redoubled, this figure is 100. If he made 5 over book on contract to make 3, doubled, he would score 5 times 18 below the line and 150 above, plus honors.

PENALTIES—If declarer fails to make contract, he scores only honors as held; the adversaries score 50 in honors for each trick he falls short; 100 if doubled; 200 if redoubled. Penalty for a revoke by declarer is 50 in honors. If his adversaries revoke, he can take 80 points, or 2 of their tricks, which he scores. The revoking side can score nothing but honors as held.

At the end of a rubber, everything is added, and lower score deducted from the higher; the difference is the number of points won. The side having most points technically wins rubber, regardless of which side won two games. Cards are then cut for a new rubber.

For full rules and hints on bidding and play see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below



The U. S. Playing Card Co. Dept. A-1, Cincinnati, O. Send [illegible] books checked below.

☐ **"Official Rules of Card Games."** 300 games. 250 pages. 20c.

☐ **"Six Popular Games."** Auction, Cribbage, Pitch, Five Hundred, Solitaire, Pinochle. 6c.

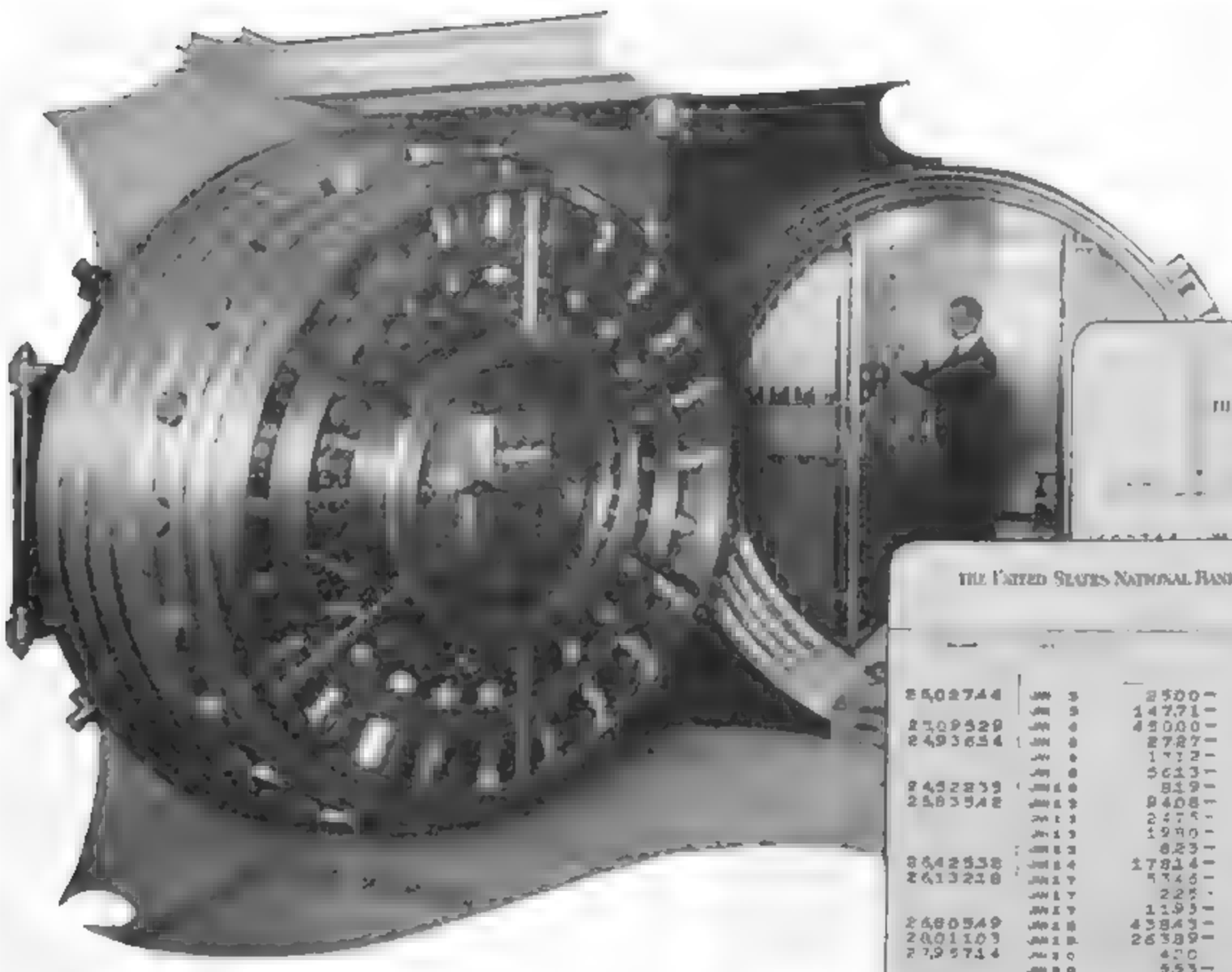
☐ **"How to Entertain with Cards."** Many suggestions for parties and clubs. 6c.

☐ **"Card Tricks."** Mystifying tricks that can be done with a deck of cards. 6c.

☐ **"Fortune Telling with Playing Cards."** How to tell fortunes with a regular deck of cards. 6c.

☐ **"Card Stunts for Kiddies."** Amusing and instructive kindergarten lessons. Not card games but pasteboard [illegible] using old cards as bits of board. 6c.

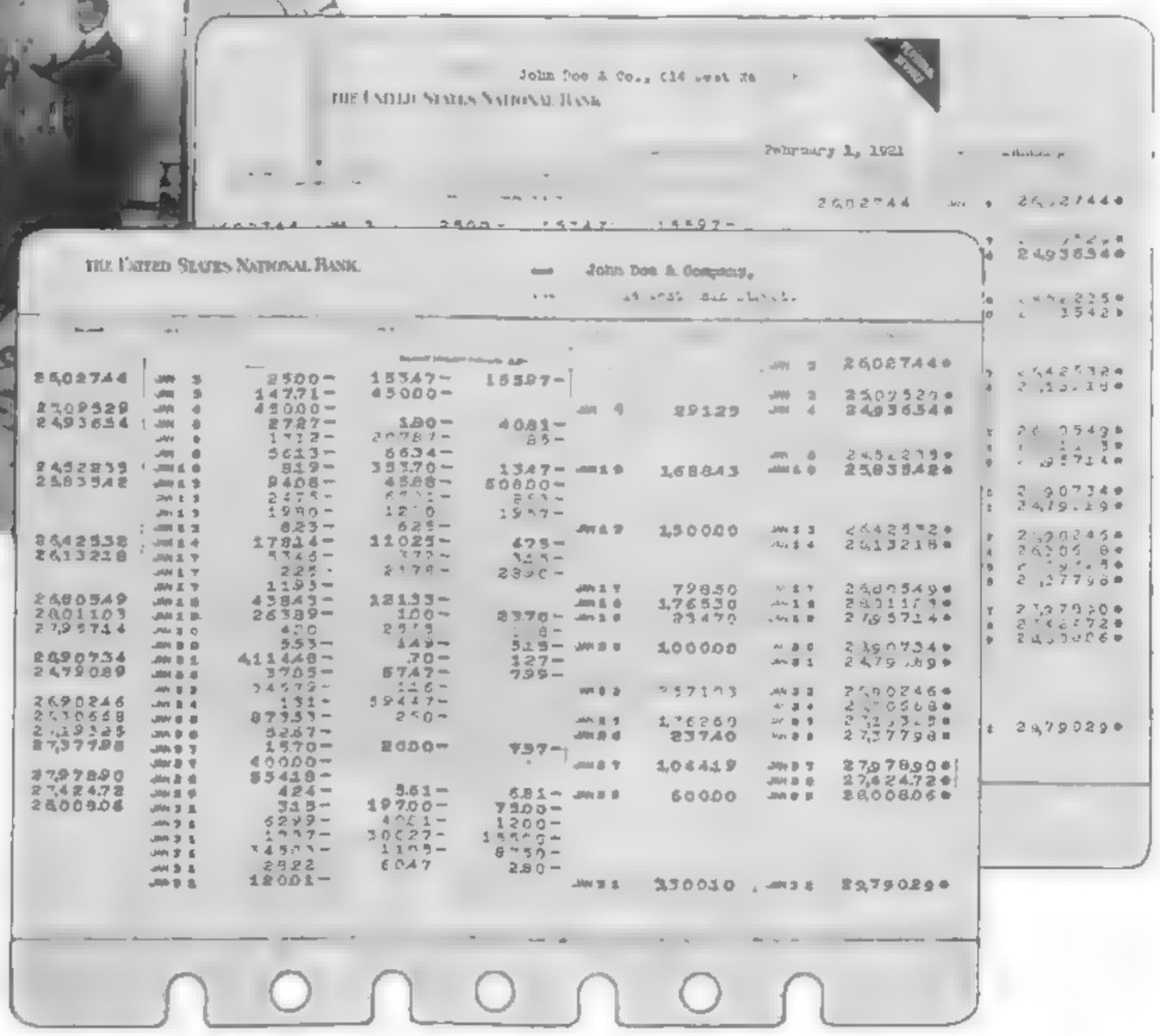
All 6 books 40c. Write Name and Address in margin below.



Safety

The vault protects the funds of business, but figure accuracy protects business itself.

The forms below show how many banks handle customers' ledgers and statements. The two are posted separately from the same posting medium but by different clerks. The balances are then checked against each other, which gives assurance that the right amounts have been posted to the right accounts.



MEN in other lines of business sometimes forget that bankers have to earn profits for stockholders, keep accounts, issue statements, make collections, watch expenses, pay taxes, figure overhead—and do many other things that any good business man does.

One of the biggest single reasons why bankers operate their business so safely and successfully is that they deal in facts.

Banks Know—They Don't Guess

They believe in figures—accurate figures, and enough of them to tell the whole story.

They believe in *daily* figure information, in *daily* balance of customers' accounts, in prompt, accurate statements, in wise credit limits.

Also they believe in doing every figure job in the quickest, most accurate, most economical way.

That is why so many of them use Burroughs Automatic Bookkeeping Machines, Adding and Listing Machines, and Calculators.

You Can Do the Same

Whether you are banker or business man, big or little, you will profit by having this Burroughs accuracy in *your* business. It pays for itself every time.

Burroughs bank machines are paralleled by others in the Burroughs line that meet the figuring requirements of commercial or general business of every description.

Take a lesson from the banks' success and investigate their way of handling figures. Then call the nearest Burroughs office and see how Burroughs Machines have been accomplishing similar benefits for *your* line of business. You can get the address from your telephone book or your banker, or write to Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Michigan.

If You Are a Banker

Ask for information about the following Burroughs products:

Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines—for ledgers and statements.

Burroughs Transit Machines—for handling transit letters.

Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines—for teller's cage work and other uses.

Burroughs Calculators—for figuring interest, analysis, etc.

Burroughs

Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

(Continued from Page 82)

Her face was flushed, her eyes met his quite definitely. He bowed, evidently remembering something, some previous conversation.

"What is it, if I may ask?" inquired Mr. Bloodgood.

"It was I who brought Mr. Fairweather into The Earth—the group," explained Miss McBride now. "It was I who after all interested him. And so I consider it my prerogative to sign now in his place. It is the same financially—or will be, I understand," she stated.

"Will be soon; in a very, very few days," said Mr. Bloodgood, catching her meaning.

"Exactly," said Vera McBride, her color very high indeed. "Or if it isn't so according to law—after our marriage—I doubt if Mr. Fairweather would be less responsible than for a signature of his own."

"I should imagine not," returned Mr. Bloodgood. "But the bank ——"

"We'll do it that way anyhow," said Miss McBride, in her quick executive manner. "And now," she said, "let's sign."

"Very well," said Mr. Fairweather gravely.

All stood up about the refectory table, Mr. Bloodgood now handing the note to Mr. Fairweather, who in turn extended it deferentially toward Olga Olgovska. It so chanced as he did this that Miss McBride quite unconsciously started to grasp it.

"Just a moment, Vera," said Mr. Fairweather. "I was passing it to Miss Olgovska."

"Pardon me again!" said Vera McBride, with a sudden, hard politeness, and withdrew her hand.

Her eyes gazing at Mr. Fairweather and then at Olga Olgovska now took a new, hard, very executive expression indeed. Her face was more than ever flushed.

"I thought you might wish to see it first—the note?" said Mr. Fairweather with almost exaggerated deference to Olga Olgovska.

Ultimately the paper was signed by all three—Miss Barnum first, at the insistence of all; then Miss McBride; and then Olga Olgovska, who would consent only to coming last.

"Oh, no, nevaar, no other vay," she said in her foreign accent. "Eet is after all just preliminary; just a favor to me—my little pleasure."

Miss Vera McBride, left temporarily alone, standing aside, watching her and Mr. Fairweather instructing her as she signed, after a time gave a little start as of a sudden unforeseen decision, and after a slight hesitation stepped forward, still much flushed.

"I'm going to do something dreadful," she said, looking now in the direction of Olga Olgovska. "I wouldn't do it," she explained to her, "only I know you will understand."

"Oh, yess," replied Olga Olgovska, watching her, waiting.

"I know you will not misunderstand the motive."

"Oh, no," replied Olga, now giving a slight start herself.

"But this is strictly business, isn't it? And it should be done in a businesslike way," said Miss McBride, appealing now especially to the men, who bowed a little dubiously as she went on.

"All I meant was that being business," she said very explicitly, "and all being women on the note—that as things are now, as we women are just entering business and politics, we should take especial care now to do everything in proper business form, just as men would do it."

They all paused, waiting for her to proceed.

"And so," she said, doing so, "I was merely going to suggest that being such, this being really nothing but business—that strictly speaking, as it is a certain definite thing, a certain definite security that Olga represents to us—that we other cosigners might be perhaps called upon by strict business methods to see that security of yours."

"My box of goldt, you mean?" asked Olga Olgovska, who had been watching her very closely, before any other spoke.

"Or that would be as I understand it." Vera McBride confirmed her a little hurriedly. "What men would do always."

Olga Olgovska after the slightest hesitation answered in a tone as frank as her own.

"By all means!" she said warmly. "Vith one exception only. First I must see Them, consult Them, those others; for the last time, about all, all my relations here and the goldt! It may be a somewhat longer con-ference, naturally, this last one," added Olga. "But by the day after thees next day, the day after to-morrow, I pr-r-romise ve shall all go together and see my Russian goldt.

"No. She ees right. Eet ees only fair so—and businesslike," she stated with an upward and protesting glance at Mr. Fairweather, who had at first shown signs of objecting to the sudden new proposal.

"Shall I be—improper," she asked then, after a moment, "eef I go now?"

"Go now?" asked Penelope Barnum in surprise.

"Merely to telephone—that is all—to Them!"

"Telephone? But why not from here?"

"Because, dear friend," said Olga Olgovska, smiling and getting up to go, "I am instruct othervise by Them."

XIV

IN A BARE room, supplied with plain furniture, a group of hard, lean, cynical-faced young men sat in attitudes of extreme boredom, apparently in a long and indefinite vigil of whose end they had no exact knowledge. The thin, pitiless light of white electric lamps etched out more sharply the deep, sophisticated lines upon their faces.

A police officer of somewhat slouchy bearing opened a door and poked his face and mustache in.

"Bogo Peary—in the booth," he called.

A young man with a pendent cigarette took his leg off the smooth wooden chair arm.

"Who is it?"

"Some skirt with a Dago or Russian name. Some Olga something. Some foreign skirt," said the soft-looking old police officer, both his voice and words indicating a pronounced Celtic outlook on life and nationality.

A few brief and derisive quips came from the lips of the other jaded and cynical young men in the shiny yellow wooden chairs as the young man with the more than usually pendulous cigarette rose and left the room, with a deep furrow set between his eyes.

"Who the ——" the lips of Mr. Peary were saying. "Hello," he cried, taking up the telephone receiver and speaking at one side of the transmitter in the listless, casual way of the constant user of the telephone. "Oh, yes. What did you say the name was?"

"Olga Olgovska," said the voice in the telephone.

Its hearer gave no signs of recognition.

"On the pier—you remember!"

The listener removed the hanging cigarette from his mouth and spoke again, plainly puzzled:

"Which pier?"

"Back from Lenine, you poor fish!" replied the telephone.

"Why didn't you say so then?" asked Mr. Peary coldly, now replacing his cigarette.

"You're awake now; you're coming out of it, are you?" inquired the telephone harshly. "Because I want you there listening, before I spill too many words."

"Go on. Spill," returned the strangely emotionless young man with the cigarette.

"Listen, Bogo," inquired the voice of Olga Olgovska, in a more conciliatory tone; "have I given you many a boost in the past, or have I not?"

"What is it you want now?" inquired Mr. Peary sadly, without answering her question.

"I want you to push me along several ways."

"Which one first?" asked Mr. Peary, with inert directness.

"You remember that wop," inquired the voice, "down there on Mott or Elizabeth Street somewhere; that Dago counterfeiter they got with the small factory for gold bricks?"

"What then?" inquired Mr. Peary, his voice indicating in an indescribable way his memory of the case.

"Look in your book and give me his address. Show me how to reach him."

"What for?"

"Never mind."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Peary, in a voice of indescribable languor, and prepared to hang up his receiver.

Before he did so the voice of Olga Olgovska intervened.

"Don't get too flip," it cautioned, "or you won't be pleased."

Why she chose the

Welsbach

GAS HEATER

SHE liked its good lines, its graceful, substantial build. She was fascinated by the AUTOMATIC LIGHTER, igniting the gas instantly, smoothly, without matches or pilot light.

She was surprised at the flood of warmth that began to pour forth immediately upon lighting.

She was interested when the salesman told her that this heat is RADIANT heat—sun-like and healthful; quick in its effect.

Then she found that this great volume of heat is produced very economically.

She studied the many improvements and exclusive features.

By that time the heater was fully "warmed up" to the occasion! The glowers became beautifully luminous, the copper reflector flickered with dancing lights, the whole effect was that of a real log fire. She *knew* it was the heater for her artistic little home.

And when her husband saw it there, in his own fireplace, he fully agreed with her.

Your Home
Needs a Welsbach Gas Heater

Your gas company or dealer has it for you. Two sizes: six and eight glower; two prices: $23.00 and $28.00. Can be used as portable heaters, or in fireplaces.

Shall we send you a booklet?

WELSBACH COMPANY
GLOUCESTER, N. J.

Member American Gas Association

Briggs MOTOR CAR Bodies

AFTER all, the final luxury of a good motor car is a fine body.

It must be a thing of beauty, comfort and grace or else it will fail, utterly, to give that satisfaction which every owner desires.

Briggs motor car bodies are designed to give the utmost in durability and comfort. Harmonious, beautiful, but simple lines are the basic principles upon which all Briggs bodies are built.

Operating one of the largest body plants in the world and supplying some of the outstanding automobile manufacturers in the industry, does, we believe, give us the privilege of calling the public's attention to the great growth of this business and to some of the fundamental principles that have made it great.

BRIGGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

DETROIT CLEVELAND

"Well, what is it you want?" asked Mr. Peary somewhat ungraciously, but evidently deciding not to close up the phone.

"I want to get half a dozen gold bricks right off."

"You want which?" inquired her hearer, the pendulous cigarette on his lip now twitching slightly.

"I told you once, didn't I?" came the answer. "I've got to have half a dozen gold bricks right now."

The cigarette, rising a little higher, twitched again, indicating doubt between the sincerity of the voice and its singular statement.

"What's the joke?" inquired its owner finally.

"I mean it, Bogo. Go on now," directed the voice of Olga Olgovska upon the wire, "get out your book and give me the dope where to find him."

Convinced at last by the sincere quality of her tone Mr. Peary did as he was directed.

"Look," he asked when he had found and given her the desired information, "what's on now? What stunt are you pulling on us this time?"

A change had come in his manner. His cigarette was now permanently raised at a somewhat higher angle. He shifted about so as to face the telephone less casually. A buoyant, slightly taunting laugh came over the telephone.

"Later, old dear," said its owner; "you'll know it all if you'll play the game with me!"

The cigarette gave a slightly irritated flirt, but its bearer did not answer.

"Now then, the second thing," Olga Olgovska was asking him, "you probably won't have right there offhand. It's too small stuff. But you remember that bunch of Russian kikes down around Allen Street they talked of getting after that time for putting out that phony Russian brassware? That had one place on ——"

"Yeah, I know what you want," stated Mr. Peary, breaking in. "You want to locate them, huh?"

"Yes."

"Ask Ike the Pike; he'd know," directed Mr. Peary, and gave her that address too. "Listen," he continued, standing a little squarer to the telephone, his cigarette now almost horizontal. "What's the idea, anyway?"

"Well, you see it's this way," said the now almost gay voice upon the wire: "I've got to have a trade-mark for my gold bricks."

"A trade-mark, huh?" inquired the other in a puzzled, unsatisfied tone. "For your gold bricks?"

"You seen them—those kind of eagles or something they have on some of that stuff. That's it. I've got to have one of those marks, for my imperial Russian gold bricks."

"Say, what is this? What is this stunt you're pulling off this time?" asked Mr. Peary after a pause, both his cigarette and his voice indicating an increasing interest, almost an anxiety, to learn. "Do I get in on this?"

"Not so you'd notice it."

"I hope anyhow," said Mr. Peary, his cigarette again drooping cynically, "that we don't have to come down and dig you out of the Tombs, the way we did the last time."

"You're good, Bogo. You certainly are a wiz," said the voice of Olga Olgovska.

"Why?" asked the other, now clearly in the uncomfortable position of a naturally well-informed person who does not wish to ask questions but is compelled by circumstances and manipulations to do so.

"That was the next thing I was after, as a slight precaution. Give me Clancy's telephone number. You know, the way-down-under one, that always gets him; that gets both the house and the office."

"He's gone over on the Federal end lately; you know that," Mr. Peary continued.

"I ought to; that's what I saw him on the last time, before I left for Russia."

So Mr. Peary gave her that information too.

"I just wanted it," she told him, recording it, "in case my foot should slip."

"Look here," asked Mr. Peary again insistently, "do I get declared in on this or not?"

"I can't do it, Bogo," said Olga's voice, in a more amiable and less jesting tone. "Not unless I get into a jam somewhere. Then I might want you quick and hard.

"Listen," she said after a moment, although he was already doing so intently. "Got your book there? All right. Take this down. You're on this Red stuff, hanging around headquarters all the time! All right," she continued in a businesslike voice after waiting in vain for him to speak. "I know you are anyhow! Take this down!" And she gave him a telephone number. "If you ever hear of anything where Olga Olgovska gets her name up, you ring me up, will you? I might want to know it."

So he took the number down.

"Now don't forget that," said Olga Olgovska. "If you hear anything about her—I don't care what—you let me have it. I don't think you will, but you might, at that. And when you call for her, and they ask you who it is, you just say it is a call for her—from Them."

"Them?"

"Yes, that's it. Them with a large 'T.' And I'm much obliged," said Olga Olgovska. "I'll do as much for you some day. And now good-by. My time is short. I must be going."

"Wait! Hold on! Listen!" called Mr. Peary. His cigarette, now apparently extinguished, but held at a high and alert angle, hit the transmitter of the telephone as he pushed his face forward, and fell upon the floor unheeded. "Look!" said Mr. Peary, calling loudly for fear of losing her. "Look, Pol, you aren't coming in here, over our heads, are you, pulling some stunt we don't know about?"

"Oh, nothing like that," said Olga Olgovska, ignoring entirely his apparent change of her name. "Don't worry."

"Say, listen!" cried Mr. Peary impulsively. "On the level, what is this thing, Pol? On the straight, it's nothing that will cut in on me?"

"No. It's just a frame-up of my own."

"On what general line?" asked Mr. Peary, still boring in.

"I can't tell you over the phone," said Olga. "Not now. Only what I can say in one word."

"What?"

"Love. It's love," explained Olga Olgovska.

The face of her listener lost its tense expression. He gave a sigh of relief.

"I didn't know but what you might be pulling one of your old-fashioned stunts in the criminal line. Love. Sob stuff, huh?" he said, going on now, prolonging the conversation in the semihumorous manner of one under the influence of a recent pleasurable relief. "What is it? What kind of love?" he inquired, jesting easily and happily. "Are you on the Russian line still, what you started after—lights on the new love in Russia? Is that it? The wild new love where the wild men of Moscow go chasing around the wild women and biting them?"

"Wilder than that," said Olga Olgovska, entering the spirit of the occasion.

"Wilder still?" asked Mr. Peary, in the tone of one who is prepared to hear anything.

"It's the new, frank, Freudian love, all the rage now among the intelloctuals. Where the women go out and propose and drag them in. The wild new love, in which men and women are equally frank, equally open with each other in all ways."

"You ought to make something rich out of that," suggested Mr. Peary amicably. "You must have a scream—a wonder. Listen," he continued. "Have you got out one of your old three-ring stunts there? For if you have you'll come back flying any time. The old man would get on his knees to get you back. I'll give you this tip now: He's crazy right now to find you. The Sunday Love Mag. is dead without you, that's all."

"Thanks, Bogo," said Olga Olgovska tersely. "But I've got a bigger game on than that."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Peary quickly.

"I'm going to get myself married."

"Married—you!" exclaimed Mr. Peary, and laughed heartily.

"What's the wild joke?" inquired Olga Olgovska's voice, now slightly sharper than before. "I ought to know how by this time, hadn't I?"

"I'll say so!" responded Mr. Peary promptly.

"And you know yourself there's nothing in the old grind, day after day, night after night."

"I'll say that also."

"And if you had ten million dollars lying down before you where you could just lean

(Continued on Page 89)

I Made 4,000 Pairs

To Find a Shoe that Needed No "Breaking In"

By W. Grant Williams

(Note coupon below for free demonstration)

Here is a shoe thirty-five years in the making, with more than 4,000 ancestors. A shoe that you, men and women, can put *new* on your feet and walk in for miles without discomfort.

Since first I started making shoes I've pursued a pet idea—the idea that some day shoes would be built that needed no "breaking in"—*absolute comfort the moment you put them on.*

So I made more than 4,000 test pairs—ancestors of the FLEXATED SHOE. I tested them on friends and strangers, on eminent authorities, on foot specialists and experts in foot anatomy.

New Principles in Shoe-Making

Then I made a discovery—I found a new principle in shoe-making. So I built a shoe and tested it. And the people who put it on went out and walked—miles and miles. And when they came back they said their feet felt *rested!*

So I knew that I had discovered the biggest new thing in shoes.

A shoe that needed no "breaking in"—a shoe as easy to the foot as an old carpet slipper. With a ***flexible arch*** strongly built to support the foot and relieve the strains of body weight on the arch.

Adapting the New Idea to Stylish Shoes

But I knew that most people buy shoes on their looks. So I sought to adapt my new idea to the most fashionable lasts of the hour. Now I offer a shoe so easy, flexible and pliant to every foot movement that you feel "shod with air." *Yet the last word in foot gear style.*

The FLEXATED SHOE keeps well feet well and makes sick feet happy. It is so built that every part fits correctly and supports the bony foot arch in proper position. Even the eyelets and lacings have a supporting function to perform. This is very important, because practically all foot ills come from weakness of the arch.

Feel Them

I don't ask you to buy a pair of FLEXATED SHOES. All I ask is that you *try on* a pair.

Note how comfortably, how perfectly, these shoes fit. Mark the delightful ease and freedom they give your feet.

If you don't know where there is a dealer of FLEXATED SHOES, write to us and we will tell you.

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE COMPANY, Portsmouth, Ohio

Do Your Feet Show These Symptoms?

—tire easily when walking?
—pains in the arch?
—shooting pains at the base of your toes?
—pains in your lower leg, knee or thigh?
—dull ache in your heel?
—ankles turn from weakness?
—hurt after standing?
—burn after wearing your shoes an hour or two?

All these foot troubles are caused by wearing shoes not suited to your feet. Note text for explanation of how simply these troubles can now be avoided and with *good looking* shoes.

FREE

Demonstration of The Flexated Shoe

We believe the facts about this shoe would not be believed if we gave them here. So we have arranged Free Demonstrations through our dealers everywhere. Simply mail the coupon. It will also bring you our interesting booklet.

Mail This

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE COMPANY,
Dept. 10, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Please furnish me with a *Free Demonstration* of the Grant Flexated Shoe—no obligation to buy. Also your free booklet, "Please Save My Feet."

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

My Shoe Dealer is _____

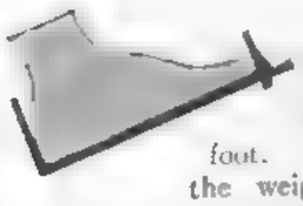
The size of my shoe is _____

and the last _____

(Give size and last, for example "9½—A.")

The New-Day Way of Fitting Shoes

Incorrect Fitting—the Mistake



For ages shoe makers and designers have measured shoes by foot length, regardless of the heel, arch and ball of the foot. If the shoe doesn't distribute the weight-carrying where it belongs, it will cause foot troubles, such as flat feet, broken arches, corns, bunions, etc. A shoe that is fitted by length alone gives you foot comfort and security by *accident only.*

The Right Way

FLEXATED SHOES are measured a new way—from the heel to the ball of the foot. These are the bearing points on which the weight must be carried. Our special construction gives the entire foot real support without arch props, supports or stiff counters. The FLEXATED SHOE is as flexible as a glove, yet it gives your feet more support than stiff, heavy, inflexible shoes. Let us fit you this new way and prove to you how comfortable new shoes can be.

The Grant FLEXATED SHOE

For MEN For WOMEN

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

THE Paige seven passenger Sedan is a supremely beautiful motor car. That you can see at a glance. But underlying and supplementing this beauty is a power plant that gives the car its final touch of character.

This power plant is the world-famous "6-66," known to every motorist as the outstanding engineering achievement of the year. In the Paige Sedan it affords complete command of the highway—true championship form for "the most beautiful car in America." Where in all motordom can you find a more perfect combination?

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Makers Also of "the Most Serviceable Truck in America"

(Continued from Page 86

over and pick it up, would you pass it up or would you not?

"Well, another time," said the voice of Olga Olgovska, not waiting for his answer; and the telephone at length closed off.

"She might, at that," said Mr. Peary to himself, thoughtfully replacing the telephone receiver. "The stunt isn't made that little devil won't pull." He turned away, still considering. "And yet you can't tell," he said doubtfully, "what is the real truth." He shook his head gravely. "There," he said to himself with conviction, "is the biggest, single, natural liar that ever worked on a Sunday supplement in New York."

Leaving the booth he passed back again into the bare room with the other bored, hard-faced young men, a new cigarette hanging from his listless lips, still thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sense and Nonsense

A Familiar Name

IN THE mountains of Eastern Tennessee is an old negro who loves to talk about the deeds of the colored troop of which he was a member during the Civil War. His present occupation is that of driver of an ancient and rickety stagecoach still running between two little towns east of Knoxville.

"What is your name, uncle?" a passenger asked one day.

"George Washington, sah," he replied with dignity.

"That's a name familiar to everybody in this country," the passenger remarked.

"I reckon, sah, it oughter be," was the darky's pleased reply, "'cause Ise been drivin' heah evah since de war."

For Funerals and Full Dress

CHECKING over the items as they came back from the laundress, a Southern matron discovered a loss. She called to account the colored washwoman, who was waiting on the back veranda for her week's pay.

"Milly," said the lady of the house, "one of Mr. Jones' best shirts, which I sent out with the soiled things on Monday, didn't come back with the rest."

"W'ich one wuz dat?" said Milly. "One of dem kind wid de limpy collars and cuffs?"

"No, it wasn't," said her employer. "It was one of Mr. Jones' best full-dress shirts—white linen, with a stiff bosom and starched cuffs."

"Oh, dat one!" exclaimed Milly. "I didn't get dat one quite finished. It'll come home next week. Don't you worry, Mis' Jones. Not for no amount o' money would I be de cause of Mist' Jones losin' his coffin shirt!"

The Sullivan Business Punch

NOT the heat in Boyle's Thirty Acres at Jersey City on July second last, not even the quick-impending glories of the Dempsey-Carpentier ruckus, scheduled to begin in a few minutes, could keep the memory of John L., the Magnificent, out of the fight talk of the fans while awaiting the big battle.

It was Joe Vila, New York sporting writer, who recalled a particularly scintillating Sullivanism characteristic of John L. in the merry days before Sullivan had so much as reserved a seat on the water wagon. In fact, John L. was running a saloon in those days in the midriff of Manhattan. Sullivan's partner, rather, ran the saloon, the fighter's chief help consisting of his name over the door and his championship diamond belt blazing behind the bar. When John wasn't in front of the bar he was seated on a substantial chair on the sidewalk curb out front, presiding over the summer-evening confabs with his chosen cronies.

Mr. Vila, then a cub reporter, was showing a Connecticut cousin, still more callow, the sights of the city.

The youthful cousin burned to meet the great John L., wherefore Mr. Vila steered the youth to John's sidewalk chair and presented him.

"Mr. Sullivan," gushed the Connecticut cousin when John L. had acknowledged the introduction with the first part of a grunt, "I met you that night you boxed in Hartford about two years ago. Remember me now, don't you?"

"No, nor Hartford," rumbled John L., closing the incident with absolute finality.

Sullivan's partner in the saloon enterprise heard from the doorway the brief exchange of social chitchat.

The partner hastened to invite the two crestfallen youths inside to have a look at the diamond belt or something, and he then went outside and laid down the law to John L.

"You're in business now, John," the partner reminded Sullivan with heat. "We'll never get anywhere if you're going to insult customers this way. It's up to you, John, to stroll inside and square yourself with that Hartford lad. Go on—make a little fuss over him."

After further argument John L. reluctantly obeyed.

"Bub," the fighter was saying graciously to the youth from Connecticut a moment later, the Sullivan voice softened to the tones of distant thunder suffering from throat trouble, "I guess I was kind o' short with you a minute ago outside. But they's so many of you young fellahs come along that think I got nothin' to do but remember every little whiffet that crosses my path, I could soak 'em. Here's the hand of John L. Sullivan, bub. Shake!"

John L. had squared everything. For a moment he held the youth's hand in his mighty grip, glaring at the stripling from Connecticut. And the Sullivan voice rose again to nearer thunder blasts as he added, "And now what the hell else do you want me to do for you, you little squirt? Kiss yuh?"

A Disappointed Pedagogue

THE president of one of the Middle Western universities recently related an amusing incident that goes to prove that there has been a considerable advancement in the last half century in the remuneration of teachers.

"When I was a boy," said he, "it was the custom for the country people to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher. This meant that as part pay he was from time to time supplied from various quarters with fresh meat.

"One day a boy breathlessly sought our instructor, exclaiming, 'Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork.'

"'Indeed I do, Tim,' answered the pedagogue. 'Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat I like better than pork.'

"Some time passed, but there was no pork from Tim's father.

"'How about that pork your father was to send me?' the teacher asked the boy one day.

"'Oh,' answered Tim, 'the pig got well.'"

Grievous Testimony

A CAPTAIN in the Army was summoned by his colonel to answer a charge of assault preferred against him by a sentry, who had stated that the officer had used him pretty roughly one evening at the gate of the barracks.

A humorous phase of the affair was that the officer apparently had no recollection of the alleged assault. The sentry had been so bold as to declare that the officer was intoxicated.

Among those questioned was the captain's orderly, an Irishman, who protested vigorously that the allegation of the sentry was a slander—that he was sure the captain was perfectly sober the evening of the alleged assault.

"Why are you so sure that Captain Blank was sober that evening?" he was asked. "Did he speak to you upon his return to his quarters?"

"He did, sor."

"What did he say?"

"He tould me to be sure an' call him early in the mornin', sor."

"And did the captain say why he wished to be called early?"

"Yis, sor; he did, sor. He said he was goin' to be Queen o' the May, sor," responded the orderly with convincing gravity.

MAKE YOUR CAR SNUG AND WARM

for Winter Driving

CALIFORNIA TYPE

The comfort and utility of your open car will be greatly increased during the coming cold months if you equip it now with a Rex All-Seasons Top.

And next summer will find you enjoying the perfect ventilation and protection of this same top, for the Rex All-Seasons Top is built for motoring pleasure the year 'round. It gives you all the advantages of a closed car at only a little more than the cost of an open model.

Panels are easily removed for warm weather. Auxiliary storm curtains are carried in a ceiling pocket.

There are two types of Rex All-Seasons Tops, the "Sedan" and the "California." The former type is designed to convert touring car or roadster into a closed model that follows closely the lines of sedan or coupé. The latter type combines sturdy Rex construction with the handsome appearance of California design.

Rex All-Seasons Tops, California Type, are finished in artificial leather that harmonizes with the car body, are perfectly ventilated and carry as regular appointments the Rex Sun-and-Rain Visor, three silk-finished Sun Curtains, silver-finished door pulls and hand grips, and an electric dome light.

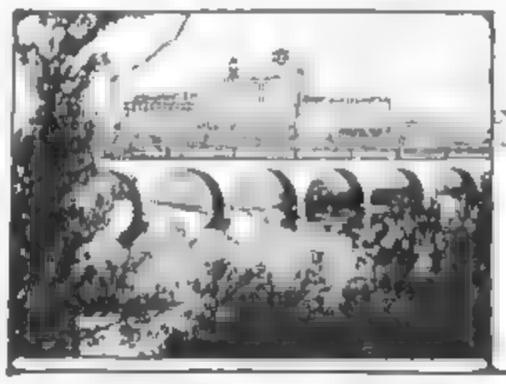
Rex All-Seasons Tops are manufactured especially for Buick, Essex, Dodge Brothers, Cleveland, Hupmobile, Hudson, Nash, Haynes, Paige, Reo and Studebaker cars.

Write us, giving the make and model of the car you drive, and we will mail you samples of California Type covering material and literature showing how our top will look on that particular car.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Connersville, Indiana

SEDAN TYPE

Rex all Seasons Top



In Minneapolis
World's greatest flour city
Northwestern National Life Insurance Co is a big user of Baker-Vawter steel filing equipment

It takes the right office equipment to run a big business. We have helped many of the oldest and largest firms to operate their offices easily; efficiently.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Service offices in 52 Cities · General offices Benton Harbor, Mich
In Canada — Copeland Chatterson Ltd. Brampton, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment

Honey and Chocolate

THE HONEY BEE has a monopoly. Its product cannot be duplicated—or even imitated. To get the honey taste honey must be used. There is the Apollo Roman Nougat—a honey-centered chewing piece. The taste is unmistakable—pure comb honey combined with eggs, nuts and sugar and sealed in a heavy chocolate coating.

There are 193 varieties of Apollo Chocolates and 38 different assortments.

The Apollo Chocolates
They're different

F. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS—CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ACCORDING TO HIS LIGHTS

(Continued from Page 19)

have him, can we? You just watch me make love to him and see how he responds."

With this dutiful speech she followed her mother indoors. After a minute or two there came from the shrubbery that flanked the porch a soft scraping sound. A pungent smell of sulphur and bad tobacco arose, and then a little wreath of smoke drifted through the porch railing. Below, old Luis stretched a cramped leg and, slowly getting up from where he had been sitting, shambled silently off into the darkness.

When Addington returned to the cottage he found Stephen sitting at a desk covered with papers and notebooks, a picture of industry and concentration. He looked up as Addington entered, nodded acknowledgment of his presence and continued his writing for a minute or two before he spoke. In the meantime Addington had seated himself and, after filling and lighting a pipe, picked up a banded sheaf of documents and looked over their indorsements.

At last Stephen laid down his pen. "I thought you were going to work on this thing with me to-night," he said, frowning.

"I am, my dear chap," replied Addington amiably. "We've got all night before us, haven't we? Don't snarl; I couldn't get away any sooner. Unavoidable pleasure that couldn't possibly be postponed. You would have lingered if you had been in my place, Stevie, I can assure you."

He said this with an air of elation that made Stephen look at him closely, and he met Stephen's look with a complacent smile that seemed to invite further question.

"Well," said Stephen, "you might look at this rough draft of a summary and see how it agrees with your own conclusions, and then we can go into the details. I'm pushing the thing along because I'm anxious to get off a little before the first, if possible. Some things have come up —— And that reminds me; I won't be with you to-morrow morning. A little business of my own to attend to. You can put in that time on the books with Grierson, if you like."

"Right-o," said Addington.

He took the paper that Stephen gave him and studied it intently, stopping now and again to make rapid calculations on a pad or to pencil marginal notes. For an hour the two worked on in silence and then Addington threw his pencil on the desk, relit his pipe, and began a series of questions—shrewd, incisive questions, shot in rapid succession, which Stephen answered with increasing admiration of their beautiful pertinence and the comprehensive grasp of the subject that they showed.

"Haven't caught you tripping once," said Addington finally. "I say, look here, Stevie. That Johannesburg billet. Couldn't think of it, eh? We would like to have you with us permanently, you know."

"Nothing doing," said Stephen briefly. The tentative offer tempted him greatly. But he was not accepting employment from—not a rival, of course; he, Stephen, was not in the running. Too heavily handicapped. But from Addington, no. "I told you I was tied up," he added irritably. "As soon as this thing is finished —— By the way, what do you think of it?"

"I think well of it. If the books check up properly, as of course they will, we will take it over. That's decided, although I shan't tell Grierson until the last tick is ticked."

"Shall you keep Grierson in charge?" Stephen inquired.

Addington nodded. "Yes," he said, and then looked Stephen steadily in the eye. "But I shall stay on. There will be a reorganization on a big scale that I think I'd better attend to personally—and another matter, more imperative still, that demands my personal attention. It may take a little time to accomplish, but—I think I shall be well repaid."

"You think so?" inquired Stephen with affected carelessness.

"I'm encouraged to think so," replied Addington confidently, not taking his eyes from his map. "It's no good, Stevie," he said kindly after a pause. "You haven't a chance, old chap, and, being the sort you are, you know it."

Stephen arose early, although he had slept little and uneasily; so early that he was in time to breakfast with the vigilant Grierson, who, according to a popular legend, slept only on the first Sunday of each month, and then in an erect posture and with one eye open. A telephone call to a livery stable brought a saddled horse to him by the time breakfast was over and he at once mounted and rode—true knight, at his lady's behest—along the rocky cañon trail to Pactola. That it was a fruitless errand he was well convinced beforehand, but he took a grim pleasure in executing it, for all the pangs that he suffered as each wayside object brought to his remembrance some association of word or look with Rose. Everything she had said came to him. The very accents of her voice!

And then Pactola lay before him, and presently he halted by Bolsovar's barroom where she had stopped—how long ago was it? Ages! Yet he could remember exactly how she had looked. He could see again the curves of her cheek as she turned from him, and the errant locks of her hair stirred by the soft wind.

"So this is Pactola!"

And inside there she had clung to his arm!

Stephen regarded Bolsovar's with a sentimental affection that perhaps none of its former frequenters could have felt, however sweet their memories of the bygone bibulous days. Then he sternly put sentimentality from him and rode on, and in a few minutes arrived at Jennifer's, where Jennifer himself was working in his garden. The old man at once dropped his hoe and came to meet him, but in spite of the cordial welcome that he received Stephen felt his old feeling of distaste reviving at the high-pitched cackle in which it was uttered and at the sinister shifting squint and unlovely grin that accompanied it.

"Where's the young lady?" was Jennifer's first question.

"You mean ——"

"Of course I do. Ain't along, eh? Well, get off your horse and look at your saddle. I want to have a talk with you."

"I haven't much time to talk this morning," Stephen told him curtly. "Miss Blake says that the sample ore you gave me wasn't from your pet mine. If you'll give me some that is I'll take it with me now and assay it when I get back to Pactola. Some day this week I'll go with you and look at the mine."

"Damn the mine!" said Jennifer in a suddenly truculent tone. "I can have that ore assayed when I want, and I can get a plenty of men to go look at it. I don't need to have you do it—understand?"

"Just as you please," Stephen answered coldly. "I'm making the offer because Miss Blake is interested. It's really her offer; but if you think you don't want to avail yourself of it, why ——" He gathered up the reins.

"Hold on!" cried Jennifer. "Don't go away mad. Anything that the young lady wants is going to be done, so if she wants you to do it I reckon you'd better. But when a man tells me he hasn't got time to listen to what I've got to say to him it gets my goat."

"I beg your pardon," apologized Stephen, really ashamed of himself. "I shouldn't have said that, and you were quite right to call me down."

"That's handsome," Jennifer told him, and held out his hand, which Stephen took with a smile.

The strength of the old man's grip was something of a surprise to him. He swung himself out of the saddle and tied the horse to the gatepost.

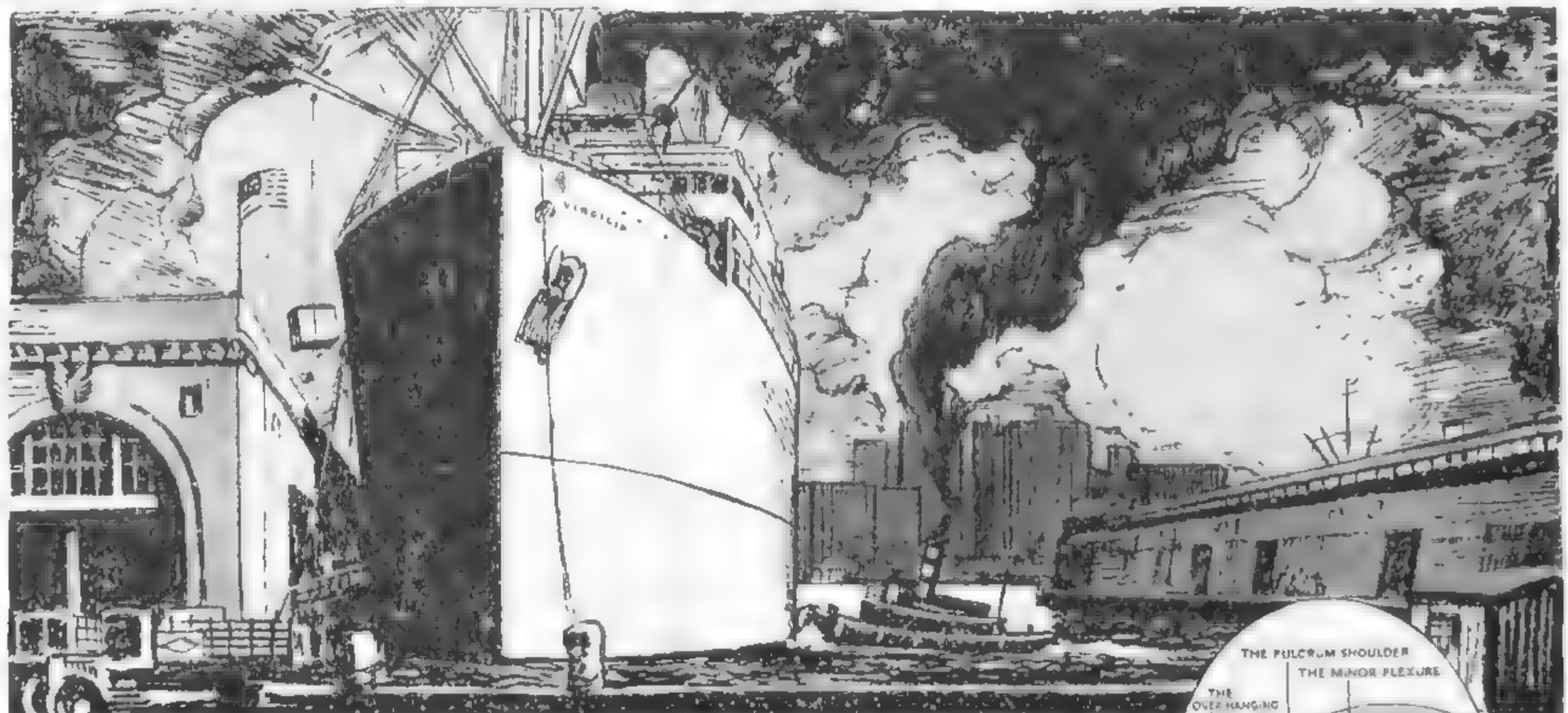
"I'll go with you if you don't mind," he said, "and I'll listen as long as you want to talk. Now what is this? Just a prospect, or have you got some development work done on it? Where will we sit?"

"Come up on the porch," said Jennifer. "I've got a right smart of work done on it; but I wasn't aiming to talk about that. That wasn't what was on my mind. I wanted to show you what Miss Rose had done to my cabin. She told you, didn't she?"

"I didn't hear any particulars," replied Stephen.

"You didn't?" Jennifer stared at him. Then he shook his head and swung open the cabin door. "Look at that, then, and tell me what you think of it. Look at them window curtains! Can you beat 'em? Look over here by the stove and take notice of them saucepans! Ever see the like? Light as a feather too. I don't dast to use them, but what do you think of it for style?

(Continued on Page 93)



S. S. "Virginia" of the Cunard Line, which recently carried 47,000 New Improved Gillettes to England. Simultaneous shipments went to France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Italy. 335,000 New Improved Gillettes shipped abroad in the month of August alone

Only the boundaries of the world can limit the spread of the New Improved Gillette

IN the month of August, 335,000 New Improved Gillettes were shipped to England, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Italy.

Forerunners of nobody knows how many of these improved shaving instruments that will go to the remotest parts of the earth as fast as they can be made.

No *new* invention has ever had such immediate world-wide demand.

Another picture of what travelers have so often said—that *Gillette* is the best known article of *any kind* used anywhere by anyone.

For instance, Gillette Blades in foreign countries. Where they cost two to ten times as much as competitive makes. Yet over 90% of the sales are *genuine* Gillette Blades. And in more than one country, a gratuity from tourists in the form of Gillette Blades is more acceptable than money.

By now, many of your very own neighbors express their enthusiasm over the real shaving advance brought to them by the New Improved Gillette.

Not long before you can go *anywhere in the world* and hear the same thing.

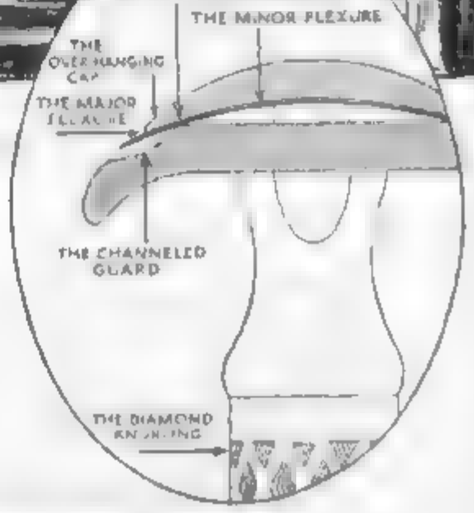
Important about the New Improved Gillette—A Word about the Blades

One of the first things to strike the user of the New Improved Gillette is its simplicity.

Most men prefer to screw the handle up *tight* to get the most satisfactory shave.

Gillette deems it proper to ask the public to use Gillette Blades *only* in *genuine* Gillette Razors.

The Gillette Blade and Gillette Razor are developed to *work together*. No Gillette Blade can deliver its full shaving quality unless used in a *genuine* Gillette Razor—built by Gillette, in the Gillette way and up to Gillette standards.



The New Improved GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now your Blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world.

A shaving edge guarded from the face, but *free to the beard.* Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

Fulcrum Shoulder
Overhanging Cap
Channeled Guard
Micrometric Precision
Automatic Adjustment
Diamond Knurled Handle
Diamond Trademark on Guard

Finer Shave—Longer Service
More Shaves from your Blades

In SILVER *and* GOLD

Shaving Sets and Traveler Outfits

$5 to $75

The New Improved Gillette

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON, U.S.A.

MADE IN U S A — KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Gillette TRADE MARK

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

Patented January 13th 1920

"BlueBird Brings Happiness to Homework"

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO. DAVIS MADE DAYTON, OHIO.

1862 1921

Consider the Cost of Doing Without Davis-Made Products

Washing Machines—Bicycles—Sewing Machines, sold on such conveniently easy payments that the money saved by their use is more than their monthly payments.

These articles, therefore, really cost nothing. It actually costs you money to do without any of the Davis-Made products.

Fifty-nine years of doing things better—of building the integrity of honest ideals into a manufactured product—are the guarantee that is back of the improved Davis-Made BLUEBIRD Clothes Washer and Wringer.

Davis Sewing Machines built half a century ago are still giving satisfactory service to their owners.

Davis-Made Bicycles are the standard of quality wherever bicycles are known and used.

They are the cheapest and healthiest means of transportation known to man.

Price reductions already made. The bottom reached. Delay in purchasing now means only the loss of the use of these great labor saving devices.

Every article an absolute essential to the best measure of happiness; an economy, not an extravagance.

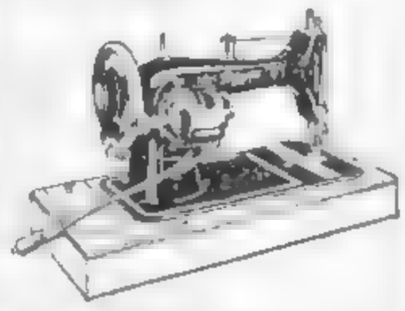
The BlueBird Book will be sent you gladly if you write

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Dayton, Ohio

One of the Institutions that Make America Great

Davis

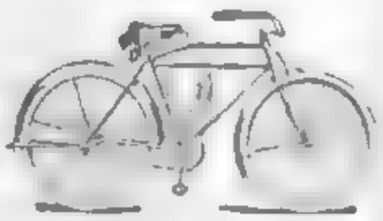
Portable Electric Sewing Machines



Bring the economy and pleasure of making more of your own clothes. No tread-mill drudgery—sew in any room—put away out of sight when not in use. Send for catalog No. 8 and name of nearest dealer.

Dayton

Yale, National and Snell Bicycles



Soon pay for themselves by eliminating transportation costs

A bicycle is the birthright of every young American

Models for all members of the family

Write for Dayton catalog No. 47

BlueBird

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

(Continued from Page 90)

Now come over here and see the dishes in this cupboard." He opened the cupboard door and his face was aglow with pride. "I come home and found the table all set with these here, and flowers and all the latest kinks. She done all that for me—Miss Rose did. Done all that for the old man! Brought all them dishes and pans and the window curtains and every blamed thing; straightened around and cleaned up in elegant shape! Well now, talk about your angels' visits! You show me any angel, outside of her, that would do things like that for a man like me."

"You'll have to get somebody else to show you," said Stephen, touched by his enthusiasm and sharing it.

"You'd have to rake the golden streets with a fine-tooth comb," said Jennifer, and added an oath that was as forgivable as Uncle Toby's. "And if she would do that for me," he continued, "what would she do for the man that she picks for a husband? Think of that!"

Stephen thought of it. Just for an instant. It was, for him, a thought too poignant to be entertained longer than that.

"I just sit here nights and smoke my pipe and look at everything, and it makes the tobacco taste good, I tell you," Jennifer went on. "Here's something else I want you to look at." He took Stephen by the arm and led him to the picture of the queer woman with the quaint *chignon*. "Who does that remind you of?" he asked. "Somebody you know and I know, eh?"

Stephen looked long and hard—long after he had given up all hope of making an intelligent guess. "Let—me—see," he said. "It looks —— No, I don't quite remember that I know anybody that it reminds me of. You'll have to help me, Jennifer."

"Think a moment."

"No-o. I'm afraid ——"

"Miss Rose, of course," said Jennifer triumphantly. "Don't you see the likeness sticking right out? Of course the nose is different, and the mouth some larger, and they don't wear their hair that-a-way now; but I can see it plain. There is sure a look of Miss Rose. Allowing some, they might be sisters, or mother and daughter. That there is a picture of my wife, and the minute I laid eyes on Miss Rose I says to myself, I says, 'Good Lord! Here's Janie come to life again!' That's what made me take to her right off. I don't know as I wouldn't have anyway, but it helped."

"I see," said Stephen, with sympathy by no means simulated. The idea of any likeness between the late Mrs. Jennifer and Miss Blake was laughably absurd, of course; but he did not feel the least inclination to laughter.

Jennifer continued to look at the picture. "You don't get her smile," he said thoughtfully. "She was smiling or laughing all the time, although you wouldn't think it from the photograph. The artist that took it kept telling her to look pleasant, but I reckon she was feeling mighty uncomfortable with the iron dingus in the back of her neck. Yes, when Miss Rose smiled at me it was Janie all over again. And another thing, there's her hair. That don't show the way it was; but it was brown like Miss Rose's, with them reddish streaks in it when the light struck it right, like hers. When she let it down—I used to tell her that was the way she had ought to wear it all the time. She was a mighty fine woman, Mr. Trainor. I ain't got used to missing her yet, and I don't expect to. Why she ever took up with me, the Lord only knows; but she did. Felt sorry for me, likely. I was a pretty low-down bird them days, I reckon, looking back; but she certainly made me brace up. I've known men to get religion and take a considerable brace; but she was my religion, and a damned sight more comfortable one, s'far's I've taken notice, than the kind most gets. If she had lived ——"

He turned away and with his back to Stephen fumbled in his pockets and brought forth his blackened corncob pipe, which he filled and lit before he again faced the young man. "Tell ye," he said in a brisker tone: "Gals like Miss Rose are mighty scarce; and now if you'll come out on the porch and sit down for a minute or two I'm going to say to you what I meant to say when you come up. I'm going to ask you a question or two and I'll take it as a favor if you'll answer straight out. I ain't no blab mouth, mind you, and nothing that you tell me is going to be told again—not by me."

"I'm quite sure of that," said Stephen heartily.

He suspected that the questions concerned Rose, but he was no longer disposed to wince when Jennifer spoke of her. He was now looking at the old man with a clearer vision and conceiving an actual friendly liking for him, with something of the pity for his forlorn condition that Rose had felt from the first.

"Go ahead with your questions," he said, when they had settled themselves; "I'll try to answer them."

"Well," said Jennifer, "why don't you marry her?"

This, Stephen felt, was going to the heart of the matter. He hesitated for a moment or two and then the very human need of a confidant in certain life crises overcame his naturally stubborn reserve. It is inherent in the strongest souls, that yielding weakness, and, indulged, often makes a lot of trouble.

"I'm a poor man, Jennifer," said Stephen. "There's the trouble, if you want to know. I'm not at all sure that Miss Blake would have me; but for her to marry me would mean that she would have to give up everything that she's been accustomed to having. The sort of thing that wealthy people have, you understand. I think too much of her to ask her to do that. You see, don't you?"

"Not yet," replied Jennifer. "Let's get at this right. To begin with, are you plumb broke? How much money have you got?"

Stephen laughed. "Well, now, let me see. I think I have about two hundred dollars in an old cash box in my room at Carbonate and"—he took a bill fold from his breast pocket and gravely counted its contents—"thirty-two dollars with me," he announced.

"That ain't much, but it's something," observed the old man. "Enough to pay the preacher and stake you to a bill of grub at the store. You've got a job that I reckon would keep her in the style that she's accustomed to at Dick Grierson's."

"You don't quite understand," Stephen told him patiently. "She is just visiting Mr. and Mrs. Grierson. That's temporary, and I guess it's a pleasant change for her; but Carbonate is different from Boston, and the Carbonate people from the Boston people—the friends that she will be going back to. She wouldn't be happy if she had to give them up."

"How do you know she wouldn't?"

It would have been hard to explain to the old fellow's limited understanding, Stephen felt. He evaded the question. "And I haven't even a job—here," he said. "I'll be at the end of what I'm doing in three days more, and then I light out for Mexico to begin work on a new job. You wouldn't have me take a lady like Miss Rose to live among a lot of greasers, would you?" Here Stephen considered that he had made himself intelligible.

"No," replied Jennifer decidedly. "I wouldn't. Mind you, I ain't saying that you'd be right, not wading right in, as far as being poor is concerned. That would be all right from your end of it; but how about hers? There's many a girl would sooner marry a poor devil she thought a heap of than waller in gold with a rich man that she hadn't got no particular use for; and I miss my guess if Miss Rose ain't that kind. A man has got to think of that, and give the girl a show. I wouldn't want to take no woman to Mexico, as you say. You're right there. But a good mining man ain't going to be long out of a job in a mining country like this. I reckon if that couple of hundred was a couple of thousand you'd stay and take a chance, wouldn't you?"

To humor him Stephen said that it might make a difference. He was already regretting his burst of confidence. "But you see it isn't a couple of thousand."

Jennifer considered this at length, puffing on his pipe. "Whyn't you take what you've got down to McGuire's and make a quick turn?" he said presently. "They tell me Mike runs his games on the square and there's some hot sports around his joint—so they tell me—that would give you action for any amount, if you wanted to take a whirl at, say, stud. The way I look at it, you ain't got a heap to lose and if you make a win you win big. It's what I'd do if I was in your fix—or I would have, before my woman made me swear off gambling. I ain't touched a card now for twenty years, or been in a saloon. What do you think of that? I wouldn't even play a game of solitaire. But you ain't got no strings on you and if you had any kind of

Spur
A very popular
ARROW
COLLAR
with young men
Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. *Makers* Troy, N.Y.

Prices on
STETSON HATS
for FALL
averaging
25% lower
than last year

Your dealer's showing of Fall Stetsons might well be styled the *Exhibition of Hats Men are Wearing Today.*

Nowhere else will you find such a sensitive feeling for *style*—or more assured *quality*—both of highest moment, especially in view of the lower prices.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

STETSON HATS

The Rialto—Style M-77

TO the man who enjoys the finer, better things in life, The Florsheim Shoe affords quality of unusual excellence and style that is pleasingly correct, at a cost that is low for the satisfaction received.

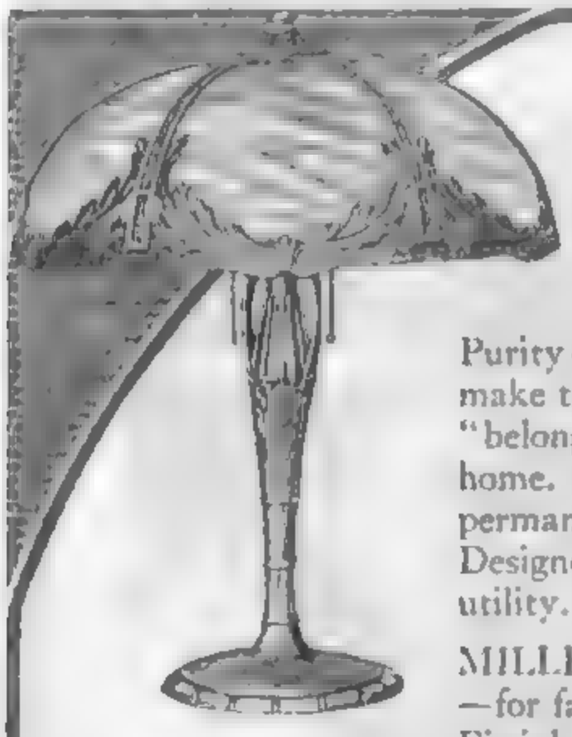
The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12

Photographic Booklet "*Styles of the Times*" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.

Manufacturers *Chicago*

For the man who cares



MILLER

Portable Lamps

Purity of line, and refinement of detail, make these MILLER Lamps actually "belong" in any attractively furnished home. And a MILLER Lamp is a permanently cherished possession, too. Designed for lifetime enjoyment and utility. Extremely moderate in price.

MILLER Table Lamp (shown above)—for family comfort and home cheer. Finishes: Antique Bronze, Dark French Brown with gold relief or Florentine Relief. Price: $14.95 (West of Rockies, $15.95).

MILLER Boudoir Lamp (shown below)—a captivating little lamp, adored by dainty women. Finishes: Antique Bronze, Dark French Brown with gold relief or Old Ivory. Price: $7.95 (West of Rockies, $8.45).

Electric Light Companies and Electrical Dealers everywhere sell MILLER Lamps. Write for name of nearest MILLER Distributor

Edward Miller & Co.

Established 1844

Meriden, Conn.

luck you might make a clean-up that would put you on your feet solid."

"It sounds attractive, but I don't gamble," said Stephen. "It's one of the luxuries that I can't afford. Just between you and me, I've always had a sneaking sort of envy of people who could, but as it is we'll have to let that plan slide." Stephen had a way of saying things that he meant as though he meant them, and Jennifer saw plainly that argument would be wasted on him.

"There's the Gentle Jane—my mine," he murmured reflectively. "If I had known sooner I might have —— Well, I'll have to study on this."

"Yes, the mine," said Stephen, glancing at his wrist watch. "You get that rock for me now and I'll be riding back. As soon as I see what you've got I'll go with you and look at the mine. I'll certainly do that before I leave Carbonate."

Jennifer went into the cabin and returned with a small sack of ore and tumbled its contents to the porch floor. Stephen picked up several pieces and examined them one after another. Then he rubbed the ore on a large fragment of rock quartz that was lying against the wall near him and examined the streaks that friction had left. He whistled, a long soft whistle.

"This looks more like it," he said. "Got much of it?"

"A five-foot vein," answered Jennifer. "Enough to run a fifty-stamp mill day and night for a hundred years. Maybe more."

"At a rough estimate," Stephen suggested laughingly.

"Oh, all right. But you just wait until you see the vein," said Jennifer. "I ain't saying nothing, only what I've always said. There's millions in that mine. You don't believe that?"

"No," replied Stephen frankly, as he scooped the ore back into the sack. "That is, I'll reserve my opinion. I think you've got something, but we'll have to see how it assays and then how the lode lies. Well, see you again soon."

"She'll run thirty to forty dollars to a ton," declared Jennifer. "I know!"

"I hope so," said Stephen. "So long!"

They shook hands heartily and Stephen got on his horse and rode back to Carbonate. Jennifer returned to the porch and sat there smoking reflectively and talking to himself, as was his solitary habit.

"I reckon it's going to come out all right," he muttered. "When he sees the Gentle Jane he ain't going to be in no hurry to go to Mexico. He'll just stay here and marry Rose and run the mine. We'll make a little fam'ly affair of it. I'll turn the whole shooting match over to them, by gollies! Or maybe there'll be a kid. Joseph Jennifer Trainor. How'd that be?" He chuckled. "Might split the rake-off and I could leave my share to little Joseph Jennifer. There's going to be enough to make her Boston friends sit up, any way we fix it. Mrs. Trainor won't have to take a back seat for none of them. But they got to live here as long as I'm above ground. A trip back East now and then to get a touch of high life, but—well, she wouldn't want to go and leave her husband so long at a time. If Janie had lived —— She'd have took to Rose."

He was so preoccupied with rosy visions of the future that he nearly forgot his dinner and it was long past noon when he suddenly became aware of his emptiness and set about his preparations for the meal. In this he used his old black skillet and saucepan, which he took from a hiding place behind the woodbox, but he set the table ceremoniously with the cloth and the new chinaware and Rose's bunch of wild flowers, which was still unwithered. A meal, with Jennifer, had now become a rite which he conducted with great decorum, conversing politely with an imaginary person seated near him:

"Have another piece of ham, Uncle Joe. You're not eating hearty. Ain't it cooked right? I thank ye kindly, ma'am, but I've had an elegant sufficiency. It sure is a mighty fine ham and fried just the way I like it, but I wouldn't choose any more, I thank ye. I'll take another of them biscuits, though, if you'd be so kind and obliging and if you'll reach me that there molasses pitcher, if you please. Thank ye again. Excuse me choking on my victuals, but I got to snickering and swallowed down the wrong throat."

He enjoyed that dinner. Life was brightening for him.

A little later he asked to be excused while he took a siesta, and, according himself a gracious permission, retired to the bedroom and stretching himself on the bed drowsed off happily. He was awakened presently by a footstep on the porch, succeeded by a gentle rap at the door, and, getting up, opened to old Luis, who stood bareheaded at the threshold with his forked fingers resisting evil under cover of his hat.

"You, is it?" said Jennifer gruffly. "I wondered if you wouldn't be along sometime."

"As you wish, so it is," said Luis humbly. "You say for me to come, and I am come."

"Got anything to tell me?" asked Jennifer. "I reckon you must have."

"About two dollars' worth," replied Luis with an ingratiating smile. "Not more, I guess."

"Spit it out and I'll tell you if your guess is good," Jennifer told him.

Thus encouraged, Luis said what he had to say, throwing himself into the relation with great spirit and dramatic effect. When he had finished, Jennifer fumbled in his trousers pocket and produced two silver dollars.

"I'd have given ten if it had been something different," he observed sourly.

"Maybe next time I get that ten," Luis suggested, spitting on the coins before he pocketed them.

"You'll get what I promise you," Jennifer snarled with a vicious outthrust of his bearded jaw. "I'll promise you that I'll cut your tongue out of your head if you lie to me. You won't have no good luck if you monkey with me; I'll tell you that."

Luis cowered visibly under the sinister glare of his eye and pushed forward his fingers without concealment. It might have been a gesture of protest.

"If I tell you a lie twist my head from my shoulders," he whimpered. "*Esto no es posible!* Not on your life! I'm sorry for old Luis if what I tell is not true."

"So am I," said Jennifer grimly. "Well, go with God. Keep your eyes open and your ears pricked and your mouth shut—*sabe?*"

"Sure," answered Luis. "I do what you say, *con mucho gusto*—always. You bet. *Adios, señor.*"

He departed, feeling easier at each step that took him away from this old favorite son of Satan. He had a good memory, had Luis, and he remembered an occasion years ago when the Señor Jennifer had exhibited to some of the crowd in Bolsovar's certain notches cut on the wooden grip of his pistol. Each notch, it seemed, represented a life forfeited by a person who had the misfortune in some way to displease Señor Jennifer—who had observed significantly that he had made no record of greasers. He had looked at Luis as he said this in a way that had embarrassed the little brown brother considerably and caused him to sidle off at once and shun Señor Jennifer thereafter. To do Luis justice, his fear was not so much of the gun as of Jennifer's evil eye. That eye had always made him shudder with terror. He had at one time considered the propriety of slipping a knife blade between that *hombre's* shoulder blades, but he had procrastinated until the mine he was working in busted up and he removed to Carbonate. And after all, nothing harmful had ever happened to him—and money was good to have, no matter where it came from.

Jennifer went back into the house, frowning. What he had heard had filled him with doubt and misgiving. It looked as if things were going decidedly wrong and would go wronger before he had time to straighten them out. It was a moral cinch that this Trainor thought the world of Rose, and if she didn't think a heap of him he, Jennifer, was mistaken, that's all. But—here was Trainor laying down and letting this English dude cut in on him—and that old hellion of a mother bringing pressure on her—successfully, it seemed like. What was more, Rose seemed to like the English dude pretty well, so it would appear. Hell!

He pondered on the situation long and earnestly in his muddled mind. Something had to be done, but what? He swore again, but swearing brought no inspiration and his old wits seemed to have gone wool gathering. Something had to be done, but what? Maybe if he slept on it a while he could think better. He was feeling sort of drowsy. Felt that way a good deal of the time lately. But it would come out all right in the long run. When Trainor found out what the Gentle Jane was. He would have another heart-to-heart talk with Trainor. A good boy that, and when you come to get

(Continued on Page 97)

Garland leadership in America today is built on the solid foundation of 50 years of manufacturing experience.

This half-century of progressive development has produced the last word in an economical, scientific, home cooking range.

Your Garland dealer has the leading models of the Garland Combination Simple-Action Coal and Gas Range, and the other Garland types of gas and coal ranges. Please call on him and see them.

If there is not a Garland Distributor in your locality, write direct to

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit

Nathan-Dohrmann Company — Parmelee-Dohrmann Company

San Francisco — *Pacific Coast Distributors* — Los Angeles

The lever of the Garland Combination Simple-Action Coal and Gas Range is pulled out for gas, and pushed in for coal—and no alteration is made in the size or capacity of the perfectly heating oven. Semi-enamel finish, as shown, or full-enamel finish.

GARLAND

Hasslers are made in Canada at Hamilton, Ont. They are distributed everywhere in Canada through regular Canadian Dealers.

HASSLER PACIFIC CO.,
1451 Van Ness Ave., San Fran., Calif
1315 Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.
316 East Pike St., Seattle, Wash.
922 N. Broadway, Portland, Oregon.

HASSLER OKLAHOMA CO.,
711-713 N. Bdwy., Oklahoma Cy., Ok.

HASSLER DAKOTA CO.,
405 Northern Pacific Ave., Fargo, N. D.

HASSLER TEXAS CO.,
2508 Main Street, Dallas, Texas.
809 San Jacinto St., Houston, Texas.
126 Garden St., San Antonio, Texas.

HASSLER NEBRASKA CO.,
2572 Harney St., Omaha, Nebraska.

HASSLER MISSOURI-KANSAS CO.,
1529 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
3219 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

HASSLER IOWA CO.,
1215 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

HASSLER MINNESOTA CO.,
321 S. Third St., Minneapolis, Minn.
116 West Central St., St. Paul, Minn.

HASSLER SOUTH-EAST CO.,
1074 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
288 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
417 S. 21st St., Birmingham, Ala.
1331 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.

HASSLER ILLINOIS CO.,
817 Main St., Peoria, Ill.

HASSLER WISCONSIN CO.,
150 Eighth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

HASSLER INDIANA CO.,
932 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HASSLER SALES & SERVICE STA.,
2007 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HASSLER KENTUCKY CO.,
2nd & Liberty Sts., Louisville, Ky.

HASSLER OHIO CO.,
177 North Fourth St., Columbus, O.
1340 Chester Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

HASSLER SALES AGENCY, INC.,
521 East Main St., Richmond, Va.

HASSLER NEW ENGLAND CO.,
1041 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

HASSLER COLORADO CO.,
1073 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

HASSLER PENNSYLVANIA CO.,
817 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Service Stations:
Hassler Sales Co.,
3727 Bigelow Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.
A-B-C Motor Co.,
617 New York Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

HASSLER NEW YORK CO.,
501 Essex Building, Newark, N. J.

Service Stations:
985 Hamilton St., Newark, N. J.
105 East Fifth St., Plainfield, N. J.
132 Rodney Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
28 Howard St., Albany, N. Y.
135 N. Main St., Elmira, N. Y.
57 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.
1026 S. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.
349 Otsego St., Ilion, N. Y.
30 St. James St., Kingston, N. Y.
Court St., Binghamton, N. Y.
206 W. 60th St., New York, N. Y.
21 Jamaica Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
822 Harrison St., Utica, N. Y.

All distributing offices not illustrated for lack of space

Everywhere, car owners demand - and get Hasslers!

Main Office and Factory, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

CAR owners demand Hasslers because they want luxurious comfort—and also the saving on tires, upkeep and depreciation. And they *get* Hasslers because the Hassler organization extends to every community through distributing offices in 45 leading cities and 10,000 wide-awake dealers.

One million sets of Hasslers in use today indicate how *good* Hasslers are—and how insistent is the demand for them. The obvious superiority of Hasslers has made them the most successful motor car accessory in the world.

Hasslers are made for Ford and Dodge Brothers Cars.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC., 1401 Naomi Street, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

HASSLER

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Shock Absorbers

PATENTED

(Continued from Page 94)

acquainted with him and his stiffness wore off —— Well, best thing to do was to finish that nap.

He finished it, but awoke as muddled as ever. The evening meal was no mental stimulus and he ate it in profound silence. Fancy now provided him with no charming vis-à-vis. He went out on the porch and sat down. The pines on the mountain ridges sighed on every breath of the wind, the frogs along the creek croaked persistently; his pipe gave him neither counsel nor comfort.

Stephen on his way to the Lady Gay stopped at a little independent assay office in Carbonate and left a portion of Jennifer's ore for a wet assay, explaining that he wanted it for a check on an assay of his own. This he decided to make after he had cleaned up the odds and ends of the reports on the Garvey-Diss properties, which he calculated would not occupy more than an hour or two of his afternoon. With the purpose of avoiding a meeting with Rose, he ate a hasty lunch at the least uninviting of Carbonate's three restaurants and then climbed the hill street to Grierson's and gained his room unobserved by anyone but Gorby, as he had hoped to do. As he passed the tennis court he noticed that, pending the arrival of the net, a length of poultry wire had been stretched between the posts; and he had hardly been at work for half an hour before he heard voices, and looking out of the window he saw that Rose and Fanny Brant had begun a game with Addington and Dan. He turned back to his desk and tried to concentrate on his figures, but the laughter and joyous cries of the young people—one voice particularly—distracted him hopelessly.

Naturally he resented their gayety. It seemed heartless—the gayety of one person at all events.

"They might have waited until I cleared out," he murmured, generalizing with a special application. "It won't be so long now!"

He felt impatient to depart for the absence and action that he imagined would be healing balm for his hurt, and as his mind took him on the long outward trail his eye fell upon his travel-battered trunk and sole-leather portmanteau. He looked around the room at his various belongings.

"Might as well begin to pack and save time," he said, and getting up he threw open the lid of the trunk and began to rearrange its contents. Even this occupation he found demanded a mind unperturbed, and after a few minutes he picked up the sack of Gentle Jane ore and went quietly out by the back door, whence, by a roundabout way, he got over to the Lady Gay mill, where the amalgamator had a small furnace and cupels with all other accessories necessary for fire testing. He had the entire freedom of the room in which this was done, and he at once set about the assay with great care and thoroughness, with the result of a button of alloyed gold that, even allowing for the protective silver that he had added, was of astonishingly large size.

He had accomplished the parting of the metals and was weighing the residual gold when Grierson came in and stood and watched him while he jotted down the figures of the final operation.

"What's that?" the superintendent inquired. "Holy Moses?"

"If the Holy Moses was half as good as this, G.-D. stock would go kiting," said Stephen. "No, I'm doing this for a friend of mine. It's from a property he owns, so he says. There are the figures. Excuse me a moment while I use the phone."

He called the assay office where he had left a part of the ore and talked for a minute or two, and then returned to Grierson with a note of excitement in his voice. "You can take that assay as correct," he said. "I had Watson make one as well, and his report practically agrees."

"If that's so, your friend has a good thing," opined Grierson, returning the slip of paper which Stephen had given him. "I won't ask you who he is because I know you don't want to tell. You've got your report about finished, Addington tells me. We'll be sorry to lose you, Trainor. Don't leave us until you have to, anyway. I'll give you that little piece of advice."

Grierson clapped Stephen on the shoulder kindly.

"It's a case of have to, I'm afraid," the young man said as he began to clear his littered bench.

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" said Grierson. "Think it over. Well, the whistle will be blowing in a minute. Let's call it a day and go."

That evening Stephen again thought that Rose might have waited until he was gone. It was not only that she had made a particularly ravishing toilet, appearing in a frock that the company ignorantly supposed to be entirely new and of the latest and most exclusive design—a daring little frock, but exquisitely suited to a person that could have confidently dispensed with the designer's genius. Not that alone; nor that she might have been suspected of a touch of artificial color in her cheeks and a drop or two of whatever it is that imparts a liquid brilliance to ladies' eyes; nor that her usual animation was transcended; but all this, added to the fact that she was more than gracious, provocative, alluring in her manner to Addington, while without apparent intention she practically ignored Stephen—that made Stephen think that she might have waited.

They were all there that evening, including Gus Burt, and if Gus had not been there the harmony of the gathering might have been undisturbed, for Stephen, in spite of the efforts of the Griersons to cheer him, and his own resolution to stick it out, had soon taken his gloomy face and despairing thoughts away with him to the seclusion of his room. His departure was seemingly unnoticed at the time, so quietly had he withdrawn. But Gus was there, and though at first he conducted himself in what he intended to be an inoffensive manner he managed to offend Fanny Brant, to begin with, and then made himself distinctly disagreeable to Addington.

Poor Gus! On the whole he was to be pitied, for he was not to blame for a certain obtuseness of apprehension regarding women. Fanny had not been treating him overly well of late, and if his perceptions had been clearer he would have seen that she was in no holiday humor then, although she was vying with Rose in the matter of gay chatter and laughter, and had received him with very unusual kindness. She sang for him with great spirit, and, again, with melting tenderness, songs that she knew he liked. Sorry trash, but she sang them beautifully; so well as to distract Addington's attention momentarily from Rose. Finding that the distraction was only for the moment, she then allowed Gus to absorb her entire attention. At least Gus thought he was absorbing it. Then he was foolish enough to make the young lady a proposal of marriage, and thrice besotted idiot enough to show unmistakable surprise and to express his mortification in a decidedly crude fashion.

"I get you," he said presently with a hoarse laugh, seeing that her glance had strayed to the embayed window where Rose and Addington were sitting. This was after Stephen had gone and Rose now seemed less animated, while Addington was leaning back in his chair instead of bending forward in his former devoted attitude.

"I get you," Gus said again. "You can't fool me. I ain't been blind. My wad ain't big enough, is it? It was, before a bigger one come along. I was the fair-haired boy till that happened, wasn't I?" He laughed again, very unpleasantly.

Rose turned to Addington. "Go over there to Fanny," she said. "I think Mr. Burt is boring her to death, poor girl. Won't you, please?"

"Why—er—of course, if you wish it; but, I say, he bores me, you know—frightfully."

"But you're too chivalrous not to go to the aid of a lady in distress."

Gus continued. "But the bloomin' bloke 'as got 'is bloomin' heye on Rowse, ye know," he said with bitter mimicry. "Why, 'ere 'e comes! Moicy, Poicy! I s'y, Addington, can you s'y "'arf a dozen 'ard 'ickory 'ammer 'andles'?"

Addington stiffened at the tone of belligerent jocularity and gave him a stony stare.

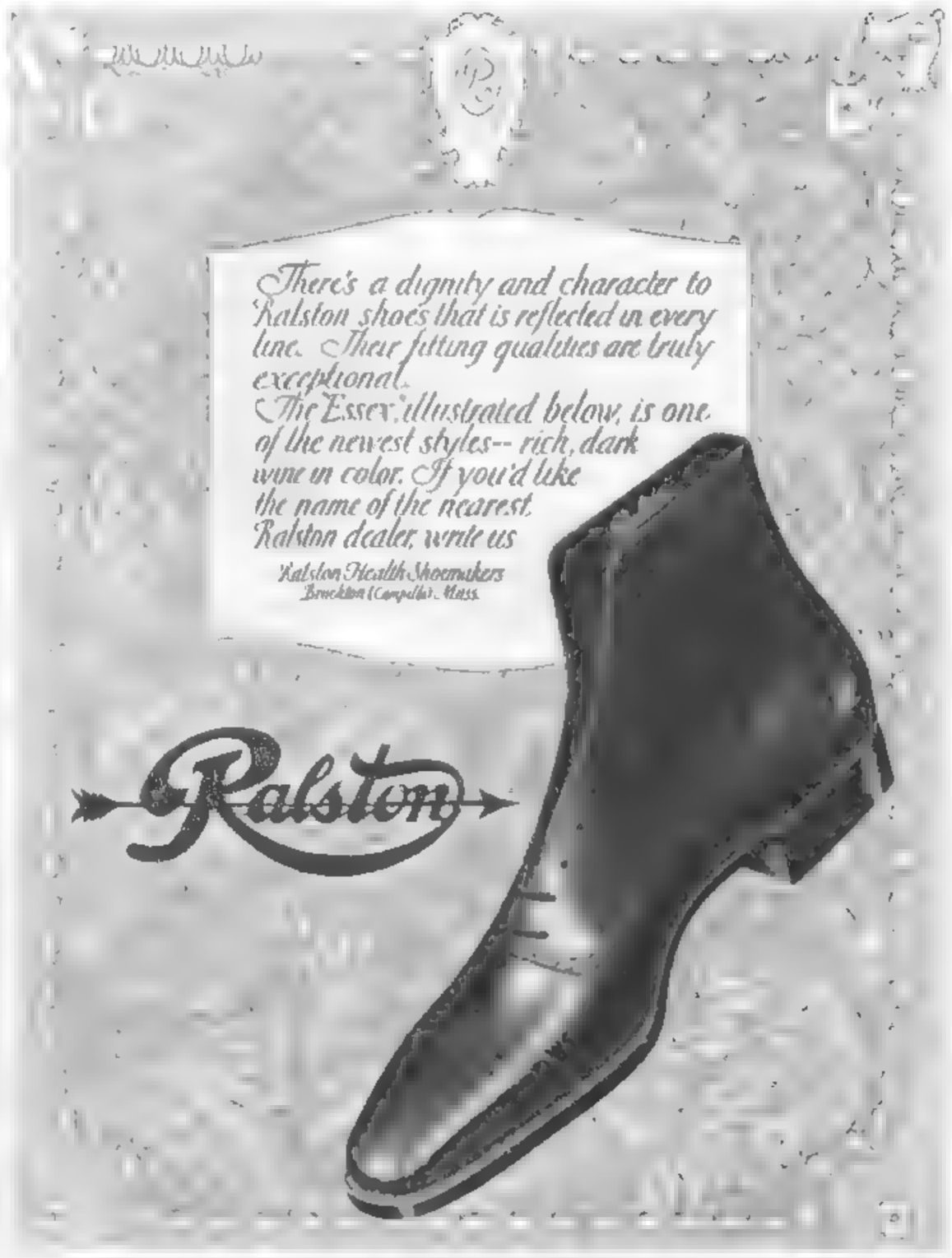
"Is this a test question?" he asked.

"Or "'is 'owls was 'orrible and was 'eard over the 'ole 'ouse'?"

Addington turned to Fanny. "You mustn't let Mr. Burt monopolize you, amusing as he is," he said calmly. "Won't you come back to the piano and give us some more music?"

"I'm talking to you, Mr. Johnny Bull," said Gus loudly and angrily.

"I can hear you perfectly," replied Addington with cool contempt. "Not necessary to shout, I assure you. When you


There's a dignity and character to Ralston shoes that is reflected in every line. Their fitting qualities are truly exceptional.
The Essex, illustrated below, is one of the newest styles -- rich, dark wine in color. If you'd like the name of the nearest Ralston dealer, write us
Ralston Health Shoemakers
Brockton (Campello), Mass.
Ralston

When you own an Indestructo trunk

and know how to pack it properly, you will experience the maximum convenience of handling your wearing apparel on either a long or a short trip—You can buy an Indestructo trunk—guaranteed for five years against destruction—from a reliable trunk dealer in practically every representative city—You can know more about packing a trunk by reading "Householding in an Indestructo" than you can learn in any other way—We will send you a copy free with the name of the Indestructo dealer nearest you and a portfolio of trunk portraits which will substantiate our claim that the Indestructo is the safe trunk to buy or to travel with. Write today.

INDESTRUCTO

Trunk Makers

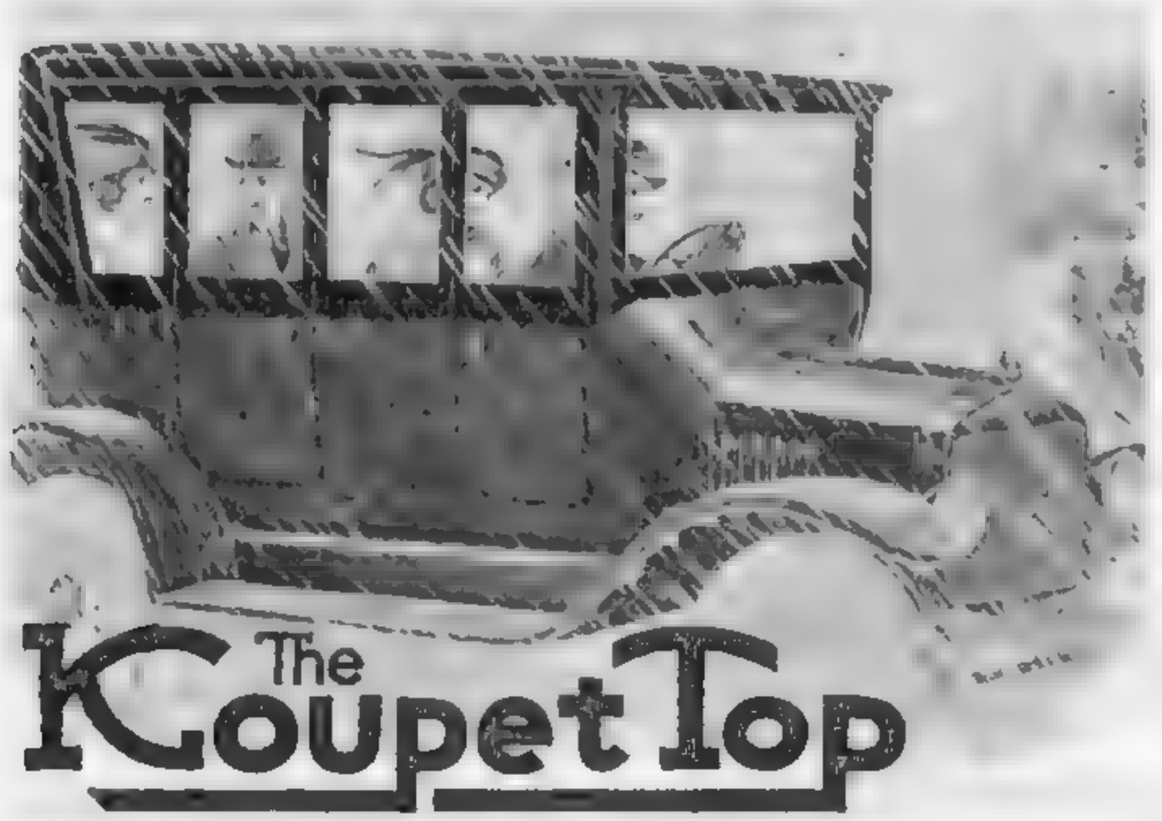
MISHAWAKA, INDIANA.

CROSSETT SHOES *are a fine example of quality merchandise produced on a quantity basis. This combination results in unusual economy to the purchaser.*

LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
North Abington, Mass.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The CROSSETT Shoe



The Koupet Top

Closed car comfort—for your Ford or Dodge—open car

You can hardly afford not to have a Koupet Top on your open Ford or Dodge this year.

From any standpoint—health, comfort, safety, year round utility—closed car protection is a necessity and Koupet Tops provide it at the lowest possible cost.

As snug and comfortable as a Coupé or Sedan—Koupet Tops are handsome in appearance, staunchly constructed and practical for all year usage. *Built-in* windshield and vertically sliding glass window panels allow ample regulated ventilation and ease of signalling.

Write us or ask your dealer to send for descriptive folder—say whether Ford or Dodge. There are Koupet Top distributors in many cities—Kansas City, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York City, Providence, Denver. Quick reshipment can be made from these points. Note table below showing comparative prices at several important distributing points.

Price including frt. and war tax at	Dodge Touring	Dodge Rdstr.	Ford Touring	Ford Rdstr.
St. Louis, Mo.	$206.50	$197.25	$101.50	$72.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago, Ill.	206.50	170.00	105.00	75.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The complete installed price of a Koupet Top represents a surprisingly low investment in closed car comfort and protection.

Koupet Auto Top Co., Dept. B, Belleville, Illinois

raise your voice it sounds even more unpleasant than usual."

Dan Brant had sauntered up. "What's all this?" he inquired in a casual way that deceived nobody, least of all his sister.

"You keep still, Danny," said she. "It's nothing. Mr. Burt is just trying to insult Mr. Addington. He isn't used to associating with gentlemen; they make him realize what a cad he is himself, and he takes this way of showing it." Fanny certainly looked wonderful with her brilliant color and her spirited bearing. Addington noticed it.

"'Trying' is right," sneered Gus.

Addington took a step forward. There was a frosty dangerous look in his eyes.

"Exactly what do you mean by that?" he demanded.

Fanny laid a restraining hand on his arm, and at the same moment Dan caught Gus by the wrist and deftly twisted it behind him, at which juncture Grierson interposed. He had been standing by, regarding the actors in this little scene, but when he interposed he did so bodily.

"Dan, let him loose," he commanded. "Gus, you better take a little walk and cool off. I'll walk with you a piece."

He led poor crestfallen Gus from the room and a clamor of inquiry directed at Fanny and Addington at once arose. Fanny blushingly removed her hand from Addington's arm.

"I've told you all I know," she answered.

"Man's insane, I think," said Addington. "Can't imagine anything else. Sorry!"

And that was all about that, except that the good meeting being broken with most admired disorder, the meeters soon went to their respective beds. But not before Addington had sought from Fanny some assistance to his imagination—and had been given some.

"Just between you and me, can you think of any reason?" he asked. "The fellow was being unpleasant to you, wasn't he?"

"Rather," Fanny replied, looking at her shoe buckles.

"I think I shall have to give him a jolly good thrashing," observed Addington meditatively.

"You see, he had just proposed to me." Fanny betrayed this sacred confidence quite shamelessly, even with a demure little smile. Addington was greatly perturbed.

"And you —— Oh, I say, you didn't—I haven't put my foot in it or anything of that sort, have I? Perhaps, after all, I was *de trop* and ——"

"Oh, no, you weren't!" Fanny raised her eyes for a moment to his and then swiftly lowered them. "I was never so glad in my life as when you came," she murmured.

"Then it's quite all right? I'm a good deal relieved. But of course there's some excuse for him. I can understand that he would be a bit raw and jumpy, don't you know—on the ragged edge—what? In a way, I'm sorry for him."

Looking down at pretty Fanny he was genuinely sorry for any chap that had set his heart on her and come a cropper. A jolly nice little girl. Clever, too, and stunning form and all that. Played a good game of tennis. Awfully jolly little thing!

"I ought not to have made you tell me this, I suppose," he said. "But I felt like—er—I know you have a brother, but if you want another one ——"

"Thank you," said Fanny, with a flash of resentment that amazed him, "I don't." She arose. "Danny is all the brother I want. I —— Good night."

Addington looked after her with a sense of bewilderment as she hurried from the room.

"Queer! Extraordinary!"

He looked around for Rose, but she was gone too. Nobody left, in fact, but the two elder ladies and Dan.

Fanny instead of going directly to her own room knocked at Rose's door. Rose had not even begun to undress, but was sitting by the window, "looking out on the calm, still, voiceless beauty of the night," as she explained.

"Come in and sit down," she went on. "I'm dying to hear all about it. What was your swain saying to you—Mr. Burt? And what was he saying to poor Percy?"

"Never mind about that," said Fanny coldly as she seated herself on the bed. "I came to ask you just one simple little question. What—why ——"

Her hostile manner deserted her at Rose's glance.

"You've been crying," she accused.

"You're on the verge of it yourself," Rose retorted defiantly. "You would burst into tears now if I pointed my finger at you. What do you want to ask me?"

"What beauty you see in the calm, stilly night when it's as dark as pitch, my dear."

"That wasn't it," said Rose. "I'll bet you a box of candied violets I know what it was."

"All right then; answer it."

"He's a dear, but I don't want him," Rose answered. "I might, if I hadn't a priory 'tachment, but I have, you see. Besides which, I'm not really his style at all, and you are, and I think he's beginning dimly to realize it. I'm not going to flirt with him again, darling. Never!"

Fanny hid her face in her hands, but her neck as she bent over was a betraying pink. Rose got up and seating herself on the bed beside her, pulled her hands away and embraced her tenderly.

"You—you are talking about Percy, aren't you?" asked Fanny in a muffled voice. Her head was pressed closely against Rose's bosom.

"Of course I'm not," said Rose. "Didn't you know I was talking about Mr. Burt? No, you can't get away; I've got you. Oh, goose!" She laughed, almost hysterically. "Oh you blind, blind, silly, silly thing! Fanny, you're worse than Stephen Trainor. Can't you see?"

As for Stephen, if ever there was an unhappy young man it was he. When he left the gay and festive scene in Grierson's living room he felt that he had been robbed of even the poor solace of self-sacrifice—the consciousness of noble abnegation, heroic relinquishment—which he couldn't help feeling did him credit. He would have been a little more than human if he had not derived a grain of comfort from the reflection that he had acted manfully against sore temptation. But now it seemed that there would be nothing whatever to renounce. He might just as well have renounced the Standard Oil properties, the Sulu sultanate or the moon—anything to which he had no earthly or heavenly title, or which he had no hope or chance of getting. Rose had never cared for him; never! It had been his own vanity; perhaps, too, her thoughtless feminine experimentation in heart affairs that had deluded him. She had now opened his eyes to her real preference for Addington, to her indifference to himself. So he was not running away from temptation, but from the harrowing spectacle of his beloved one's happiness with another fellow.

Nothing heroic about that; but, nevertheless, the sooner he was off the better. And again, to assure himself that he really was going, he returned to his interrupted packing. After a little while he heard a low cough and, turning, saw old Luis standing in the doorway watching him.

"Hello, Luis," he said. "What are you prowling around after?"

"I saw the light," Luis explained. "I thought maybe the señor had a cigarette—no? I find nothing to smoke."

Stephen found a box on the table and tossed it to him.

"*Gracias, señor,*" said Luis, and thumbing the box open he took out a cigarette and lit it with one of his little sizzling yellow sulphur matches. The box he pocketed with an absent air. "You going away?" he asked, with an eye on the packing.

"Going away, Luis," assented Stephen. "Here's a suit of clothes I'm not going to be able to crowd in. Want it?"

Luis received the gift with profuse thanks and draped it over his arm. But he still lingered.

"When you going?" he asked.

"Day after to-morrow," Stephen answered absently.

"Morning stage?"

"Evening, *amigo*. I'll take the night east-bound from Keno."

"Sure?"

"Sure," Stephen replied, wondering a little at the old fellow's persistence.

Luis shook his head. "*La gente pone y Dios dispone*," he said. "Perhaps. We see."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Comfortable—even in overheated rooms

Here's why Duofold Health Underwear keeps you comfortable, even in overheated rooms, and at the same time keeps you warm enough outdoors and protects your health:

It is a two-layer fabric with air space between—a thin layer of fine Wool *outside* for warmth and a thin layer of soft Cotton *inside* for comfort.

Only the layer of soft cotton touches the skin, hence there is no possible irritation from the wool.

If you perspire, the bodily moisture is absorbed from the inner layer of cotton by and to the outer layer of wool, where it quickly evaporates. *This keeps both the body and garment dry.* There is none of that wet, "clammy" feeling.

When you go outdoors into the cold and damp, you run far less danger of catching cold. You remain *comfortable*, because your underwear is *dry* and the layer of the wool keeps the *cold out* and *bodily warmth in*.

Duofold is the "ounce of prevention" better than a "pound of cure."

It costs no more than other good winter underwear, yet there is none other like it. Made for men, women and children.

Sold by men's furnishing, dry goods and department stores.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mfrs.

HENDERSON & ERVIN, Sales Agents, 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City

CHICAGO: 424 S. Wells Street
BOSTON: 52 Chauncy Street
SAN FRANCISCO: 742 Market Street
ATLANTA: 601 Silvey Building

"Rockinchair for Summer Wear, Duofold for Winter Wear"

Duofold Health Underwear for Men, Women & Children

"That Well-Dressed Look"

Either suits or coats in

WOOLTEX
KNOCKABOUTS
$25-$38-$45

There's a trim boyishness about the snug shoulder and flat collar. Tweeds, homespuns *and* sport-spun. For sale in your city or by the H. Black Company, *Cleveland and New York*

Wooltex
Tailor-mades
Unexcelled—in Style
in Quality—in *true* Value
$48-$55-$68-$75

THE SPIDERS

(Continued from Page 11)

wanted to explain that the young man was well able to buy the colonel's entire ranch, but again Hammie could not do it. He rose to go.

"You're quite sure, sir?" he asked wistfully.

The colonel smiled sadly.

"Quite!" he said firmly.

There came a tremendous jangling crash from the kitchen.

"Daddy!" screamed an excited voice. "Come quick!"

For the moment the colonel forgot his duty to a guest and rushed into the kitchen. Hammie found himself following close behind. The kitchen was full of smoke, and in the middle of it, her face and hands covered impartially with flour and soot, Kennie strove madly amid the wreckage.

"The stovepipe came down!" she panted. "Quick, daddy!"

It was two hours before they had the stovepipe back in its place and the kitchen scrubbed clean. It was quite a party.

"It is growing late," observed Colonel Branch when all was done. "You must pass the night with us."

By this time Hammie felt as though he had known these excellent people for years. He wanted to accept the invitation, but he knew he ought to refuse. However, they were two against one. Besides ——

"And we'll make fudge!" said Kennie.

That settled it.

III

IT WAS two weeks later when a big, boyish young man entered the Redberry office of Morris & Lipsey and stood uncertainly looking about him. A large, soft-appearing man arose and came forward, smiling a warm, benevolent smile.

"I'm Mr. Lipsey, sir," he said, beaming. "What can I do for you?"

The big young man took off his worn cap and rubbed his head. His cowlick stood up and he tried to smooth it down.

"I came through this town the other day, Mr. Lipsey," he said, "and I liked the looks of it; liked it fine. I been thinking of getting me a little place in the country. Fellow gets mighty tired of the city, Mr. Lipsey. My name's Crosbie."

Mr. Lipsey's smile did not abate as his swift glance took in the cheap clothing and the innocent, boyish brown eyes. Mr. Lipsey could not know that many a crafty citizen had been stung through judging Hammie Crosbie by his eyes.

"You'll make no mistake, Mr. Crosbie!" he said warmly. "Here: It's a warm day and I was just wishing I had an excuse for getting outdoors. I'll go with you and show you our town."

Hammie was very grateful; but wasn't it too much trouble?

"Oh, not at all—not at all!"

So they drove all over Redberry. Several places appealed to Hammie, but the prices appalled him.

"I—I was thinking of something cheap," he said apologetically. "Something I could develop myself. Say, how about those high places up yonder? You suppose I could get a patch of land like that? Just to raise chickens on—and maybe some oranges." He indicated the bench, lying beyond the Colonel Branch valley and looming above the reservoir. "I was admiring that bench as I came over the divide from my fishin' trip. You get a fine view from up there."

Mr. Lipsey's face did not register the sudden leaping of his heart.

"Why, surely!" he beamed. "We own—that is, the water company owns that property, but we are the selling agents. Let's go up and take a look."

They did. They parked the car by the roadside and climbed to the bench.

"Gee!" said Hammie. "What a peach of a view!"

"Greatest view in America!" agreed Mr. Lipsey, puffing from his exertions but smiling still.

They came upon a tiny spring and Hammie had a fit.

"Say!" he said. "Of course I know we couldn't expect the company to get water up here at present; but couldn't I develop this spring and get a big enough flow to raise an orange grove? A little one, of course."

Mr. Lipsey laughed the amused laugh of a kindly, indulgent parent.

"Why, of course!" he said. "More water than you'd need!"

Hammie's great idea grew and broadened. "And I could put in a little gas pump," he said, half to himself, "and kick water all over the bench! I could sell enough of the property to make my own share all velvet."

He sat down upon a bowlder and looked about him. Before him lay the Branch valley. At his left the bench sloped a quarter of a mile toward Redberry Cañon, where it ended abruptly, its crest hanging above the company's reservoir, half a mile below. At his right it sloped steeply up to the divide. Behind him a rocky acclivity rose skyward.

"Five years from now this property will be worth a hundred thousand dollars," said Mr. Lipsey casually. He knew that the young jitney driver was building rosy castles and he wanted to help a little.

"I bet you!" agreed Hammie cordially.

"They'll call it The Heights," added Mr. Lipsey. "Residence district for the rich people."

Hammie nodded.

"I'm going to buy the whole thing!" he said suddenly. "What's she worth?"

Mr. Lipsey stole a glance at the innocent enthusiast and named a figure.

"Gosh!" said Hammie. "That's a lot of money, isn't it?"

A spidery look came into Mr. Lipsey's eyes.

"We can make terms for you," he suggested. "Half down and a mortgage for the balance ——"

"I'll take it!" said Hammie impulsively. "I can raise the half easily—and by the time the balance is due, why my chickens and oranges will be producing enough ——"

Mr. Lipsey was not attending. It was the old story.

What interested him was the knowledge that he was getting some velvet off this tract, which he and Morris had considered absolutely worthless. Of course it would come back to him at the end of the term and then he would have that noble first payment and the property as well. It was Mr. Lipsey's perfect day.

"You'll hold it for me till day after tomorrow?" asked Hammie anxiously. "I'll get the money and be back day after tomorrow—sure!"

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Lipsey assured him cordially. "But we can't promise beyond that date. There's a boom coming to Redberry. It's due to break any day. I wouldn't delay if I were you."

"I won't!" said the excited young man. "I'll have the money here day after tomorrow if I have to sell my flivver!"

He lit out for home. As he passed the Chamber of Commerce Building he saw Al Price standing in the doorway and halted a moment.

"Well, Price," he grinned joyously, "I've bought me a ranch in Redberry!"

Price took the pipe from his mouth and stared incredulously. "What!" he ejaculated.

"Sure!" said Hammie happily. "I'm one of you now! I've bought that high bench beyond the Branch valley. Gee, what a view! And there's a spring ——"

Still Price contemplated him with the amazed look of the old farmer who saw a hippopotamus with his own eyes yet refused to believe there was any such animal.

"Jackass!" he snorted at last. "After all I told you too! You look human—in spots—but you're just a plain everyday jackass! Go away! When Nature built you she ran out of brains, but abhorring a vacuum, she filled your fool head with cup custard!" He went inside and slammed the door.

Hammie chuckled all the way out of Redberry. "Elizabeth," he said to the flivver, "we're glad we came to this town, ain't we? Yes, sir, Elizabeth, before we get through with Redberry we're going to have more fun than three little flies on a fat man's neck!"

At three o'clock of the same day a long, thin, solemn young man came into Hamilton Crosbie's San Francisco office, stole a cigar and sat down.

"Here I am, poor fish," he said. "Whaddye want?"

"Carr," said Hammie in the same vein, "it is said that you are the greatest lawyer in California."

"Somebody has betrayed my secret!" sighed Carr. "Alas, you can trust no one!"

THIS *ONE* GETS THERE

IF you want to get anywhere, one automobile on the road is worth half a dozen in the ditch. And if you want to get underwear satisfaction, the one master button of the

HATCH
ONE BUTTON
UNION SUIT

is worth the half dozen and more on the ordinary union suit which are usually in need of repairs.

One button does the work better, quicker and easier than 8 or 9. It eliminates wrinkling, binding, and gives instead one perfect fit all over. It does away with the bother and cost of repairing buttonholes and replacing buttons every time the laundry comes back.

For this fall and winter you can get the Hatch One Button union suit in the finest combed cotton worsted, wool, and mercerized fabrics which will be found on sale at most good stores.

If you cannot locate a store handling Hatch One Button union suits send your size and remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y. and you will be supplied direct delivery free anywhere in the United States.

Men's suits—$1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 $5.00

Boys' suits—$1.25, $1.50, $2.00 $2.50

Misses' suits—$1.00, $2.00, $2.50

Children's sleeping garments (cotton or flannel only)—$1.00 $1.50 $2.00

We shall be glad to send free on request a catalogue describing the complete line.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
ALBANY NEW YORK

FOWNES

The best in all France is not too good for Fownes Kid Gloves

The kid-skins used in these beautiful gloves are all French. They do not come from Italy or Spain;—they are known as "Nationals,"—raised on French soil.

They are dressed in France and those used for white gloves are bleached in the clear air of the uplands, untouched by the smoke of cities. Others are dyed with fast colors in the prevailing shades.

They are put together—"fabriqués"—with painstaking care by expert French workers.

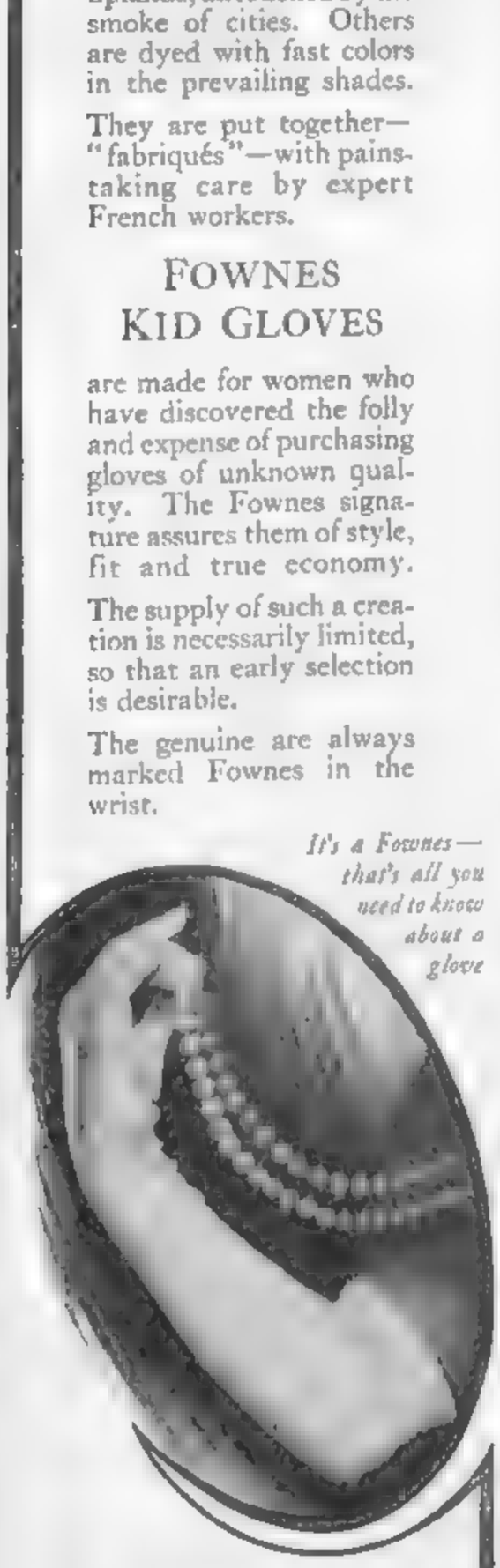
FOWNES KID GLOVES

are made for women who have discovered the folly and expense of purchasing gloves of unknown quality. The Fownes signature assures them of style, fit and true economy.

The supply of such a creation is necessarily limited, so that an early selection is desirable.

The genuine are always marked Fownes in the wrist.

It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove



If you have any difficulty in securing them send us size and style desired with the name of your dealer.

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO., INC.
119 West 40th St., New York

Hammie's face went suddenly serious. "Listen here, Jimmy," he said. "I want all the works on the Redberry Water Company. Also on Morris & Lipsey, real estate and loan agents of the same town. Who they are, where they came from, past history and present performances. Everything."

The lawyer nodded, taking notes. He, too, was serious. The two young men talked for half an hour. Carr was still more serious when he rose to leave.

"It's a great big thing, Hammie," he said, a look of respectful awe in his eyes as he regarded his big friend. "How far do you want me to go?"

"Clear through!" said Hammie promptly. "Fly at it now!"

IV

REDBERRY smiled when Hammie Crosbie built his little one-room shack away up on the bench. It was the haggard smile of sufferers who cannot help being amused, even in the midst of suffering. Everybody appreciated the absurdity of the young man's ambition, feeling also a distinct pity for the disappointment which was sure to come to the likable young optimist.

But Hammie was apparently serenely unconscious of all this. He was a remarkably busy youth. Some days he struggled manfully with the rocks and brush, clearing the ground for his prospective orchard, but meeting with a deplorable lack of success, for Hammie was quite without agricultural experience. Other days he would get into his flivver and rattle away to San Francisco, coming back again to fall upon his grim domain with undiminished zeal. In the evenings he frequently went all over the bench. Soon, from the brow of the bold headland overlooking the reservoir to the divide, where he could see down into the Wildwater River, he was well acquainted with every foot of the bench.

And nearly always when the sun went down Hammie would be sitting upon the front step of his ridiculous home, smoking his pipe and regarding the country beneath his feet. Later, after he had had his supper, he nearly always went down to spend an hour with Colonel Branch and Kennie. He had been going there frequently now.

It was a great day when Hammie planted his first orange tree. He could not wait, after he had cleared a twenty-foot space, but went down to the village and bought a single tree, planting it with all the enthusiasm that would have gone with the setting of a ten-acre grove. He conducted the stingy trickle from his spring and watched while the earth grew moist about his tree. When the sun went down and the world cooled a bit he decided that he would go down and tell Kennie about it.

The Branch folks had not laughed at him when they learned that he had bought the bench. They were too well bred for that. Hammie felt their deep pity for him, however, but he did not betray the knowledge. His face was not that kind of face.

And so the weeks went on and became months. Hammie did not go near Al Price's place after that last rebuff, nor did he plant any more trees. With the planting of that lone orange tree he had satisfied his life's ambition. Or so Redberry chose to construe it, still feeling a pitying amusement over the young visionary's childish enterprise.

At more or less regular intervals letters came to Hammie. They were always in a long white envelope—plain. One morning, well along into the spring, he opened one of these long white envelopes, read its contents and smiled with deep satisfaction. He put the letter carefully in his pocket and for a moment a hard look came into his good-natured eyes—the look with which the triumphant gladiator answers when the multitude signals "Thumbs down!" He walked across to the sleepy telegraph office and sent a wire to James Carr, in San Francisco. It was a laconic message, carrying the single word "Shoot!"

Hammie was grinning when he came out of the telegraph office. Still grinning he went down the street and pushed Al Price's door open a crack.

"Lo, Al!" he said.

Price regarded him sourly, but could not stand out against Hammie Crosbie's smile.

"Aw, well," he said, smiling also, "I reckon you can't help it! Come in and I'll give you a nice feed of hay and oats! How's the boob ranch paying?"

"She ain't paying very strong to-day, Al," admitted Hammie, "but I think that pretty soon she'll pay as much as two dollars and eighty-five cents! Say, Al—I want to tell you something. It's up to you to get busy now, because you know all the old coöp and chamber-of-commerce boys—and we want to work fast when we start. That's the way to fight spiders and men, Al; get all the dope—then all at once land on 'em with everything you've got! Now listen, Al."

Ten minutes later Price knew he was not dreaming. He sprang into the air with a loud yell and caught Hammie Crosbie in a mighty bear hug.

"You old fox!" he chortled joyously. "And all this time we were thinking you a poor nut with no more brains than a chicken! How you fooled us all! How you fooled Morris & Lipsey! Love of Mike, what a man! Hammie, I—I ——" He choked up and swallowed hard. "There's not another man in all the world that could have done it—or would have done it! When's it going to break, Hammie?"

"This afternoon. Jimmy Carr's on his way by this time, with a couple hundred men following close behind in trucks. He's had 'em ready for two weeks, waiting for the last detail in our plan of campaign to be perfected. You're to meet him, Al, and introduce him to Morris & Lipsey. He'll be sure to want to meet our leading citizens!"

The Redberry man kicked over his chair and banged into the little back room where lay the scattered accessories of the long dormant Sentinel. Hammie Crosbie got into his battered little car and snorted back to the bench.

"Snap, darn you!" he grinned at the grasshoppers, crackling their orange wings in the dust of what once was Colonel Branch's alfalfa ranch. "Snap while the snapping's good!"

V

SOMETHING was happening in Redberry. One could feel it in the soft spring air; the thrill of suppressed excitement that travels mysteriously from one mind to another, nobody knows how. From all parts of the colony the ranchers began to drop into the square, the center of interest being, apparently, Al Price's office in the old Chamber of Commerce Building. Faces which for two or three years had been wearing the anxious, hopeless look of condemned men were alive and eager. Al Price was again the livewire of the old days when Redberry had been a flourishing place, full of hope and enterprise. All day Al was busy, dashing about the district in a hired flivver, interviewing the old members of the coöperative association and leaving a trail of red-hot excitement in his wake.

"Say, Morris," observed Mr. Lipsey along about noon, "something's doing in this town! Maybe we better go out and scout round a little."

"We should worry!" said Mr. Morris. He was a short, squat man with china-blue eyes and a prognathous jaw. "We got this town sewed up in our vest pocket. A week from now it'll be ours. Why sweat?"

But Mr. Lipsey could not shake off that vague feeling of uneasiness. He went out and was gone barely ten minutes. When he came back he was perspiring freely and his smile was gone.

"Morris," he said, "I heard something. There's a gang of surveyors running a line of grade stakes along the upper edge of the boob ranch. You know, the bench property that we unloaded on that jitney driver, Crosbie"

This woke Mr. Morris. "Whaddye mean, grade stakes?" he demanded. "What for?"

"I don't know," replied the worried Mr. Lipsey. "Of course I couldn't get anything out of these Redberry sheep, but I ran across a Sacramento man who'd been fishing over in the Wildwater. He told me he saw 'em working as he crossed the divide."

"You better go up and see about it," advised Morris. "If that fool jitney driver has let 'em in—throw him off the place!"

Mr. Lipsey did not go directly to the Crosbie shack. He was a wise Spider and preferred to reconnoiter first. He climbed the high walls of the bench at the lower end and, sure enough, here he picked up the first grade stake. It stood in the ground exactly above the company's reservoir. From here he followed a regular procession of stakes which progressed along the foot of the rocky acclivity until they brought him to the Crosbie shack. His eye went on and saw that they made a beautiful rising line which cut the lowest point on the divide.

If This Quits, You Walk!

YOUR Ford's brain is the timer. Failure here leaves the engine an inert mass of metal—powerless. The timer controls the firing of the cylinders. If every explosion is not full-powered, clean and rightly timed, your Ford labors on hills, bucks in sand and mud, and balks at starting on chilly mornings.

Forty perfect sparks per second, for thousands of miles—that's the timer's average job! No wonder experienced Ford owners use the best timer they can get—the MILWAUKEE. Their reward is steadier pulling, easier starting, less carbon.

Better materials, finer workmanship, sturdier design have made the MILWAUKEE TIMER the *largest selling Ford replacement*. Endorsed by all garage mechanics, and a million users.

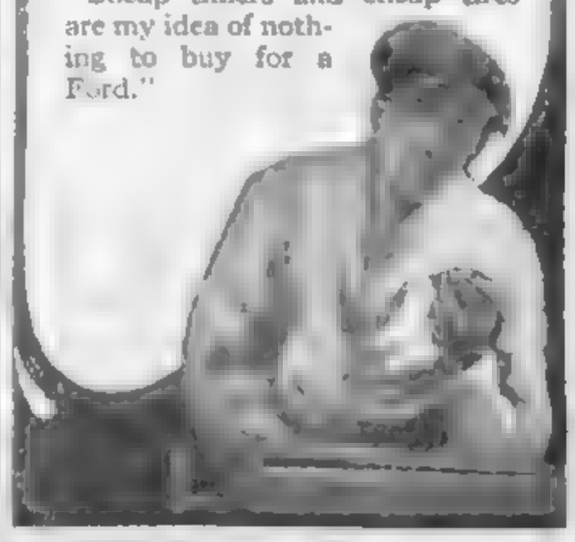
Your Ford will run better if you put on a *Milwaukee Timer* (a 15-minute job with a pair of pliers). Be sure you get the genuine, with the name "Milwaukee" on shell and brush assembly. There are many imitations.

Sold by 45,000 auto supply and hardware dealers and by 89% of all auto supply jobbers. Retail price, $2.10 (west of Rocky Mts., $2.25).

MILWAUKEE AUTO ENGINE & SUPPLY CO.
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

Says the Expert on Fords:

"Cheap timers and cheap tires are my idea of nothing to buy for a Ford."



MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

SUPERITE

THE SUPREME PENCIL

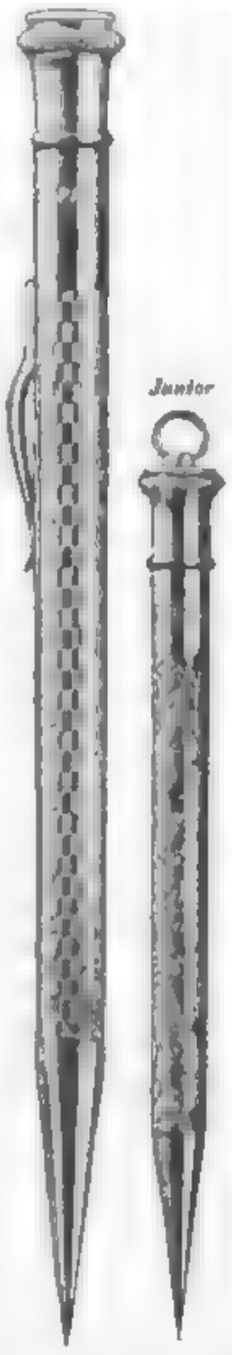
It is one thing to own a metal pencil, and another to secure it against loss. When you select a Superite Pencil, you not only obtain the lightest metal pencil made, but also one that won't slip from your pocket.

The hold-fast pocket clip—made exclusively for the Superite Standard Pencil—is the clip with a steel spring insuring a constantly firm grip on pocket. Yet clip can be fastened or released by thumb and finger of one hand.

Smooth, easy lead operation—a turn of the cap pushes out the lead, a reverse turn pulls it in again. No breaking or jamming of leads. Convenient eraser and extra leads, easy to reload. These and other Superite advantages are well worth talking over with your dealer.

Many unusually attractive finishes and designs to suit your personal taste. Note especially the tiny size and dainty grace of Superite Junior for ladies. Durable cap-ring for Standard Short and Junior. All Superites are fully guaranteed.

DeWitt-LaFrance Co., Cambridge, Mass.
New York Office: Bush Terminal Sales Bldg.
Chicago Office: 7th South State Street



If YOU want to earn extra money in your spare time, mail this coupon TODAY

The Curtis Publishing Company
347 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: Please explain to me how your subscription representatives earn up to $25.00 a week extra in spare time. I assume no obligation in making this inquiry.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

Mr. Lipsey did not go any farther, but walked round the Crosbie cabin, a great wrath seething in his heart; a wrath which was entirely without pity. He found Hammie Crosbie sitting upon the steps of his absurd dwelling, smoking and contemplating his orange tree with calm contented eyes.

"Say!" barked Mr. Lipsey, forgetting his patented smile. "What's that line of stakes mean? Who put 'em there?"

Hammie regarded his visitor with innocent, surprised eyes. "Stakes?" he said. "Oh, yes. A bunch of young fellows drove 'em there a while ago. They asked me if they might and of course I told 'em yes. Nice crowd of boys. I liked 'em."

"What's the idea?" demanded Mr. Lipsey.

He was patient with Hammie. The young man scratched his head.

"Why," he said, "seems to me they said something about a flume. Yes, that was it; something to carry water in."

Mr. Lipsey was more than ever bewildered. But the ominous premonition of impending trouble loomed larger and suddenly he blew up.

"Listen," he said. "You're through here! You're coming with me to the office and you're going to sign back this piece of acreage to us and then get to hell out of Redberry! You're not a fit person to be allowed control of a valuable property like this."

Hammie did not hurry. He got up from the steps and smote Mr. Lipsey grievously upon his ample nose. It was a fine cordial smack, and Mr. Lipsey did not require any more. As soon as he was able he got up and went away. Hammie sat down again. For several minutes he smoked and then he saw the Lipsey car going down the valley. It stopped at the Branch homestead and a man got out and went up to the house. A few moments later he came out again, running, climbed in and disappeared toward Redberry. Hammie sprang to his feet, tossed his pipe away, his mouth set grimly.

"I'll just go down and see what that means!" he said.

Mr. Morris was listening to Mr. Lipsey's tale of woe when Al Price came into the office, bringing with him a long, thin, solemn-faced young man who carried a bulging brief bag under his arm.

"Mr. James Carr, gentlemen," said Al. "Mr. Carr—Mr. Morris and Mr. Lipsey."

There was no handshaking. They all sat down. Mr. Carr lighted a cigar and looked out of the window. He wore an air of inexpressible boredom.

Mr. Lipsey spoke first. He strove to rally his famous smile, but the effort merely tortured his swollen nose and made his face resemble something seen only in a frightful dream. "What can we do for you, gentlemen?" he inquired suavely.

"You can't do anything!" said Price brutally. "You've done plenty already—and now we've come to tell you you're going to stop doing it! We want to start by telling you we know all about you. We know that Morris & Lipsey and the water company are one!"

Morris rallied. At last here was something tangible. "Well," he said insolently, "what are you going to do about it?"

Carr spoke. "Going after you," he drawled. He yawned wearily and put his feet up on Mr. Lipsey's sacred desk. "Under my client's instructions my agents have been combing Chicago and a few other cities for your record. We've got it all here." He tapped the brief case. "Know all your exploits. Found you've broken everything from the Blue Sky Law to the Ten Commandments! Naughty, naughty!"

"What you going to do—definitely?" demanded Morris. He was still fencing, waiting for a clew. "Wait!" he said, reaching for the telephone. "I got to have Winch here! If it's a matter of lawyers ——"

"Winch?" chuckled Carr. "Say, have him over, by all means! I've got his record too! Little brothers, when that shyster lawyer hears what I've got on him he'll travel out of Redberry so fast his trail will smoke for a week!"

Morris dropped the receiver.

"Come clean!" he said presently. "Tell us your business or get out!"

Carr yawned again. "Why," he said, "there isn't much to tell. My client is going to take over the Redberry water system and augment it by bringing the Wildwater River across the Divide and emptying it into the reservoir. Then there'll be water to throw at the little brown birds.

"But the first proposition is this: You are to return to Colonel Branch the fifty-acre tract you got under false pretenses.

"Second, you are to pack your doll rags and beat it out of Redberry—and thank whatever gods there be that you got off so easily."

"You mean," said Morris, breathing heavily, "that we are to turn over our properties to a stranger and walk off?"

"Something like that," smiled Carr easily. "You stole Colonel Branch's fifty acres. You lose that, orange trees and all. You stole the water system from Redberry. You lose that, too, reservoir and all. In other words, you return the stolen properties and are fined one reservoir and one orange ranch—see?

"My client will take up every mortgage you hold against Redberry citizens. That way he pays for the water system. Pays the citizens of Redberry—not you! Do you get it?"

"Lovely!" sneered Morris, still trying to meet thrust with thrust. "How your client must love Redberry!"

"Oh," said Carr, "you mustn't worry about my client! His act is not wholly eleemosynary. He's going to utilize the Wildwater flow to run an immense power plant. Further, he has bought up fifty thousand acres of cheap rich valley land just below Redberry and he'll use the surplus water to turn this vast tract into an alfalfa ranch. No, I confidently expect my client to make several million dollars out of it. Be easy in your mind. He's all right."

Morris was white, for he knew that back of this was a power which he did not know; a power which was confident it held the advantage over him. He was working in the dark, and working in the dark frightens even the bravest man. He looked across at Lipsey. That gentleman was slumped down behind his desk, watching Carr with the fascinated eyes of a frightened rabbit. Morris made one more effort.

"And what do we get out of this?" he demanded hoarsely.

Carr smiled serenely.

"You get a term in the penitentiary, I hope," he said. "Though, of course, one never can be sure of such luck in the cases of professional crooks like you and Lipsey. But even if we can't put you in the penitentiary, why we're going to get right on your necks and ride you till you've lost the last dollar you have in the world!"

"Do you know what this is?" asked Morris, his voice trembling. "Robbery! Exactly the same thing as hitting a man over the head with a piece of gaspipe ——"

"Exactly!" agreed Carr cheerfully. "Did you think you had a copyright on the method? And say: Suppose you fight and win the water system. My client will merely dump the Wildwater into Colonel Branch's valley, hook up with a new distributing system—and then what'll your dinky little Redberry system be worth to you? Twenty cents!"

"Anyway," shouted Morris, springing to his feet, "we'll fight! We've got a hundred thousand dollars—and we'll lose it all to fight you."

"My client instructs me," the lawyer flowed on easily, "to break you and run you out of Redberry. He has placed five millions at my disposal for this laudable purpose. More where that comes from!"

There was a long, emphatic silence.

"Your bid, gentlemen!" hinted the lawyer delicately.

Still more silence. Carr looked at his watch.

"My client stipulated four o'clock," he said. "After four o'clock he withdraws his offer to take up your mortgages and goes to the mat with you to fight you for the whole works, winner take all! Two minutes to go, gentlemen!"

Morris fell back into his chair. Mr. Lipsey licked dry lips and struggled into speech.

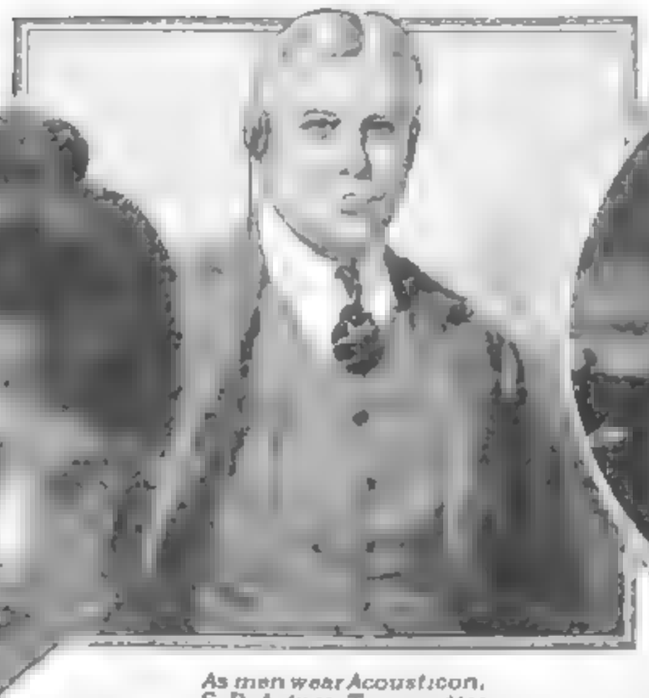
"What is your client's name?" he whispered.

"Why, don't you know?" grinned Carr in affected surprise. "You sold him the bench—the key to the whole works! He's Hamilton Crosbie!"

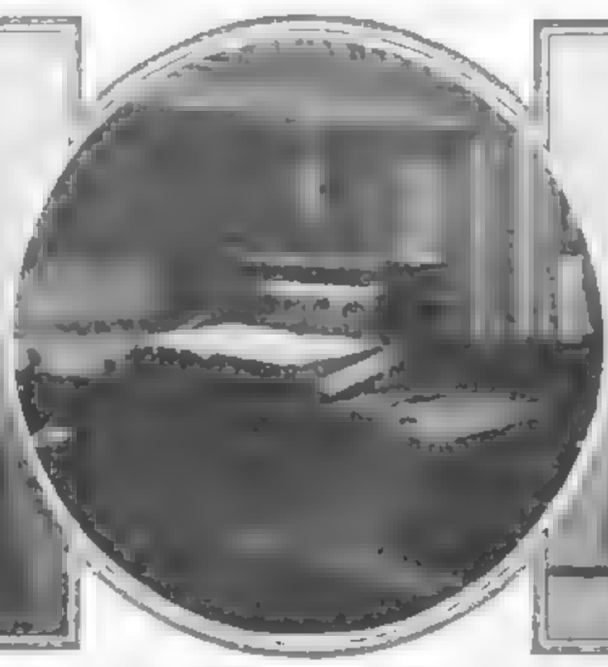
VI

NOBODY was in sight when Hammie Crosbie ran up the walk to the Branch home. He rang the bell, but there was no answer. He hurried round to the back of

(Continued on Page 104)



As men wear Acousticon. S. R. A. type. Transmitter and Battery fit nicely into vest pocket.



Pulpit of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, with Acousticon. One of 2000 Churches so equipped for the benefit of deaf members and visitors

Multi-Acousticon for business use On thousands of desks and Directors' Tables of leading business and professional men.

As woman wear Acousticon, S. R. B. type Earpiece can be entirely concealed by the hair. Transmitter and Battery inside the waist.

Good News for the DEAF

It is now twenty years since we first invited the hard of hearing to test the Acousticon at home or office, amid familiar surroundings for ten days with the privilege of return at the end of that period.

All this at our expense, without deposit or other obligation.

This policy was adopted and adhered to because of our realization that there are rare cases of deafness (perhaps two out of one hundred) which no artificial aid, however efficient, can possibly relieve.

In the years intervening, hundreds of thousands have accepted this offer of proof in each individual case, to their benefit and to our profit and increasing usefulness.

Lawyers have said that only with the Acousticon could they continue in their profession.

Physicians testify that without it a continuance of practice would be almost impossible.

Chairmen of Boards of Directors freely admit that it is essential to their presiding acceptably at Directors' meetings—

And Mothers have written that without it they would have been unable to know that their children understood their motherly correction and advice; and would even have been deprived of the joy of hearing their little ones' voices.

The 1922 Acousticon Has 5 Salient Improvements

Every year in the past twenty has witnessed an advance or at least a refinement in this already adequate hearing device, because of the constant effort of our experts to keep it by far the most efficient in its field.

This year we are privileged to announce five distinct advances, listed as follows:

1: Stronger Magnets: Without increasing the weight or size of the earpiece, the magnets have been increased in strength, adding materially to the power of the instrument.

2. The new telescopic handle (for those who prefer it under certain conditions) can be lengthened or shortened at will or its position changed by a swivel joint without moving earpiece. Especially is it desirable when listening to sermon or lecture, as the position of the arm can be changed freely.

3: Earpiece is covered with hard rubber instead of metal Scratches cannot show and its finish will not deteriorate with age

4: A new headband with double swivel adds to the comfort of the wearer and increases the efficiency of the Acousticon by holding the earpiece more snugly to the ear without pressure

5 Spring Plugs Screw plugs have kinked the cord, and taper plugs formerly used were apt to fall out. For years we have experimented to produce a plug which would not kink the cord and could not fall out. This new spring is the result.

We again urgently invite you or any of your friends who are hard of hearing to accept a

10 Days' FREE TRIAL

of the

1922 Acousticon

No Deposit—No Expense—No Obligation

Just write us saying "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon."

We will ship at the earliest possible moment, delivery charges prepaid, in order that you may try it amid familiar surroundings, and with no one to point out its advantages but yourself

The only possible obligation is a personal one, in that you owe it to your future comfort and convenience to give the Acousticon a fair ten-day test under the simple suggestions we send for its perfect operation.

At the end of ten days, if it does not make you hear, return it to us and we will credit it without quibble or question—and you will owe us nothing.

Please remember, however, that the basic principles of the Acousticon, as well as its refinements, are fully protected by patents, so no matter what you have tried in the past—send for your free trial of the 1922 Acousticon today, and give yourself the opportunity of learning whether that which has delighted hundreds of thousands will cause you to hear clearly once more

This Free Trial offer is, of course, also extended to all present Acousticon users

Expressions from Acousticon Users

Clergyman *(a user for the past four years).*
"The Acousticon enables me, in comfort and with undiminished efficiency, to go about my work as a pastor."

Physician:
"I am convinced there is no other apparatus for the hard of hearing equal to the Acousticon."

Broker:
"It enables me to carry on my work on the Exchange floor as well as those having normal hearing."

Prominent Philadelphia Merchant
(a user for the past five years).
"I call it a completely practical instrument for those who are deaf."

Social Leader and Club Woman:
"I am among your very deaf patrons; but with the help of your various instruments, I lead a very active social life."

Editor:
"One of the most pleasing consequences of using the Acousticon is to see how my acquaintances, aware that I am using it, no longer cut conversations short."

Yale Professor:
"The Acousticon has become an indispensable part of my daily life."

Instructor at Harvard College
(a user for the past eight years):
"I am indebted to the Acousticon for these years in a profession I should otherwise have had to give up in 1913."

State Normal School Teacher:
"My Acousticon is worth over $2000.00 a year to me, as I could do nothing without it."

Grade Teacher:
"You will perhaps be interested to know that I am successfully continuing my teaching which, without the Acousticon, I should have to give up."

Physician *(a user for thirteen years):*
"I should have been obliged to give up the practice of medicine long ago if I had not obtained this best of all devices for the aid of hearing."

Prominent New York Insurance Agent:
"I attribute my success during the past few years wholly to the increased efficiency and the free mind that have resulted from carrying the Acousticon."

Merchant *(a user for twelve years):*
"I simply could not get along without it."

Physician:
"I could not practice without it"

Ex-governor:
"My friends do not shun me now. They think the Acousticon something wonderful. So do I."

Clergyman's Wife.
"I am so very pleased with my Acousticon! . . . My baby perhaps would not have learned to talk because I always had to tell him to speak louder and that tired him. He simply motioned for everything. Now he speaks for everything."

Stenographer *(a user for eight years):*
"I am so hard of hearing without my Acousticon that I cannot hear the clock strike. With its aid, I am able to hear it tick, to use the telephone and do my work as stenographer in a busy office."

Sub-Treasury Teller *(a user for the past three years):*
"Without the Acousticon my case would have been hopeless: but I am able to do the work required of me, thanks to the assistance of my faithful Acousticon."

New England Business Man
(a user for the past eleven years):
"Does the Acousticon pay? A thousand times, yes!"

Dictograph Products Corporation
CHARLES H. LEHMAN, President
220 West 42d Street (Just West of Times Square), New York

Also manufacturers of the Dictograph System of Interior Telephones, the Detective Dictograph, the Motor Dictograph and other sound transmitting devices

Free Trials can also be obtained by writing, or calling at any of the Acousticon branch offices listed below

CHICAGO, ILL.
1230 Lyton Bldg., State St. and Jackson Blvd.

ATLANTA, GA.
1316 Citizens and Southern Bank Bldg.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
402-3-4 Sharp Bldg.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
402 Evans Bldg

BOSTON 11, MASS.
1117 Blake Bldg.
59 Temple Place.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
628 Granite Bldg.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
324 Odd Fellows Bldg

PORTLAND, ORE.
307 Oregon Bldg.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
610 Commonwealth Bldg.,
12th and Chestnut Sts.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
820-822-824 Maison Blanche Annex.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
535 Security Bldg

PITTSBURGH, PA.
913 First Nat'l Bank Bldg.

SEATTLE, WASH.
715 Second Avenue.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
554 Monadnock Bldg.

DETROIT, MICH.
1537 Woodward Avenue.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
417 Swan Bldg

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
328-9 Lumber Ex. Bldg.

Agencies in principal cities throughout the world. Addresses on request

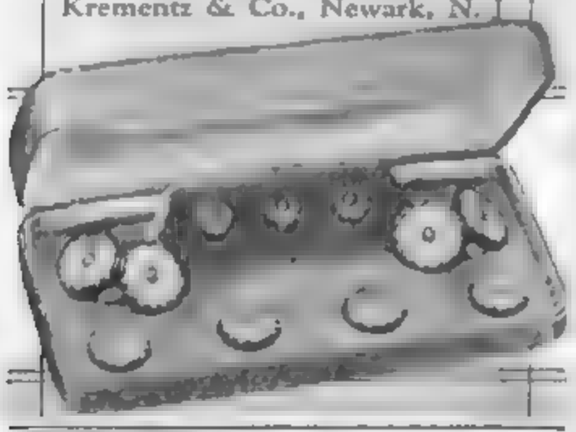
Krementz

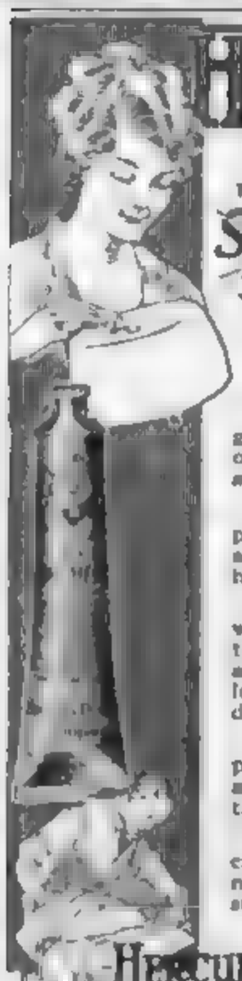
That handy bodkin-clutch—

FOUND only on the studs and vest buttons of Krementz correct evening jewelry, it is inserted in a stiff shirt front with practically the same ease as buttoning an every-day soft shirt. This bodkin-clutch back never bends or breaks.

Correct designs in Krementz evening jewelry may be found at the better shops. Illustrated literature and the name of the dealer nearest you upon request.

Krementz & Co., Newark, N. J.





HERCULES COLD SODER

THE METAL MENDER

Speed Mend

WHY throw away your favorite coffee pot or cooking dish when it springs a leak, or cracks?

Hercules Cold Soder will mend it—whether granite, aluminum or any other metal—and make it as good as ever.

It's easy to use—just press it in the hole or crack and let it stand. No fuss. No heat, acid or tools required.

Hercules Cold Soder will also save many a trip to the repair shop when your automobile radiator starts leaking, for with it you can do the mending yourself.

At hardware, drug, department and automobile accessory stores for 25 cents the tube.

If your dealer does not carry Hercules, send us his name and 25 cents for full-sized tube. Postage prepaid.

35c in Canada

HERCULES PRODUCTS CO.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, U.S.A.

USN
DECK PAINT
The Universal Paint

"A rich man can buy no better make— A poor man can make no better buy."

The BILLINGS-CHAPIN Co.
Boston · Cleveland · New York

(Continued from Page 102)

the house and found Kennie sitting in her tiny rose garden, weeping bitterly. No man can view a woman's tears and fail to feel fierce anguish. Hammie stopped near the girl, frightened to death.

"Kennie!" he said. "What is it?"

Kennie sprang up and faced him, trying to hide her tears.

"It's nothing, Hammie," she said. "Only Mr. Lipsey was here and his nose was awful—all purple and bleeding and he said some terrible things about daddy and I hit him with the potato masher, and—and ——" She broke down again, laughing and crying. "And next week—next week we have to get out! And then we won't have any dear home any more. Oh, poor daddy—poor daddy ——"

Hammie came closer, though still scared and trembling.

"Aw, say!" he pleaded, his voice tender with compassion. "Aw, say, Kennie ——"

And neither of the two young people knew how it happened; but suddenly the world dwindled small and filled only the compass of their clinging arms.

"But poor daddy!" said Kennie after a long time. "What'll daddy do, dear?"

"He'll live with us!" said Hammie buoyantly. "Always!"

"But where?" asked Kennie.

Hammie was not daunted.

"On my ranch!" he said joyously. "Up at my house!"

Kennie giggled through the clinging tears. "You poor boy!" she said. "There isn't any doubt that you are the silliest mortal in the whole world—but, oh, Hammie, I love you so much that it doesn't make a bit of difference!"

Half an hour passed.

"Where is Colonel Branch?" asked Hammie.

"He's down in Redberry," Kennie told him. "Al Price telephoned for him about the middle of the afternoon. Al seemed excited about something. I don't know what. I'm glad daddy wasn't here when Mr. Lipsey called. He'd have shot Mr. Lipsey, sure."

It was growing late and Hammie wanted to get home in time to see the sun go down. At least that is what he told Kennie. In reality he was mortally afraid to meet his good friend, the colonel. Kennie went with him and stood in the road while he turned the car around. The feat accomplished, Hammie got out again. He had thought of something else he must tell Kennie about. It is the way of lovers.

"But you mustn't forget!" Kennie warned him a few minutes later. "I'm poor now—awfully poor! And you promised to find me a job!"

"And I've done it!" said the young man triumphantly. "Taking care of me for the rest of your life! Some job, too, and don't you forget it!"

A long, sustained medley arose far down the Redberry road and approached rapidly. A hideous discord of yells and honks mingling with the roar of a flivver's exhaust. "That's daddy's car!" said Kennie. "I know the rattle of it! But why ——"

Suddenly the flying car outran its dust cloud for a moment and they could see the dignified colonel waving a newspaper and coming at forty miles. Hammie bolted, jumped into his own flivver and went up the valley like a scared rabbit. He knew about what was in that newspaper—and Hammie was bashful. He couldn't bear to stay and face it.

A soft knock sounded upon the door of the little shack away up on the bench. Hammie Crosbie heard it and trembled mightily. The knock was repeated.

"Hammie!" called a dear, tremulous voice. "Are you in there?"

"N-no!" replied Hammie from his safe place behind the new padlock.

There came a sound of smothered laughter and then Kennie called again.

"Please come out, Hammie!" she begged.

"Who's with you?" asked Hammie fearfully.

"Nobody. Just me."

"Oh!"

Hammie opened the door and peeped out, a boyish grin on his face. "Sure the colonel isn't there?" he asked. "I'm scared of him!"

Kennie now saw Hammie with different eyes, and suddenly she was a timid little girl, very much ashamed of herself. All these months she had gone on thinking Hammie Crosbie just a big, irresponsible boy, absurdly proud of his shack and his silly orange tree; and all this time ——

"Hammie," she said humbly, "may I sit beside you upon your beautiful doorstep?"

"Our beautiful doorstep!" Hammie corrected her and drew her down beside him.

Together they watched the sun slip to rest behind the flaming Coast Range, its last rays touching Redberry like a benediction. Kennie looked shyly into Hammie's face, her eyes luminous with a great pride.

"Daddy says you're the greatest man in California," she said.

"Aw, say!" said Hammie, flushing uncomfortably.

"Al Price said the same thing in his newspaper. Daddy showed it to me. And it's true! Al says there isn't another man alive that could have jumped the Spiders and taken everything away from them. Al calls it the genius of a great unselfishness."

"Aw, gee!" Hammie was more than ever uncomfortable. "I didn't do it, Kennie! Honest I didn't! I merely got Al Price and Jimmy Carr all steamed up and fightin' mad. Then I sicked 'em onto the Spiders and came up here and waited to see what would happen!"

But Kennie would not believe it. And suddenly up from the green blur which was Redberry came the music of Al Price's old brass band. A little out of practice, but plumb bustin' with enthusiasm, they played an old war song, half forgotten.

"That's what Al had at the top of his leading editorial this afternoon," she said. "Listen." Softly she sang:

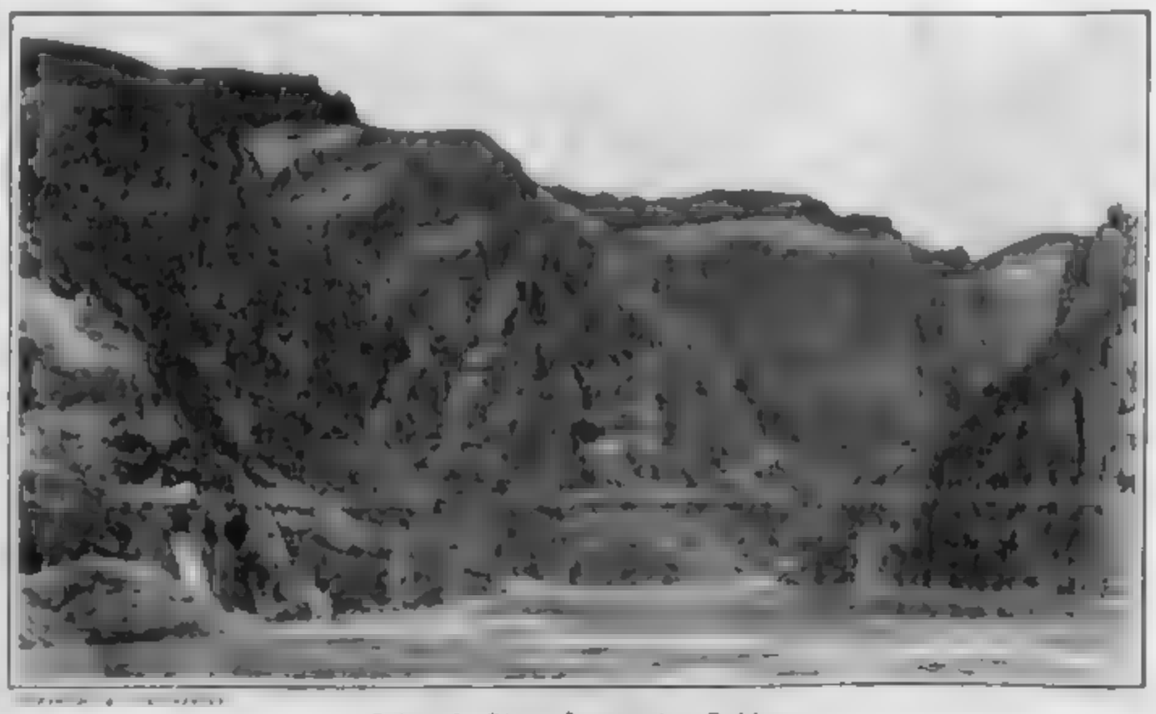
"And they dashed away the bars
From the heavy iron doors,
And we stood beneath the starry banner—free!

"Redberry won't forget it!" said Kennie, her voice choking again with the wonder of it all. "Redberry won't forget what you did for it—not ever!"

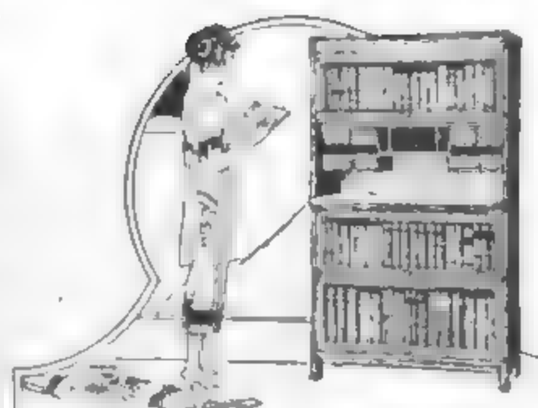
"Aw, shucks, Kennie!" said Hammie. "I didn't do it for Redberry! I did it for Kentucky!"

The little girl sighed happily. "Kentucky won't forget, either!" she whispered, and held up her face to be kissed.

"Gee!" said Hammie happily when the blissful moment had passed. "Gee, but it's great to be me!"



Colorado River Suspension Bridge



GUNN
SECTIONAL BOOKCASES
For the HOME and OFFICE
ARTISTIC DESIGNS—VARIOUS FINISHES
Convenient Removable Doors—Non-Binding
Run on Roller Bearings.
Write for COMPLETE BOOK of STYLES
(MAILED FREE)
Reliable Dealers Everywhere
GUNN FURNITURE CO. Grand Rapids, Michigan
(30 Years Builders Sectional Bookcases and Office Desks)
NEW YORK BRANCH—11 East 36th Street

Make Sure of the Name and Number

When you buy an Esterbrook—any one of the twelve most popular pens in the world—look for the number and make sure it is the style you need

Sixty-odd years of service have evolved these twelve and each is built to meet a particular writing need. So when you choose from the display case at your dealer's, order by number then buy by the box—it will pay you

This No. 312 is a fine pointed Stub Pen of good size, easy in action and very durable

The Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
[illegible] Delaware Ave
Camden, N. J.

Canadian Agents
Brown Bros. Ltd
Toronto, Canada

Esterbrook

For Men Only
who have missed
Shoe Lacing Hooks

Shoes with Lacing Hooks can be bought from Up-to-date Dealers.

Insist on having what you want

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

HOT WATER from waste heat

Utilizing the waste heat in your steam or hot water boiler or hot air furnace, the STACK INDIRECT HEATER supplies your home with plenty of hot water at no extra expense. It is safe. Both temperature and pressure are automatically controlled.

The STACK INDIRECT HEATER heats water three times faster than the ordinary heater. Its heating surface to volume has a 20 to 1 ratio instead of the usual 5 to 1 ratio. Quick hot water—comfort—no delays.

Remember—whatever your house heating system—there is an inexpensive STACK INDIRECT HEATER which will save you money.

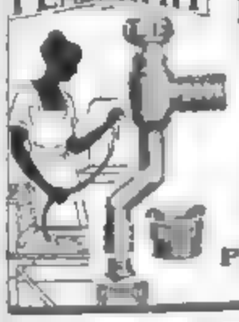
Write for our catalog but buy from your plumber

STACK HEATER COMPANY
39 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass. 126-1

The STACK INDIRECT HEATER

PENBERTHY

WASHING MACHINE DRAINER Price $3.50



The Penberthy Washing Machine Drainer attaches to any faucet. Prevents the disagreeable back breaking work of filling or draining your washing machine by doing this for you through a short length of hose. It operates quickly and efficiently by city water pressure.

50c extra for adapter if you have smooth faucets

Penberthy Injector Co.
Detroit, U. S. A.

The Technical Book You Need

YOU'LL FIND just the book you need in our free 96-page catalog, the most complete on scientific and practical subjects. Supplements for 1919 and 1920 and 32-page 1921 book list also sent. Prices are not stabilized but we notify of any change before filling orders. Write for catalog and lists today and keep them for reference.

Scientific American Publishing Company
232 Broadway, New York City

MR. POTTLE AND CULTURE

(Continued from Page 8)

"Ah, to be sure," he said. "Perhaps, then, you do not realize that the alligator is of the family *Crocodilidæ* and the order *Eusuchia*."

"No? You don't tell me?" Mrs. Gallup's tone was almost reverent.

"Yes," continued Mr. Deeley, in the voice of a lecturer, "there are two kinds of alligators—the *lucius*, found in the Mississippi; and the *sinensis*, in the Yang-tse-Kiang. It differs from the *caiman* by having a bony septum between its nostrils, and its ventral scutes are thinly, if at all, ossified. It is carnivorous and piscivorous ——"

"How fascinating!" Mrs. Gallup had edged her chair nearer the speaker. "What does that mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Deeley, "that they eat corn and pigs."

"The strong tail of the alligator," he flowed on easily, "by a lashing movement assists it in swimming, during which exercise it emits a loud bellowing."

"Do alligators bellow?" asked Mr. Pottle with open skepticism.

"I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard them bellow," answered Mr. Deeley pugnaciously. "Apparently, Mr. Puddle, you are not familiar with the works of Ahn."

Mr. Pottle maintained a blank black silence.

"Oh, who was he?" put in Mrs. Gallup.

"Johann Franz Ahn, born 1796, died 1865, was an educationalist," said Mr. Deeley in the voice of authority. "His chief work, of which I am very fond, is a volume entitled, Praktischer Lehrgang zur Schnellen und Leichten Erlergung der französischen Sprache. You've read it, perhaps, Mr. Pobble?"

"No," said Mr. Pottle miserably. "I can't say I ever have." He felt that his case grew worse with every minute. He rose. "I guess I'd better be going," he said. Mrs. Gallup made no attempt to detain him.

As he left her presence with slow steps and a heart of lead he heard the high voice of Mr. Deeley saying, "Now, take alcohol: That's rather a specialty of mine. Alcohol is a term applied to a group of organic substances, including methyl, ethyl, propyl, butyl, amyl ——"

Back in his bachelor home the heartsick Mr. Pottle flung his new tie into a corner, slammed his ultra shoes on the floor, and tossed his trousers, heedless of rumpling, at a chair, sat down, head in hand, and thought of a watery grave.

For that he could not hope to compete conversationally or otherwise with the literary Deeley of Xenia was all too apparent. Mrs. Gallup—he had called her Blossom but a few brief hours ago—said she wanted a literary man, and here was one literary to his manicured finger tips.

He would not give up. Pottles are made of stern stuff. Reason told him his cause was hopeless, but his heart told him to fight to the last. He obeyed his heart.

Arraying himself in his finest, three nights later he went to call on Mrs. Gallup, a five-pound box of Choc-O-late Nutties hugged nervously to his silk-shirted bosom.

A maid admitted him. He heard in the living room a familiar high masculine voice that made his fists double up. It was saying, "Aristole, the Greek philosopher, was born at Stagira in 384 B. C. and ——"

Mr. Deeley paused to greet Mr. Pottle casually; Mrs. Gallup took the candy with only conventional words of appreciation, and turned at once to listen, disciplelike, to the discourses of the sage from Xenia, who for the rest of the evening held the center of the stage, absorbed every beam of the calcium, and dispensed fact and fancy about a wide variety of things. He was a man with many and curious specialties. Mrs. Gallup was a willing, Mr. Pottle a most unwilling listener.

At eleven Mr. Pottle went home, having uttered but two words all evening, and those monosyllables. He left Mr. Deeley holding forth in detail on the science of astronomy, with side glances at astrology and ancestor-worship.

Mr. Pottle's heart was too full for sleep. Indeed, as he walked in the moonlight through Eastman Park, it was with the partially formed intent of flinging himself in among the swans that slept on the artificial lake.

His mind went back to the conversation of Mr. Deeley in Mrs. Gallup's salon. She had been Blossom to him once, but now—this loudly learned stranger! Mr. Pottle stopped suddenly and sat down sharply on a park bench. The topics on which Mr. Deeley had conversed so fluently passed in an orderly array before his mind: Apes, acoustics, angels, Apollo, adders, albumen, auks, Alexander the Great, anarchy, adenoids —— He had it! A light, bright as the sun at noon, dawned on Mr. Pottle.

Next morning when the public library opened, Mr. Pottle was waiting at the door. He made a bee line for the encyclopedia.

A feverish week rushed by in Mr. Pottle's life.

"We'll be having to charge that little man with the bashful grin, rent or storage or something," said Miss Merk, the seventh assistant librarian, to Miss Heaslip, the ninth assistant librarian.

Sunday night a firm determined steps took Mr. Pottle to the bungalow of Mrs. Gallup. He heard Mr. Deeley's sweet resonant voice in the living room. He smiled grimly.

"I was just telling Blossom about a curious little animal I take rather a special interest in," began the man from Xenia, with a condescending nod to Mr. Pottle.

Mr. Pottle checked the frown that had started to gather at Blossom, and asked politely, "And what is the beast's name?"

"The aard-vark," replied Mr. Deeley. "He is ——"

"The Cape ant bear," finished Mr. Pottle, "or earth pig. He lives on ants, burrows rapidly, and can be easily killed by a smart blow on his sensitive snout."

Mr. Deeley stared; Mrs. Gallup stared; Mr. Pottle sailed on serenely.

"A very interesting beast, the aard-vark. But to my mind not so interesting as the long-nosed bandicoot. You know the long-nosed bandicoot, I presume, Mr. Deeley?"

"Well, not under that name," retorted the Xenia sage. "You don't mean antelope?"

"By no means," said Mr. Pottle with a superior smile. "I said bandicoot—B-a-n-d-i-coot. He is a *Peramelidæ* of the Marsupial family, meaning he carries his young in a pouch like a kangaroo."

"How cute!" murmured Mrs. Gallup.

"There are bandicoots and bandicoots," pursued Mr. Pottle; "the *Perapale*, or rabbit bandicoot; the *Nasuta*, or long-nosed bandicoot; the *Mysouros*, or saddle-backed bandicoot; the *Chæropus*, or pig-footed bandicoot; and ——"

"Speaking of antelopes ——" Mr. Deeley interrupted loudly.

"By all means!" said Mr. Pottle still more loudly. "I've always taken a special interest in antelopes. Let's see now—the antelope family includes the gnus, elands, hartebeests, addax, klipspringers, chamois, gazelles, chirus, pallas, saigas, nilgais, koodoos—pretty name that, isn't it, Blossom—the bleasboks, duikerboks, boneboks, gemsboks, steinboks ——"

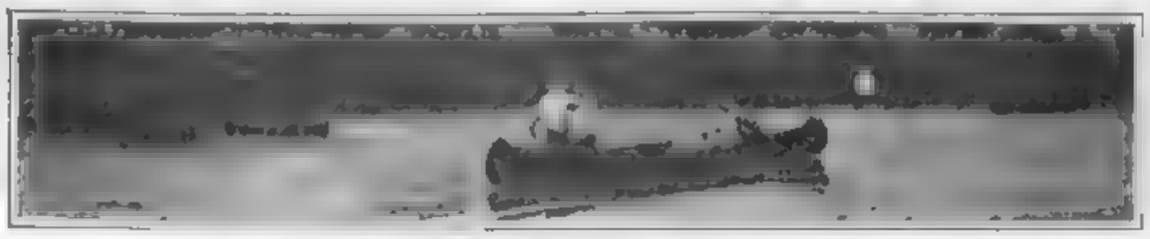
He saw that the bright blue eyes of the lady of his dreams were fastened on him. He turned toward Mr. Deeley.

"You're familiar with Bambara, aren't you?" he asked.

"I beg pardon?" The brilliant conversationalist seemed a little confused. "Did you say Arabia? I should say I do know Arabia. Population 5,078,441; area ——"

"One million, two hundred and twenty-two thousand square miles," finished Mr. Pottle. "No, I did not say Arabia; I said Bambara. B-a-m-b-a-r-a."

"Oh, Bambara," said Mr. Deeley feebly; his assurance seemed to crumple.



For clean, sharp carbon copies

Use MultiKopy No. 25

Meets more requirements of general office use than any other carbon paper. Makes clean, legible, permanent copies.

MultiKopy No. 5, light weight, makes 20 legible, permanent copies at one writing.

MultiKopy No. 75, medium weight, copies over 100 letters.

Ask your stationer for your kind of MultiKopy. Star Brand Ribbons write the best letters.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY
335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

MULTIKOPY
Carbon Paper
A kind for every purpose

ÆTNA The Insured Hat

WHEN you've chosen your new Aetna soft hat for Fall, don't neglect to get an Aetna derby too. It is an essential of the complete wardrobe, and the smart styles and insured quality of Aetna stiff hats have made them favorites for 89 years.

COTRELL & LEONARD
Established 1832
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

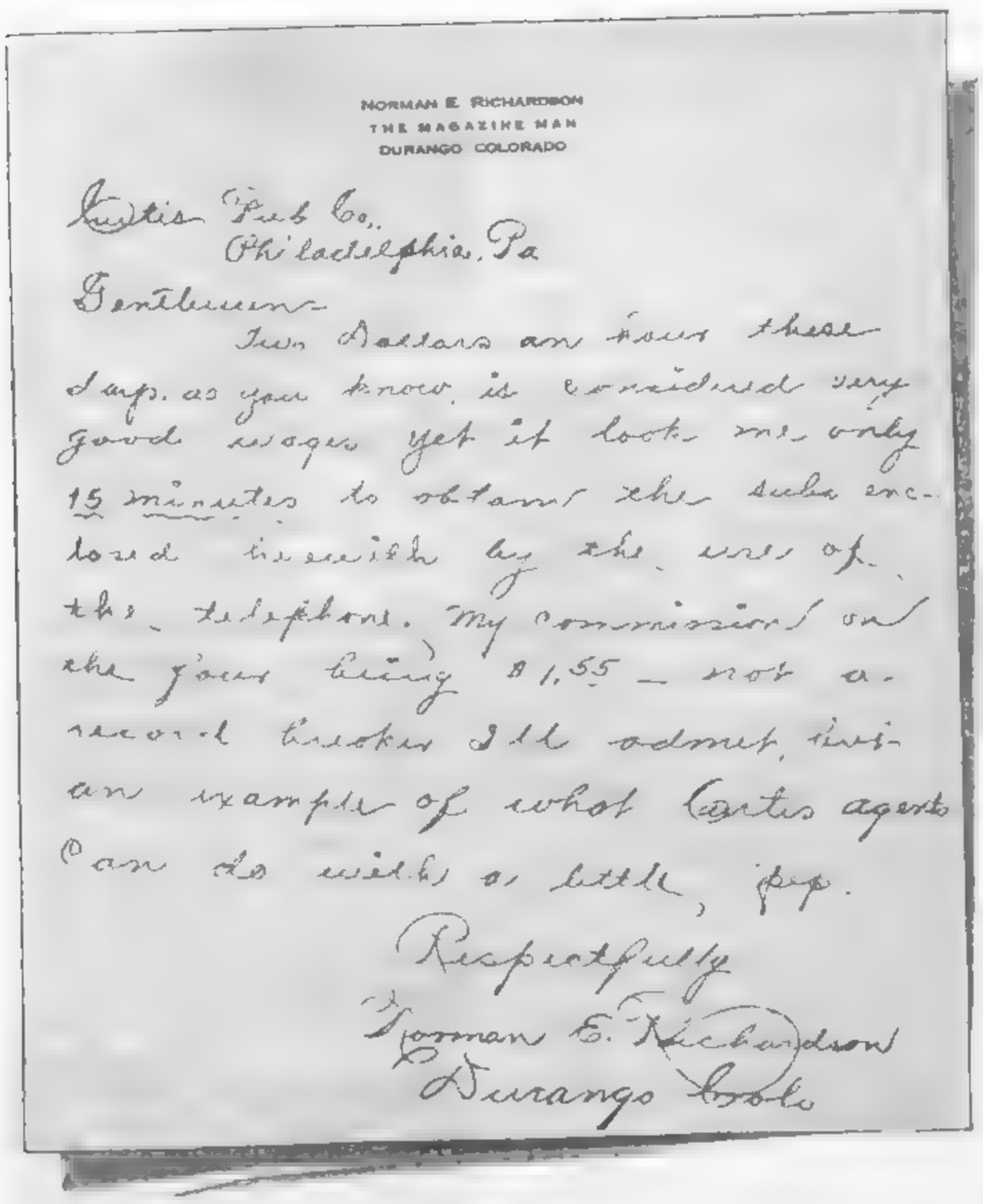
I WANT TO GO HOME!

Send me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 348 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and you will receive information as to how you, like scores of our subscription representatives, may make your spare time bring you **$25.00 EXTRA EVERY WEEK.**

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and up a pair and express charges. Big Profit. We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, boxes and runways. Contract and Illustrated Catalog Free

Standard Food & Fur Ass'n
401 T Broadway New York



NORMAN E. RICHARDSON
THE MAGAZINE MAN
DURANGO COLORADO

Curtis Pub Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa

Gentlemen—

Two Dollars an hour these days, as you know, is considered very good wages yet it took me only 15 minutes to obtain the subs enclosed herewith by the use of the telephone. My commission on the four totals $1.55 — not a record breaker I'll admit, but an example of what Curtis agents can do with a little, pep.

Respectfully
Norman E. Richardson
Durango Colo

"not a record breaker . . . . but an example of what Curtis agents can do with a little 'pep.'" —*Norman E. Richardson*

Mr. Richardson is right. We might quote exceptional earnings of $10—$20—$30—even more in a single hour; but his story is an example of what an average worker can expect to do—from the start. You yourself could doubtless find, during the next fifteen minutes, four friends, relatives or neighbors who would be glad to give you a subscription for one of the three Curtis publications. With just those four subscriptions you could match Mr. Richardson's story. You see, it's easy.

And Here's a Job for YOU

You don't need experience to succeed as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You *do* need determination and a desire for more money. If you have these qualifications, write TODAY to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
349 Independence Square . Philadelphia, Penna.

COAL SERVICE—ECONOMY Anthracite—Bituminous
HADDOCK FUEL CORP, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

World-Famous Palmer Method Penmanship now Taught by Correspondence. No Failures. Success Guaranteed. Earn More Money. Prepare for a Better Position. Learn During Spare Time.
A series of lessons in plain, unshaded, rapid business writing. Booklet showing specimens sent on request.
THE A. N. PALMER CO., 30 Irving Place, New York, N. Y.

LEARN SALESMANSHIP
We pay liberal commission while teaching men to sell
KARDEX
Cards in Sight
See adv. in Sat. Eve. Post, Oct. 1st. Write for full particulars to 401 American Kardex Bldg., Tonawanda, N. Y.

SALESMEN Dandy proposition selling Chewing Gum to dealers. Clean profitable, spare time work. Write at once. SELL GUM
THE HELMET GUM FACTORY Co., O

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

Sideline Salesmen
Resident and traveling to sell our low priced, quick selling advertising novelties. Sideline only. Write today.
DES MOINES PRINTING CO., DES MOINES, IA.

ADDING MACHINE $15
Marvelous new model. Automatically adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Work equals expensive machines, speedy, accurate, durable, handsome in appearance. 5 year guarantee. Write Dept. T for free trial offer.
Rare Opportunity for Exclusive Agents.
THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gallup. "Do tell us about Bambara; such an intriguing name."

"It is a country in Western Africa," Mr. Pottle tossed off grandly, "with a population of 2,004,737, made up of Negroes, Mandingoes and Foulahs. Its principal products are rice, maize, cotton, millet, yams, pistachio nuts, French beans, watermelons, onions, tobacco, indigo, tamarinds, lotuses, sheep, horses, alligators, pelicans, turtles, egrets, teals and Barbary ducks."

"Oh, how interesting! Do go on, Mr. Pottle." It was the voice of Mrs. Gallup; to Mr. Pottle it seemed that there was a tender note in it.

"Bambara reminds me of baboons," he went on loudly and rapidly, checking an incipient remark from Mr. Deeley. "Baboons, you know, are Cynocephali or dog-headed monkeys; the species includes drills, mandrills, sphinx, chacma and hamadryas. Most baboons have ischial callosities ——"

"Oh, what do they do with them?" cried wide-eyed Mrs. Gallup.

"They—er—sit on them," answered Mr. Pottle.

"I don't believe it," Mr. Deeley challenged.

Mr. Pottle froze him with a look. "Evidently," he said, "you, Mr. Deeley, are not familiar with the works of Dr. Oskar Baumann, author of Afrikanische Skizzen. Are you?"

"I've glanced through it," said Mr. Deeley.

"Then you don't remember what he says on Page 489?"

"Can't say that I do," mumbled Mr. Deeley.

"And you appear unfamiliar with the works of Hosea Ballou."

"Who?"

"Hosea Ballou."

"I doubt if there is such a person," said Mr. Deeley stiffly. He did not appear to be enjoying himself.

"Oh, you do, do you?" retorted Mr. Pottle. "Suppose you look him up in your encyclopedia—if," he added with crushing emphasis—"if you have one. You'll find that Hosea Ballou was born in 1771, founded the Trumpet Magazine, the Universalist Expositor, the Universalist Quarterly Review, and wrote Notes on the Parables."

"What has that to do with baboons?" demanded Mr. Deeley.

"A lot more than you think," was Mr. Pottle's cryptic answer. He turned from the Xenian with a shrug of dismissal, and smiled upon Mrs. Gallup.

"Don't you think, Blossom," he said, "that Babylonia is a fascinating country?"

"Oh, very," she smiled back at him. "I dote on Babylonia."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Pottle, "Mr. Deeley will be good enough to tell us all about it."

Mr. Deeley looked extremely uncomfortable.

"Babylonia—let's see now—well, it just happens that Babylonia is not one of my specialties."

"Well, tell us about Baluchistan, then," suggested Mr. Pottle.

"Yes, do!" echoed Mrs. Gallup.

"I've forgotten about it," answered the brilliant conversationalist sullenly.

"Well, tell us about Beethoven, then," pursued Mr. Pottle relentlessly.

"I never was there," growled Mr. Deeley. "Say, when does the next trolley leave for Xenia?"

"In seven minutes," answered Mrs. Gallup coldly. "You've just got time to catch it."

The bungalow's front door snapped at the heels of the departing sage from Xenia.

Mr. Pottle hitched his chair close to the sofa where Mrs. Gallup sat.

"Oh, Mr. Pottle," she said softly, "do talk some more! I just love to hear you. You surprised me. I didn't realize you were such a well-read man."

Mr. Pottle looked into her wide blue eyes.

"I'm not," he said. "I was bluffing."

"Bluffing?"

"Yes," he said; "and so was your friend from Xenia. He's no more in the literary line than I am. His job is selling a book called Hog Culture."

"But he talks so well ——" began Mrs. Gallup.

"Only about things that begin with 'A,'" said Mr. Pottle. "He memorized everything in the encyclopedia under 'A.' I simply went him one better. I memorized all of 'A,' and all of 'B' too."

"Oh, the deceitful wretch!"

"I'm sorry, Blossom. Can you forgive me?" he pleaded. "I did it because ——"

She interrupted him gently.

"I know," she said, smiling. "You did it for me. I wasn't calling you a wretch, Ambrose."

He found himself on the sofa beside her, his arm about her.

"What I really want," she confessed with a happy sigh, "is a good strong man to take care of me."

"We'll go through the rest of the encyclopedia together, dearest," said Mr. Pottle.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

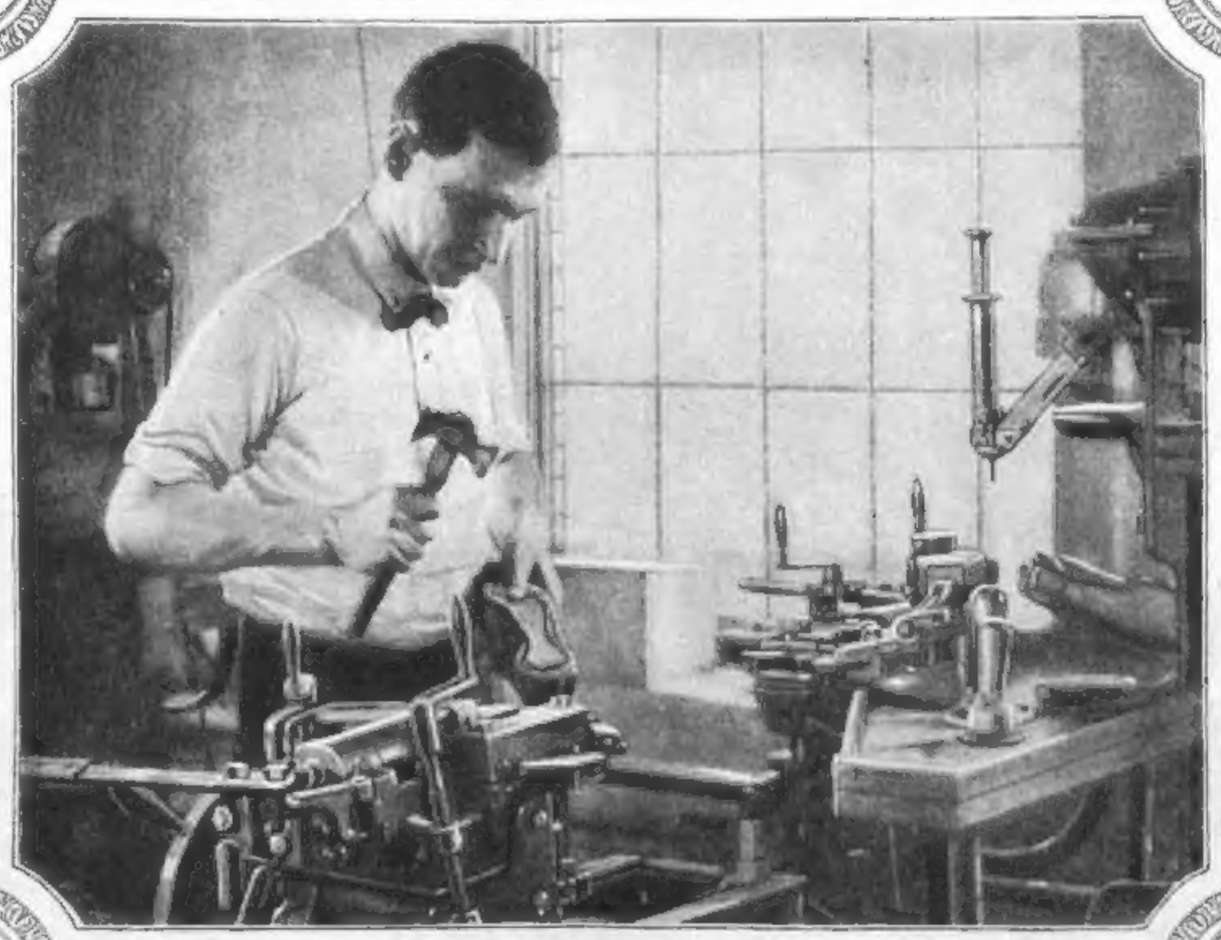
Table of Contents

October 8, 1921

Cover Design by Angus MacDonall

	PAGE
SHORT STORIES	
Shame on You—*John Taintor Foote* . .	5
Mr. Pottle and Culture—*Richard Connell*	8
The Spiders—*Lowell Otus Reese* . . .	9
One Clever Idea a Day—*George Weston* . . .	14
ARTICLES	
End of Steel—*Hal G. Evarts* .	3
Capital on Strike—*Albert W. Atwood*	12
That New Gospel—*Will Payne* .	21
Diplomacy and Statesmanship—*Baron Rosen*	52
SERIALS	
According to His Lights (Second part)—*Kennett Harris* . .	17
Olga, or Russian Gold (Third part)—*George Kibbe Turner*	22
DEPARTMENTS	
Editorial: Trippers and Stoppers—*The Editor*	20
Sense and Nonsense	89

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address, as well as the new one.



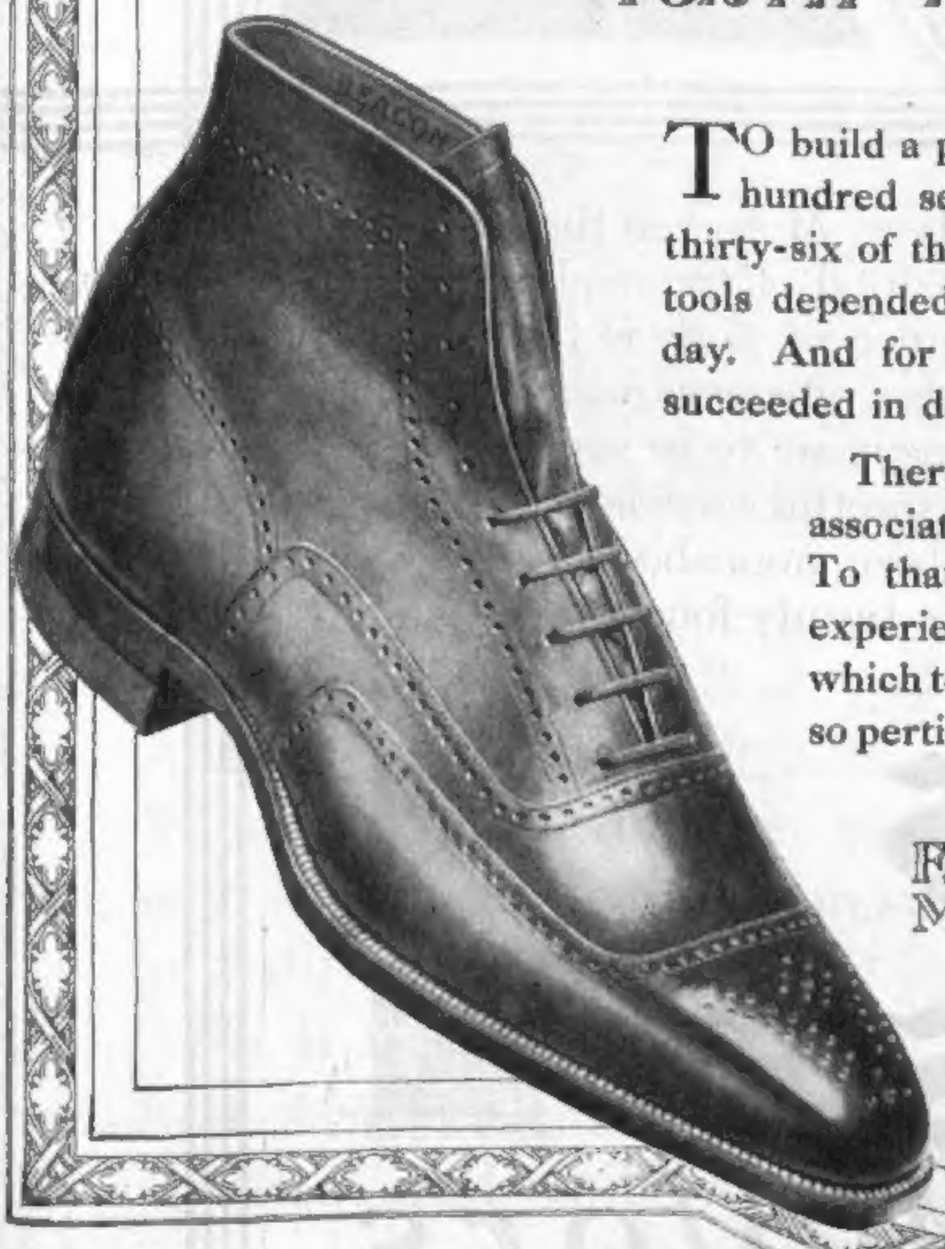
Some operations in shoe building must still be done by hand

BEACON

THERE ARE NO BETTER

SHOES

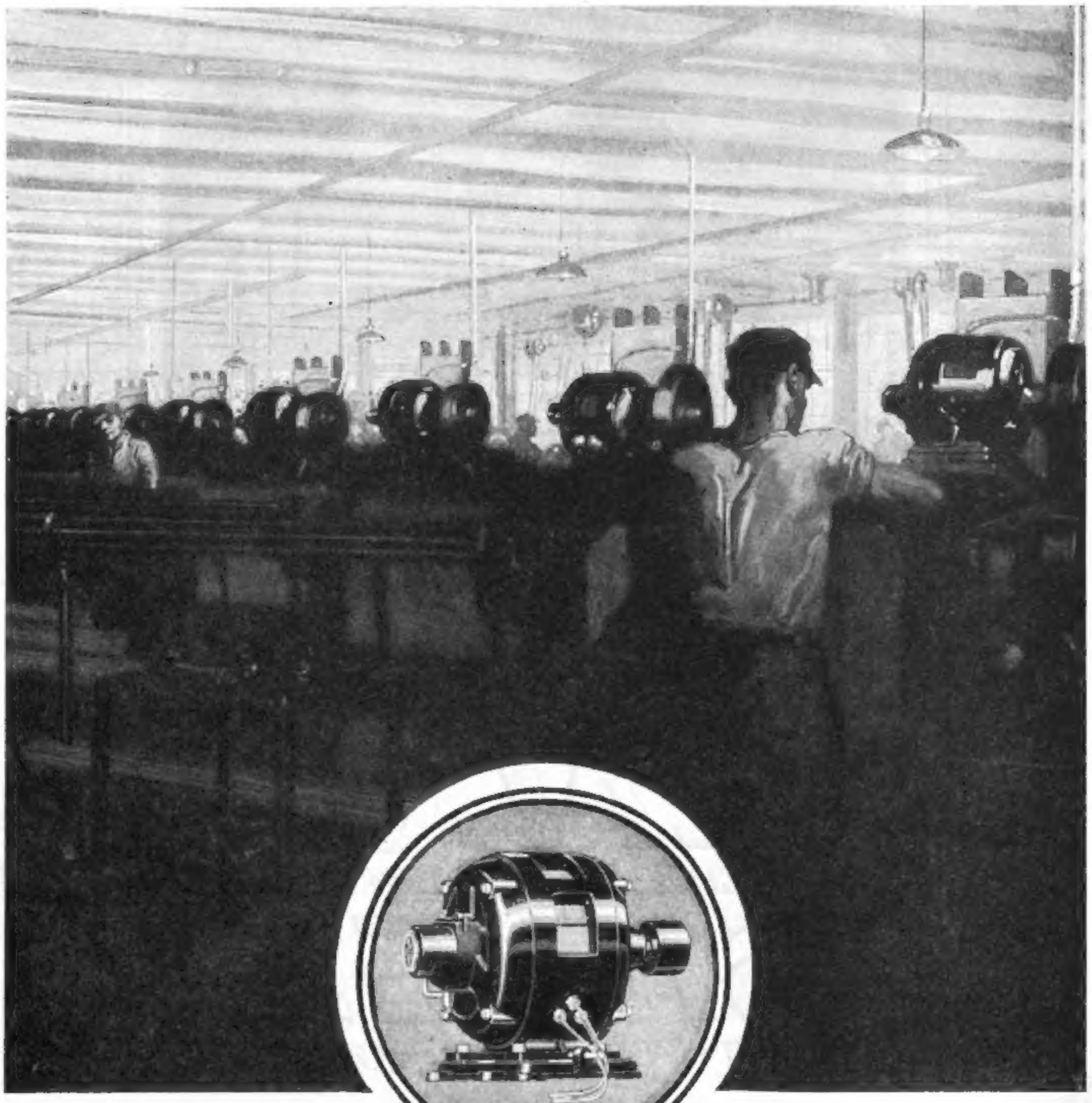
FOR FIT • FOR STYLE • FOR WEAR



TO build a pair of shoes requires approximately two hundred separate and distinct operations. About thirty-six of these are completed with the same simple tools depended upon by the cobbler of Washington's day. And for them American ingenuity has not yet succeeded in devising adequate machinery.

There is a traditional merit that will ever be associated with the work of the human hand. To that bit of doctrine, based upon limitless experience, is due no small part of the prestige which today attaches to Beacon Shoes, and which so pertinently reflects itself upon Beacon dealers.

F.M. HOYT SHOE CO. *Makers*
MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



THE daily tasks performed by Robbins & Myers Motors in thousands of factories using direct motor drive attain a total of tremendous industrial importance. Commensurate with this burden of work is the reliable character of the service these motors deliver. Today, wherever machine tools, compressors, conveyors, pumps and like equipment are to be supplied with motor drive, Robbins & Myers Motors enjoy respectful consideration. This attitude on the part of plant engineers has been nourished by the fine performance of R&M Motors throughout their twenty-four years of use.

Robbins & Myers Motors

Made in Springfield, Ohio – Brantford, Ontario

Bon Ami

for mirrors

Principal uses of Bon Ami —

For cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
Linoleum and Congoleum

Watch how easily Bon Ami and I clean this mirror. A damp cloth and a little Bon Ami are all one needs. When the Bon Ami film has dried—a few brisk rubs with a dry cloth and—presto! every speck of dust and dirt has vanished.

So it is with everything. The magic touch of Bon Ami brightens up windows, brasses, nickel, linoleum and white woodwork.

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

In Kitchen and Bathroom

Old Dutch makes linoleum; tile; tubs and utensils bright like new. For general cleaning, it lightens your work; is efficient and economical